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THE

SOURCES OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

THEIR DISCOVERERS, REAL AND PRETENDED.

A REPORT,

BY

HON. JAMES H. BAKER,

READ BEFORE THE MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
FEBRUARY 8, 1887.

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

VOL. VI. PART I.

THE

SOURCES OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

THEIR DISCOVERERS, REAL AND PRETENDED.

A Report, by Hon. James H. Baker, read before the Minnesota Historical Society, Feb. 8. 1887.

In pursuance of a resolution of the Minnesota Historical Society, dated Dec. 13, 1886, your committee herewith present a summary of their investigations and conclusions, touching the validity of any and all claims to the discovery of the head waters of the Mississippi river, together with a determination of what waters constitute the true and ultimate sources.

Your committee have faithfully and laboriously read all letters, documents, journals and books, and consulted all maps obtainable,* which shed any light upon the ques-

* Books, Letters, and Documents Consulted: Letter of William Morrison to Hon. Alex. Ramsey, Feb. 17, 1856, in Minnesota Historical Society's Collections, vol. 1, p. 417. Schoolcraft's narratives of the expedition to the source of the Mississippi, 1820 and 1832. Report of Jean N. Nicollet, to accompany his map of the hydrographical basin of the upper Mississippi river, 1845. Charles Lanman's Canoe Voyage up the Mississippi. Julius Chambers' letters in the New York Herald, 1872. O. E. Garrison's report for the tenth census of the U. S. Rev. J. A. Gilfillan's trip to Itasca, 1881. The United States Surveyor General's map and field notes, 1876. Letter from Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co. in "Science," Dec. 24, 1886. Owen's "Sword and Pen," Phila., 1884. Capt. Glazier and his lake, by Henry D. Harrower, of N. Y. Ninth annual report of the Geological and Natural History Survey of Minnesota, 1880. American Meteorological Journal, 1884. Report by Hopewell Clarke, C. E., of a survey of the affluents of Itasca, etc.

Maps Consulted: Map of Nicollet, attached to his report, 1845. Military map of Nebraska and Dakota, by Gen. G. K. Warren, 1855. Official map of Minnesota, 1858. Land office surveys of 1875. Map of Glazier's explorations, etc.

tions involved. A list of the several authorities constituted, is herewith subjoined.

The definite determination of a great geographical and historic fact, intimately interwoven with a pre-eminent physical feature of our own State, is strictly within the province and duey of this Society. The material facts and findings in this investigation only can be presented in this paper, together with such references to the evidence on which the conclusions are based as may be deemed material.

One Capt. Willard Glazier, recently assumes to have made important discoveries at the head waters of the Mississippi; that he discovered a lake, new and unknown before his brief visit to the Itascan region, in 1881; and that this lake, called after him "Glazier Lake," is the true and ultimate source of the great river. He thereafter proceeds to exalt himself and petition geographical societies and map makers to honor him as the original discoverer of the true sources of the Mississippi, and so displace Schoolcraft and Nicollet from the high position and credit they had so long held in the field of American science and geography. The claim is a lofty and pretentious one, and should be examined with scrupulous care. To snatch the hard-earned laurels of Schoolcraft and Nicollet, upon whose work time has set the seal of more than half a century of uncontested title, should not be sanctioned by the Minnesota Historical Society, upon a field so distinctly its own, unless the new claim rests upon testimony clear, conclusive and indisputable. This Society owes it to the honored dead, and to the truth of geographical science in its own territory, to make a candid, unbiased, and if possible, a conclusive exposition of the whole matter.

The most distant sources of the Mississippi river have their rise in an elevated table land in about N. latitude 47°, longitude 95°, an area abounding in marshes, creeks and lakes. What one of these should be honored as the

true and principal source, and what explorer first discovered and made known such primal waters, are the questions involved.

Says the *American Encyclopedia*, (Edition 1855)—"We follow Schoolcraft's map in giving the latitude and longitude of "*Le Bush Lake*"* (Itasca) as the extreme source of the Mississippi." The old geographers, mapmakers and historians have thus followed Schoolcraft for fifty years, in accepting the Itascan basin as the authentic source. The great discovery of Schoolcraft, July 12, 1832, was confirmed by Jean N. Nicollet, a distinguished French scholar, July, 1836. Nicollet, with more time and research, found other inconsiderable affluents of Itasca, but holds that Itasca was the "principal basin" of the head waters of the Mississippi, and says with noble courtesy and loyalty to historic truths: "The honor of having first explored the sources of the Mississippi, and introduced a knowledge of them into physical geography, belongs to Mr Schoolcraft and Lt. James Allen. I came only after these gentlemen; but I may be permitted to claim some merit for having completed what was wanting for a full geographical knowledge of those sources." This is the modest testimony of a true and genuine scientist Subsequently, at least a dozen other cultivated, scholarly and professional gentlemen came after these savants, and at various periods, visited these head waters, and by their concurrent testimony, render certain the claims of these two eminent explorers to the honor of original discovery. And after them all, comes the government surveyors, (1875), and their work proves the almost absolute accuracy of the noble and early labors of Schoolcraft and Nicollet.

Thus stands the general geographic record, until Capt. Glazier flings his glove into the arena in 1881, and challenges existing and accepted history. Glazier appears to be a writer of war reminiscences, "in which he figures as

* Lac la Biche.

the most conspicuous hero," and from what is known of him by his writings he has been fairly denominated an "adventurer." * There is no evidence going to show that he is possessed of any qualifications whatever, either as a trained scholar or scientist, fitting him for the important labor he had assumed. For he had taken it upon himself to review the work of men believed to be, in the highest sense, competent and skilled for geographical exploration. They came modestly and conscientiously to their work, and years of reflection and consideration elapsed before either of them gave the results of their labors to the world. They performed their work, too, before a white man had yet settled in the territory of Minnesota, and when danger and privations were the inevitable accompaniments of such early undertakings.

But Glazier appears upon the scene with dramatic bombast, and riding across the continent on horseback, in 1876, and musing upon "the uncertainty that existed as to its true source," resolves to settle the problem. At that very moment when his steed was slaking its thirst in the "Father of Waters," the government surveyors were platting the official maps, which were the last links wanting to corroborate the validity of the work of Schoolcraft and Nicollet. In May, 1881, Glazier organizes a pleasure excursion at St. Paul, and with his party starts on the cars "for exploration in the wilds of Minnesota." He travels 155 miles by railroad to the city of Brainerd in one night, and doubtless in a sleeping car. All this through a region over which Nicollet had toiled weeks and months with all the privations incident to an untrodden wilderness. Thence he goes by a well established road to Leech Lake, and it is the identical old government wagon road over which all the supplies were hauled for the North Pacific railroad. From this road, another leaves it at Fish Hook road. From this road, another leaves it at Fish Hook

* See "Sword and Pen; or Ventures and Adventures of Willard Glazier, &c.," by John Algernon Owens. Phila., 1884.

Lake and runs direct to the southeast arm of Lake Itasca. From this E. S. Teller cut a road through Town 143, R. 36 W. into the S. E. corner of Section 26, and terminates just in sight of Elk Lake. Over this road the U. S. Surveyor, Hall, took his supplies with a team, in 1875, when he went to survey those towns.

The whole journey is not rendered perplexing by a single element of doubt. The pursuing of these routes along established roads and portages, with our Indians "as guides," if you please, and denominating it an "exploration," is so ludicrous to one familiar with the situation, as is the writer, that the whole thing is so supremely ridiculous, that, were it not for the seriousness of the situation, we would dismiss the matter as a joke, and Willard Glazier as a merry fellow on a jolly outing.

Arriving at the Itascan waters, he goes straight to "Schoolcraft's Island" in the bosom of Lake Itasca, and thence, without impediment or doubt, direct to a "new and unknown lake," and at once discovers the original, genuine, ultimate sources of the great river! The directness and celerity of that sort of discovery and exploration was never before recorded in serious history. He at once begins his work of distorting geography and confusing learned Societies. From "Schoolcraft's Island, Lake Itasca, July 22d, 1881," he heralded to "Geographical Societies" and to the world, his pretensions and achievements. He subsequently published an elaborate map and sent it to the President of the American Geographical Society, and published a minute account of the "Recent Discovery of the true source of the Mississippi River," illustrated with maps and engravings, in the "American Meteorological Journal." Also in a volume entitled the "Sword and Pen," there is reproduced the story of his discovery. He also sent a map, fortified with his own record of his alleged noble deed, to the "Royal Geographical Society of England." He has also industriously solicited the mention of

his fame and his lake into geographical text books and atlases over the country. He has left nothing undone to supplant Schoolcraft and demolished Nicollet. That such Societies should have received, unquestioned, his brazen statements, and been duped by him, is what renders the preparation of this paper a necessity

The "lake" which Glazier claims to have "discovered," is a small meandered lake, which lies mainly in Sec. 22, Township No. 143 North, Range 36, West of the 5th Principal Meridian. The lake lies South of the Southwest arm of Lake Itasca, and is only 350 feet distant from it. It contains about 250 acres and debouches into Itasca through a sinuous stream, 1184 feet long, in a tamarack swamp. By his own description and map, this is "Glazier Lake," so-called, and there is no mistaking its identity, for there is no other.

Was Glazier the original discoverer of this lake? No; no more than he was the discoverer of the sources of the Nile, or the mouth of the Mississippi. And even were it true that he did, its waters are not the ultimate sources of the Mississippi. This identical lake is found upon every map, from that of Nicollet, 1836 and '37, to that of the Government surveys, 1875.

Now as to the testimony that he did not first discover it. It is so conclusive as to be crushing:

1. In 1836-7, Nicollet deposited a map of the Itascan region in the office of Engineers, U. S. A. By order of the Senate, Feb. 16, 1841, this map and accompanying report, was published in Executive Document, No. 237, 2d Session, 26th Congress, in 1843, and a second edition published and enlarged, and can be found in any of the public libraries of the country. Nicollet simply sketches the lake more as a bay or estuary of Itasca. In that day, by higher water, which is shown by water-marks to have existed, the lake was certainly identical with Itasca, for the distance is now only insignificant. As illustrative of this point,

the Rev. J. B. Gilfillan, visiting them in 1881, the Indians called this identical Elk Lake, "*Gabukgumag*," which he says means, "water that juts off to one side, as a thumb from a hand." This would indicate that at no remote period they were one and the same lake, and that the channel between them gradually filled, possibly by the aid of beaver dams, and they became apparently separate bodies of water, though only a "stone's throw apart" at this time. The Indians, from the earliest period, called the whole Itasca lake system, "*Omosh kos*" from the form of an elk, and this protuberance was probably a part of the animal configuration. At any rate, it is there on Nicollet's official map, 1835, more nearly correct than it is on Glazier's map of 1884.

2. In 1855, Henry R. Schoolcraft, yet alive, issued in Philadelphia (Lippincott, Grambo & Co.), his "Summary Narrative of an exploratory expedition to the sources of the Mississippi." With this last edition of his works, Mr. Schoolcraft presents a revised map of all his discoveries, prepared by Capt. Seth Eastman, U. S. A., and it stands prefacing the title page, in which map this lake in controversy is distinctly defined, together with "Nicollet Creek," with its three ponds, just precisely as described by Nicollet. So that the French scientist's work received, before he died, the high sanction and endorsement of Schoolcraft himself.

3. A "Military Map" of the Northwest was made in 1855-6, by the authority of John B. Floyd, then Secretary of War, prepared by Lt. G. K. Warren, of the Topographical Engineers, one of the foremost geographers of his time, from explorations made by him, under directions of A. A. Humphrey, and the following, among other officers, were consulted in its preparation and are so cited on its margin: Capt. J. C. Fremont, Capt. John Pope, Gov. I. I. Stevens and Lt. James Allen. The greatest care was taken in its preparation. This map clearly and distinctly shows the lake in controversy, located just where the government surveys now place it.

In 1872, Julius Chambers, of the New York *Herald*, visited the Itascan region. He wrote a series of letters for the *Herald* in June and July of that year, and in one, dated July 6th, he gives a full description of "Elk Lake," locating it where it really belongs, and naming it "Dolly Varden," after his canoe. He describes it more accurately than does Capt. Glazier. He pronounces it at that time as a distinct lake from Itasca. This was seven years before Glazier was there. He made and published a map, showing the lake as represented in his letters, in the most distinct and positive manner, which map is here before us.

But more material than all since the days of Nicollet, was the actual survey and platting of these townships embracing that entire region, including Itasca and all lakes and streams connected therewith, by authority of the government of the U. S., through the Surveyor General's office of the State of Minnesota, six years before Capt. Glazier's alleged discovery. The Surveyor General, J. H. Baker, was fully informed of the facts touching the land and water to be surveyed. The lumbermen of Minneapolis had assured him that they had actually "counted the pine trees" on this very lake. They told him of waters beyond that (Nicollet creek), flowing into the S. W. arm of Itasca, through which they could float their logs into this great lake. The contract of surveying Township 143 North, Range 36 West, where these waters are located, was let to Capt. E. S. Hall of St. Cloud, and in Oct., 1875, Hall made the survey. The map of the Township was duly made up in the Surveyor General's office from Capt. Hall's carefully written field notes, made upon the ground, with proper instruments, and attention was especially directed to the lake in question. This Township map was certified to as correct by J. H. Baker, Surveyor General, Feb. 3d, 1876, and was by him transmitted to the General Land Office at Washington, and was officially approved by the Commissioner of the General Land Office and posted May

3d, 1876. This map thenceforth became public property, accesible to all persons, and the supreme authority to all geographers and map-makers in the U. S. The lake in question was meandered, its outlines marked and four large meander posts set up, two on the East and two on the North, and distinctly visible when Capt. Glazier was there, for they were there and visible to travelers this present year. By authority of instructions from the Government of the U. S., Surveyor General Baker named the lake in question "Elk Lake," because he had been directed to retain the name given by the Indians to meander lakes, if any such name was in use or known at the time of the survey. Capt. Hall informed the Surveyor General that the Indian name was Elk Lake. This corresponded with the traditional name of the waters. It was therefore so marked on the plat, and approved by the authorities at Washington. What person had the right to change the name thus authoritatively given? This official survey and record, that year, became a part of the great official map of the United States, issued under the certificate of the Land Commissioner at Washington, and the lake and name "Elk Lake," could have been found there by any person upon the most casual examination.

Now all these maps which are here cited, are among the papers of this Society, and, with the exception of the Chambers' map, are distinctly *official* maps, not issued by private individuals, but by the authority of the State or General Government. They are open and accessible to all persons whomsoever. Was Capt. Glazier so excessively stupid as not to consult all such existing official authorities, before starting upon so important an undertaking? If so, what value can attach to the work of a man neglecting to properly equip himself for exploration?. But it is in positive evidence, that previous to his issuing any map whatever, he was fully informed "that he was claiming what did not belong to him," and the government maps

were shown him with "Elk Lake" thereon.* But he defiantly persisted in his assumption.

But there were still other sources of information, besides these, ready at hand, to throw light upon the subject, if they had been sought, or wanted. Charles Lanman alleges that he was there in 1846; the Rev. Mr. Ayer and his son, Lyman Ayer, of Little Falls, Minnesota, were there in 1849; Wm. Bangs, of White Earth, Minn., was there in 1865; O. E. Garrison, for census bureau, 1880; W. E. Neal, of Minneapolis, was there both in 1880 and 1881; the Rev. J. A. Gilfillan, of White Earth, Minn., was there in May, 1881. The facts pertaining to most of the foregoing visits, could have been easily found in the Minnesota Historical Society, a proper place for any man to go, who desired intelligently to embark in such work.

More than this, in so important a State document as the "Ninth Annual Report of the Geological and Natural History Survey of Minnesota," 1880, p. 321, C. M. Terry, in a paper therein on the "Hydrology of Minnesota," describes "Elk Lake" as a tributary of Itasca, and with judicious and intelligent criticism adds:

> "It is rather a refinement of exactness to call Elk Lake, *as some explorers have*, the ultimate source of the Mississippi. Itasca Lake has been in possession of the honor so long that its claim ought not to be disputed, and certainly it is sufficiently minute, remote, and sylvan to answer all the requirements of an ideal source."

This Mr. Terry, who was employed by State authority, was a Congregational clergyman and had made natural science a special study, and was a son-in-law and pupil of Dr. Edward Hitchcock, of Amherst College, the eminent geologist. No man in the Northwest was better equipped for a close study, and intelligent understanding, of the water systems of Minnesota. In that report, issued by

* G. Woolworth Colton, in *American Canoeist*, Nov. 1886: Mr. Colton made Glazier's map according to his dictation and gives remarkable testimony as to the shamelessness of Glazier's insistance on perverting the facts.

the State, Mr. Glazier could have read the full account of the lake he pretends to have discovered.

But this is not all, for the scientific world in Europe were also familiar with the results of Nicollet's explorations, and with the situation of Lake Itasca and vicinity. Dr. Peterman's "Stieler's Hand Atlas," published by Justus Perthes, of the Gotha Institute of Geography, contains distinctly this very lake. So that even in European geographies, the redoubtable Glazier could have found the lake he so brazenly claims.

Does not this record of facts show, that if Glazier had been in any respect whatever a student and a scientist, turn whichever way he might, he would have found the "lake" which has whetted his appetite for glory, or had he avoided the paths of the scholar and entered any "Real Estate Office" in St. Paul or Minneapolis, he would have found his lake distinctly marked and named "Elk Lake" on "Warner & Foote's Map," which is in such common use everywhere in the State.

In the face of these facts, the bold assumption of the man Glazier, is without a parallel in the annals of geographical history. His conduct is a total disregard of all the rules and dignities of a true scientist. Scientific knowledge has scarcely before been made the prey of a charlatan. The measure of his astounding fraud has not yet fully penetrated the public mind. To begin his absurd undertaking, he must thrust aside the work of the noble Schoolcraft; the more careful and exhaustive explorations of the great scientist, Nicollet; to ignore the confirmatory examination of nearly a dozen explorers and travelers through a series of years; and finally to set aside the work of the government surveyors, with the official map staring him full in the face! Glazier's motto must be, *"Y audace, toujours l'audace."*

But in what manner did he conduct his alleged explora tion? With what element of scientific equipment was he

clothed? Without maps and documents throwing such light as may be upon the region to be explored; without any instruments whatever,* always so necessary for the solution of a topographical problem, this geodetic champion advances to a review of the work of the great Nicollet! His own account is the authority for the facts of this most extraordinary exploration and discovery. He sights Lake Itasca between three and four o'clock on July 21st, 1881, and passed directly to Schoolcraft's Island, where he at once went into camp, and retiring early, he did not begin the exhaustive work of exploration until 8 a. m., of the 22d; then putting his canoes into the water, and following the guidance of an Indian, he goes *directly to the waters to be discovered.* He enters the lake, hoists a flag, fires a volley, they make speeches, as he alleges, and announces that he has completed the work begun by De Soto in 1541! They immediately left the lake, and paddled back into Itasca, and at three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day began the descent of the river.** Thus in seven hours of the 22d of July, 1881, did Capt. Willard Glazier, by his account, accomplish more in the discovery of the sources of the Mississippi, than had been done from the time of De Soto, three hundred and forty years, till that memorable hour! Shades of Columbus, of Magellan, of De Soto, of Henry Hudson, of Nicollet! To what a refinement of labor and economy of time, has Willard Glazier reduced the work of notable geographical explorations and discovery! Think of the painstaking Nicollet, devoting days to toilsome labor, and nights to astronomical observations! Think of the months of privation and danger endured by Schoolcraft and Nicollet, in the interests of true science; modest, loyal to their noble work, blazing an unknown path to the fountains of the Mis-

* Those who accompanied him have so stated.

** See Glazier's paper in "American Met. Journal," pages 262, 322, 324, 325, 327; "Sword and Pen," pages 477, 478.

sissippi, and waiting years of reflection and review, before giving a report to the world! But fifty years later comes a stripling tourist, and in the midst of a civilized State, with a million of people, enters a surveyed township, blazed at every quarter section with the axe of the surveyor, and in an exploit of seven hours duration, endeavors to steal the well earned chaplets from bronzed brows of Schoolcraft and Nicollet, and strives to set them upon the head of a conscienceless "adventurer" instead!

There were full twenty miles of shore to be examined along the indentions and arms of Itasca, with its "Elk Lake" annex; there were at least fifteen miles of streams, with their sinuosities to be explored.

This point is of special importance, as it is made inferentially to appear in his writings, that he had explored some, at least, of these affluents. But Willard Glazier, being present in our Historical Society Rooms, Feb. 7th, at four o'clock in the afternoon, confessed to Gen. Baker, in the presence of witnesses,* that he had *not* ascended any one of them, a fact which was known to this committee by other testimony. Glazier, thus by his own confession, contributed nothing whatever to geographical knowledge. He addressed himself to no work of a scientist. He did not find, or attempt to find Nicollet's creek, which is the main tributary of Itasca; he did not even visit the chief tributary of Elk Lake itself. His maps of the lake are in themselves misleading, as he caused them to be made out of all proportion to its real area, and extravagant in its comparative relation to Itasca. He makes one map in 1884, and another, locating the lake four miles further South, by his own scale of miles, in 1886. The latter is to be considered a revision, and places the lake where it does *not* belong. In neither map is it correct. His maps are therefore, in themselves, outrageously erroneous, and cannot be trusted for truth and fidelity.

* Present, J. B. Chaney and Geo. Hamilton.

Further than this, he distorts geography in the most reckless manner in his letter to the "Royal Geographical Society of England." In that communication, he locates his lake "not less than an entire degree of latitude South of Turtle Lake." This places it South of Crow Wing river and five miles north of the town of Wadena! People of Minnesota, how this man perverts the geography of your State! It is here to be observed that in this extraordinary letter to the Royal Society, the entire concluding paragraph is stolen bodily from Schoolcraft (Ed. 1834, page 59), changing only the words of Schoolcraft "probably," into "*not less than*," thus adding blunder to theft. Pursue this adventurer in any of his statements concerning this whole thing, and how marvellous are his palpable errors. In one place he fixes the level of the water of his lake 3 feet above those of Itasca; in another at 7 feet. The facts are, from actual levels taken with instruments, the level of Elk Lake above Itascan waters, is just 13 inches.

Again, Glazier claims that the water from a lakelet, he calls lake "Alice," (really lake Whipple, as Mr. Gilfillan has named it), empties into Elk Lake, when, as a topographically determined fact, they debouch into the West arm of Itasca. Any searcher after geographical truth, in following this rattle-brained adventurer, would be led into hopeless mazes of error and confusion.

His work in distorting the geography of our State, is simply incredible. He has issued and scattered broadcast a map, entitled: "A map illustrative of Capt. Willard Glazier's voyage of exploration to the source of the Mississippi river." Coming into Minnesota, a strolling tourist, he has, in this map, made a bold and outrageous attempt to change the names of our lakes in an area of country 320 square miles in extent, beginning just West of Leech Lake, thence across to the Itasca basin, then following the meanderings of the Mississippi river to Lake Winnebegoshish. In this territory he displaced the ancient

Indian names, sacred to the people of Minnesota, and old in nomenclature as Leech Lake, Turtle Lake, Winnebegoshish or Cass Lake, coming down from immemorial times, and in their place substituted the following, changing as here noted:

Kabekona River to Kabekanka.
Kabekona Lake to Lake Garfield.
Neway Lake to Lake George.
Bowdich Lake to Lake Paine.
Assawe Lake to Lake Hattie.
Plantagenet Lake to Lake Hennepin.
La Place River to Lake De Soto.

He assumes to name a long chain of lakes and ponds lying between Leech Lake and La Place river, after his army associates; those from La Place river to Itasca, he devotes to his relatives.

Do the people of this State desire to have their ancient and honored nomenclature overthrown by such authority, and graft the Glazier family tree in lieu thereof? Does this Historical Society wish to admit this quack explorer's name on the map of this State, honored by such historic and treasured names as Cass, Le Sueur, Morrison, Olmsted, Sibley, McLeod,, Kittson, Faribault, Ramsey, Rice, Marshall, Aitkin, Steele, Becker, Freeborn, Stevens and other household names, identified with early days and noble deeds? It is in evidence that his lake is named after himself by collusion; the lakelet in Sec. 27 after his daughter; a lake near La Place river, after his brother, George; another Hattie, after another of his family, and so on. This shows that he is consumed by egregious vanity, and an inordinate desire for notoriety.

As we pursue his devious record, step by step, we find that not in one thing touching our geography he has told the truth. He has perverted the facts of our early history; told stories of imaginary adventures along our noble streams; deluged the country with false and erroneous

maps of the Northern portion of our State, and sought to rob us of ancient names.

Nicollet's work was done years before a white man had permanently settled within the boundaries of our State. Glazier's was a jovial picnic within the limits of civilization. The settler had already tayen up homesteads within sight of Elk Lakes, years before Glazier was there. Your committee have before them an official letter from the Register of the Land Office at Crookston, showing the date of the first settlement, by homestead, to have been Aug. 22d, 1878, by Austin Sigimore, on Sec. 22, three years before the alleged advent of this tourist.

His record of this imaginary exploration abounds in atrocious falsehoods. He dignified his geographic romance with beautiful speeches by his Indian guide, Ge-no-wa-ge-sic. Your committee are in receipt of a letter from the Rev. J. A. Gilfillan, which explodes even this element of wild romance into atoms. Read the following:

White Earth, Minn., January 7th, 1887.

Dear Sir:—In accordance with your suggestion, I went a few days ago and saw Che-no-wa-ge-sic, with whom I have long been well acquainted. I took with me Glazier's book "Sword and Pen," and read him from it his speech as reported on page 453, beginning "My Brother, etc.," and asked him how it was about that? He said he never made the speech reported, "Never made any speech at all at Leech Lake, nothing whateve I then read him, on page 474, about him stepping to the front, assuming an oratorical attitude, etc., and his speech following, beginning "My brother, I have come with you through many lakes and rivers to the head of the Father of Waters," and asked him how about that? He said he never stood up and extended his arms; never said that no white man had yet seen the source of the great river, or that that Lake was it. The only hing there was to that, was that they, when the canoes arrived there, told Glazier that that was where he had planted corn, and that he had hunted all round those shores for many years. As to that speech on page 474, he only told him the above about planting corn and hunting; never told him that he had now got to the true head, for he (Che-no-wa-ge-sic) well knew that Lake Breck, the Elk Lake of the maps, was *not* the true head, but only the "place where the waters were gathered;" that he knew that the true head was a little stream a mile or two to the West, running into the West arm of

Lake Itasca, putting his finger on the map and running it along the stream up to the little lake, Lake Whipple, at N. W. corner of Section 34, according to the Government Survey. "That Glazier never asked him to take him to the true head, and he well knew that he did not take him there. That Glazier only asked him if he could take him to that lake which the Indians call Pokegama, and that he replied that he could; but that he knew that that was not the true source; it was only a place where the waters were gathered."

The above I have copied from the minutes of the interview with Che-no-wa-ge-sic, made immediately after. He is evidently an honest fellow and tells a true story. He did not know why I asked him; I did not let him know whether I was in Glazier's interest or otherwise, and he has heard nothing, I believe, of there being any dispute about the matter, and had no interest but to tell the truth.

To the people of Minnesota who know Mr. Gilfillan, this will be conclusive. Glazier's other statements have been repudiated by Channing Paine, the only white person, except his brother George, who accompanied him, and now his noble Indian, his former Che-no-wa-ge-sic, he too has abandoned this falsifier of history, and left him alone in his fabric of lies.

If it be urged by his friends, that, notwithstanding all that has been said, he was yet, as he claims, the first to demonstrate that there were other waters beyond Itasca, and that he showed those waters to be the lake indicated, there are plenty of answers to that. Chambers had so averred, in 1872, and called the lake "Dolly Varden;" A. H. Siegfried, in Lippincott's Magazine, Aug. 1880, who developed that whole theory of sources; and that Glazier knew of it, is shown by his plagiarizing boldly, as usual, from the magazine articles in question.

If he still pushes the claim beyond, into his "Lake Alice," by debouching its waters into Elk Lake, as he has done, and there rests his claim, still the government surveys and careful subsequent scientific research, show that that lakelet empties, far away, into Itasca itself. There is no longer a place, nor an evasion, where he can hide from the disgrace of his false and fraudulent pretensions.

But the flagrant fraud, boldly attempted to be put upon the world by this pretended discovery, is only one of Capt. Glazier's sins against the literary and scientific world. There is another, equally glaring, ignoble and contemptible in a scientist, which is kin to his rape of the lake. It serves further to illustrate the character of the man:

In 1884, Capt. Glazier contributed to the "American Meteorological Journal," what purports to be an elaborate account of his "Recent Discovery of the True Sources of the Mississippi." In that account, he commits the boldest and most flagrant literary piracy to be found in the curiosities of all literature. Challenging and denying Schoolcraft's title to the discovery of the sources of the great river, he yet evidently had in his possession a copy of Schoolcraft's "Narrative of an Expedition to Lake Itasca in 1832," the same as published by Harper & Brothers, 1834, and if Glazier did not believe in the genuineness of Schoolcraft's discovery, it is patent that he had implicit faith in the fidelity of the careful Schoolcraft's descriptions of the Indians and of the localities. His plagiarisms are so bold, that Glazier has never presumed to deny the charge. "Stolen from Schoolcraft" should stand at the head of every printed column. These extraordinary coincidences of whole pages of identical language, were brought to light by the laborious researches of Henry D. Harrower, an accomplished scholar and geographer, and published by Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., of New York, 1886. Mr. Harrower has so completely pilloried the unfortunate Glazier, that he must be solid brass if he can again lift his head among literary people. It must destroy confidence in all his literary performances. We have carefully gone over Mr. Harrower's exhibits of parallel columns, comparing both with their originals, and are dazed at Glazier's audacity. The lapse of fifty years since Schoolcraft wrote, had no effect upon Glazier's judgment

in appropriating the work of the former. The material incidents of time, place and customs, as changed during the time among the Pillager band of Indians, are outrageously defied by Glazier. He sticks to Schoolcraft in spite of the results of a half century of schools, farming, and the civilizing effects of the government's care of these Indians. Their present condition is well known to these citizens of Minnesota, and Glazier's stolen account of them fifty years ago, as applicable to-day, is stupid beyond belief. Schoolcraft's fine description of a noted chief of 1832, is taken bodily by this literary thief and applied to White Cloud in 1881. All this is like putting the girl of to-day in the clothes of her great-grandmother, and declaring it is the fashion of the hour.

Even in his purported trip of discovery, he follows, with unreserved confidence, Schoolcraft's description of portages, trails, marshes, swamps, elevations, waters, etc. Identical, also, is his copy of the meteorolgy, zoology, and botany of the country. The track and the foot-prints of Schoolcraft are never missed by a hair's-breadth by this faithful plagiarist of the great scientist. Schoolcraft's fidelity to nature was never so complimented. If Glazier was there at all, he saw only with Schoolcraft's eyes. The same Indians, the same customs, same dances, same sacrifices, same houses, same meals, same salt-cellar, same grass, same pond-lilies, same rushes, same canoes, same flocks of pigeons, same ripe strawberries,—everything alike! Indeed, it was not necessary for Glazier to have visited Lake Itasca, if he ever did, for he could have copied the noble pages of Schoolcraft as well in his study, without the inconvenience of mosquitoes, or the expense of his journey.

To crown his bold plagiarisms with the mede of perfection, Glazier gives a table in "Am. Met. Journal," 1884, p. 328, "Meteorological Observations at the Head Waters of the Mississippi." It is true we have the evidence that

he had no instruments with him, and took no observations whatever. But it is only a step from plagiarism to lying. In another volume of Schoolcraft, "Narrative of an Expedition to the Sources of the Mississippi in 1820," published in Albany, N. Y., 1821, are two meteorological tables, taken at Big Sandy Lake, pages 268 and 314. Glazier reproduces these *identical tables as his own*, as if taken "at the head waters of the Mississippi."

We have the two tables before us, (Mr. Harrower's keen work), and every date, and every barometrical observation, every hour of the notations, the character of each day and the direction of the wind, the very thunder, the rain-fall, all are identically the same, for every figure has been compared. They tally to a dot. But, just sixty-one years before, Aug. 2d, 1820, Schoolcraft broke his instrument and his observations ceased at two p. m. of that day. Loyal and faithful ever, to the great man whose work he so religiously copied, Glazier ceases his barometrical record at just two p. m., Aug. 2d, 1881!!

Did Glazier think he was plundering neglected and forgotten books? No American scholar will forget Schoolcraft, no more than he will neglect Audubon, or bury Agassiz, and more and more as the Indian perishes, will Schoolcraft be recognized as authority and a classic. Glazier does not seek to conceal, or veil his thefts. A thief will seek to disguise his stolen horse by cutting off his tail or clipping his hair; but Glazier struts in all his borrowed plumage, oblivious to every chance of discovery and dead to every sense of shame. Though his rank plagiarisms have long been made public, he neither modifies his story nor abates his pretensions. It seems useless further to unmask and displume so stolid a man. But what the public are entitled to, is the truth of history and an honest geography.

A CRITICAL REVIEW.

A critical review of the whole situation was made by Hopewell Clarke, a citizen of Minnesota, well known for his eminent fitness, experience and capacity for the work, who was engaged by Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., book publishers of the City of New York, to visit the sources of the Mississippi river for an acurate topographical survey of that region, with a purpose to carefully review the work of former explorers, and to determine any matters yet doubtful. Mr. Clarke, after a full study of the case, with competent assistants, properly equipped with maps and instruments, did the work thoroughly in 1886. The results of his patient and exhaustive labors, which are before us, confirm the accuracy of the government surveys. It certifies to the general correctness of Nicollet's report and maps. Unlike Glazier's, this expedition explored every bay and indentation of the Itascan waters, and followed every affluent to its ultimate source. They trod in the honored footsteps of the indefatigable Nicollet. Every level was taken with instruments, and every distance measured with a chain. They confirm a visit of Nicollet to Elk Lake, by his minute notations of its feeders, which could only be observed by actual exploration. They fix the location of Elk Lake precisely where the government surveyors located it; and they demonstrate that Glazier both distorted its size, and placed it too far from the Itascan waters. He concurs fully with Nicollet, and other reliable explorers, that the longest and by far the most important of the affluents of the Itascan basin is the river, a creek which debouches into the Southwest arm of the lake, being sixteen feet wide, two and one-half deep at its mouth, and the one most elevated in source, being ninety-two feet above Itasca, while Elk Lake is but thirteen inches higher. This expedition confirms the statement by water-marks found, that Itasca, waters were once higher, and Elk Lake

once lower, than they now are, and that the latter, as heretofore stated, was doubtless but an estuary of Itasca at the time of Schoolcraft's and Nicollet's explorations. He fully confirms the general idea of Nicollet that "Lake Itasca is the first important reservoir and basin of all the springs that feed the head waters of the Mississippi river."

They find the posts and blazings of the government surveyors still visible. Men of our own State, worthy to be trusted, they did their work without prejudice or bias, intent only on finding out the truth as to the primal waters of our great river. They confirm the fidelity of Schoolcraft and Nicollet to every essential fact, and renew, to those daring explorers, the honors they so nobly won.

But why pursue this investigation further? Let this perverter of history and distorter of geography be dismissed as a charlatan adventurer with the contempt he so richly merits.

CONCLUSIONS.

After a most diligent and laborious examination of all the records, maps and documents bearing upon the case, which are now so complete and exhaustive as to be no longer liable to any material change, your committee, beg leave respectfully to submit the results of their findings:

1. That Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, accompanied by Lt. James Allen, in a scientific expedition made by him, July 1832, to the head waters of he Mississippi river, did discover, locate, delineate and map the general basin, which is the first great gathering place and reservoir of the head waters of that continental stream, and was by him named Lake Itasca, from the Latin words veritas caput, the true head. That he announced the discovery in a narrative written in a modest, honorable and distinct manner. That his companion, Lt. Allen, the topographer of the party, drew a map, which map was deposited, and is

now, in the General Land Office of the U. S., in the City of Washington, which map exhibits the substantial outlines of Lake Itasca and its general surroundings. That Schoolcraft's right to the original honor of this discovery cannot be rightly questioned or challenged.

That Jean N. Nicollet, a distinguished French scholar and explorer, did, in August, 1836, visit and minutely explore the same region in and about the Itascan basin. That his work exhibits all the care of a trained scientist, and that his map, deposited in the office of Engineers, U. S. A. 1836--7, is so complete in detail, that all subsequent examinations and surveys have been but certificates of its general accuracy. That his report is clear, comprehensive and scientific.

That Nicollet did discover and explore to its sources, a creek, or river, whose primal springs are now found by government surveys, to be in Sec. 34, Town 143 N., R. 36 W. 5th Principal Meridian, and 92 feet above the level of Lake Itasca; which creek, or river, has its rise at the foot hills of the Hauteur des Terres, which curve like a crescent, around its sources, and this is the longest, as it is by far the largest, tributary of the Itascan basin. To use Nicollet's own language: "In obedience to the geographical rule, that the sources of a river are those that are most distant from its mouth, this creek is truly the infant Mississippi; all others below, its feeders and tributaries." Then he modestly and courteously adds:

"The honor of having first explored the sources of the Mississippi, and introduced a knowledge of them into physical geography, belongs to Mr. Schoolcraft and Lieutenant Allen. I come only after these gentlemen; but I may be permitted to claim some merit for having completed what was wanting for a full geographical account of these sources. Moreover, I am, I believe, the first traveler, who has carried with him astronomical instruments and put them to profitable account along the whole course of the Mississippi, from its mouth to its sources."

This is the essence of the whole story. To these two eminent scholars and scientists belong all the glory of the discovery of the primal sources of the Mississippi river.

Your committee recommend that this chief tributary of Itasca, should be named "Nicollet River" in honor of its great discoverer, and that the lakelet in Section 27, be named Alpha, as significant of the absolute ultimate source.

Recommended, that the name "Glazier Lake" be expunged from the lake in Sec. 22, of the same town and range, and that the name "Elk aLke" be continued as rightfully and appropriately named by the authority of the Government of the United States.

That we earnestly and respectfully recommend all geographers, map-makers and historians, to follow the conclusions herein reached, as final to a matter of geography within our own State.

That we respectfully recommend that the present Legislature, by joint resolution, or otherwise, as to them may seem best, take such action as will fix and maintain the nomenclature of the waters as herein indicated.

At the conclusion of the reading of Gen. Baker's Report, Ex-Gov. Alex. Ramsey moved that the report be adopted, and published by the Society, which motion prevailed.

The following Resolutions were then read, and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The members of this Society have listened to the reading of the report prepared by Gen. James Heaton Baker on the claims made by Capt. Willard Glazier, to the credit of having in 1881 "discovered the source of the Mississippi river," to-wit: A lake adjoining Lake Itasca, designated on the United States surveys as Elk Lake; therefore be it

Resolved, That we hereby express as the deliberate judgment of this Society that the assertions and assumptions of said Glazier, in the matter named, are baseless and false—that he is

in no sense whatever a "discoverer" or "explorer," the lake which he is now endeavoring to have called by his name having been originally visited and mapped by Schoolcraft in 1832; again carefully explored and scientifically examined and described in official reports and maps by that accurate and conscientious scientist, Jean Nicholas Nicollet in 1836, and was in 1875 fully surveyed and maped by the United States surveyors, and soon after claims and pre-emptions were filed on lands adjoining said lake.

Resolved, That we assert our unqualified belief, based on the thorough and careful investigations of Nicollet, O. E. Garrison and others, and again, more recently, of those made by Hopewell Clarke, that the lake which Capt. Glazier asserts is "the true source of the Mississippi river," is not such in reality, but that the real source of the river is Lake Itasca and its tributaries, arising in sections 27 and 28 of the township in which it is located.

Resolved, That we feel amazed at the presumption and assurance displayed by Capt. Glazier; first, in hastily making such an audacious claim, based, at best upon an uncertain and doubtful foundation; and again, in arrogantly heralding himself to the world as a discoverer, without first submitting his claims to some tribunal competent to pronounce on their merits and having his alleged discovery examined. And further, in deceiving geographical and scientific societies by sending them an account of his pretended discoveries, and causing to be published books and magazine articles in which he is praised and puffed in unmeasured terms and held up to the admiration of the country as one who had achieved some praiseworthy feat; also, in publishing maps in which the lake in question is represented as four times its real size and placed in a wrong position; and lastly, in persuading, by persistent solicitations, map and school book publishers to place his name to "Elk Lake" and declare it "the source of the Mississippi river."

Resolved, That the wholesale and unblushing plagiarisms by Capt. Glazier from the descriptions of Itasca in the writings of Schoolcraft, Siegfried and others, and of the meteorological tables in the former, tend to throw discredit on all his assertions and to render him unworthy of the respect and confidence which would be due to him, were he really the discoverer which he claims to be.

Resolved, That we respectfully ask the legislature to pass, without delay, the bill recently introduced into the house by Mr. Don-

nelly, to fix irrevocably on the map of the State the names of the larkes and streams composing the Itascan sources of the Mississippi river, so that its earliest explorers be not robbed of their just laurels, and to remove temptations to adventurers in future to gain notoriety by attaching their names to said lakes.

Resolved, That we call upon the various geographical, historical and other learned societies throughout the world to join with us in repudiating Glazier's claims, and ask them, in the spirit of truth and right, that if they have in their possession, maps with the lake in question so named, they erase Glazier's name from them and substitute therefor that of "Elk Lake."

Resolved, That our thanks are due, and are hereby tendered, to Gen. James H. Baker, for his able and exhaustive report; and also to H. D. Harrower, Esq., of New York, the Rev. J. A. Gilfillan of White Earth, Minn., and to Messrs. Alfred J. Hill, Hopewell Clarke and J. B. Chaney of St. Paul, for valuable aid rendered in the investigation of maps and documents relating to the question.

THE HENNEPIN BI-CENTENARY.

CELEBRATION

BY THE MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

OF THE

200TH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

Discovery of the Falls of Saint Anthony

IN 1680, BY FATHER LOUIS HENNEPIN.

NOTE.—The Minnesota Historical Society, early in the year 1880, resolved to appropriately celebrate the two hundreth anniversary of the discovery of the Falls of Saint Anthony, by Father Louis Hennepin, which occurred in 1680. In this they were generously and energetically aided by the citizens of Minnneapolis, whose liberal and well-planned arrangements made the celebration a complete success. The exact date of the discovery cannot be fixed, but the third of July (the fourth falling on Sunday) was selected as the day for the celebration, on account of its being a public holiday. The subjoined account of the exercises is from the Saint Paul *Daily Globe*, of July 4, 1880:

The city of Minneapolis never saw such a day as yesterday. It almost appeared as though the inanimate earth on which the city is built—her magnificent blocks

of buildings, her immense mills and even the grand Falls themselves, were aware that something more than ordinary was taking place. The broad avenues were teeming with life, and every artery of the city pulsed with a glad and gleesome feeling, which developed itself in the smiling countenances of her citizens, and the outward emblems of general rejoicing. Most of the business houses and many private dwellings were decorated with flags, evergreens, etc., all testifying to the general joy felt by all. In fact, it was Minneapolis' "Saturday out," and she enjoyed it. The privacy of home and the conventionalities of society which ordinarily "doth hedge us in" were for the once laid aside, and all, whether old or young, regardless of previous condition, gave themselves up to a gala day. The moving tide of humanity, the gaily decked blocks of buildings, the floating stars and stripes, and the general air of pleasure everywhere visible, conspired to give the locality a holiday appearance never seen before. Certainly not since the day Father Hennepin looked upon it and pronounced it good, two hundred years ago.

THE GRAND PROCESSION.

The official program for the day had announced that the procession would be formed promptly at 9 a. m. Committees of arrangements may propose, but it not infrequently happens that those who take part in pageants of this character, dispose of time to suit their convenience. It so happened yesterday. As early as 8 o'clock all the principal streets of the city were filled with people on foot, in carriages, on horseback and in arms, waiting for the procession to form. It was somehow understood that

General Sherman, Secretary Ramsey* and other notables were to arrive at an early hour at the University, and come from thence to the Nicollet House, where arrangements were to be made for assigning them positions in the grand procession. An immense throng of people assembled in front of the hotel and for over an hour waited patiently, in the broiling sun, to catch a glimpse of the distinguished visitors. About half past ten their curiosity was satisfied, for at that hour a number of carriages containing General Sherman, Secretary Ramsey, Hon. E. B. Washburne and other distinguished gentlemen, drove to the main entrance of the hotel. The features of nearly all were familiar to the dense throng, and as they alighted from their carriages they were greeted with a succession of cheers. A few moments were spent in the parlors of the Nicollet to allow for introductions, refreshments, etc., when the party once more took their places in carriages and proceeded to Bridge Square where the grand procession was formed in the following order, under the command of Gen. T. L. Rosser, marshal of the day, assisted by some aids:

THE ORDER OF PROCESSION:

Gen. Rosser, Marshal of the Day and Aide, Officer Hoy.
Platoon of Sixteen Minneapolis Police, Commanded by Sergeant West.
Great Western Union Band.
Hon. W. D. Washburn and Mayor Rand in Carriages.
General W. T. Sherman and Secretary of War Ramsey.
Governor Pillsbury.
Ex-Governor C. C. Washburn and Rev. Mr. Neill.
Hon. E. B. Washburne, D. Morrison and Anthony Kelly.
Members of the City Council.

* Hon. Alexander Ramsey was, at that date, Secretary of War.

Members of the County Board.
City and County Officials.
Hon. W. S. King and Friend.
Fort Snelling Military Band.
Two Companies of U. S. Regulars.
Veterans of the War for the Union.
Mounted Zouave Lancers.
Zouave Drum Corps and Band.
Minneapolis Zouaves.
Minneapolis Light Infantry.
St. John the Baptiste Society.
Swede Brothers' Society.
Odd Fellows' Encampment.
North Star Lodge, I. O. O. F.
Sons of Herman.
Father Matthew Cadets.
Father Matthew T. A. B. Society.
Woman's Christian Temperance Union.
Father McGolrick and Priests.
Citizens in Carriages.

It required some time to bring order out of the chaotic mass, which had not only filled Bridge Square, but all the streets adjacent with a surging tide of humanity on foot, in carriages, and in every other species of conveyance. The throng had come "from the north and south, from the east and from the west," all intent upon seeing all they could and taking part in this pageantry. The grand marshal and his aids had a most difficult task to perform, but they finally succeeded, and the procession took up its line of march across the suspension bridge, in the order above given. When the carriage containing General Sherman and Secretary Ramsey reached the eastern end of the bridge, and the vast crowd recognized the

familiar countenances, cheer after cheer greeted the two distinguished men, who manage and control the military arm of this great republic. This hearty greeting was continued all along the line of march, and was responded to by both gentlemen rising and bowing in response. They rode in a splendid English drag, drawn by four beautiful horses, gaily caparisoned, and driven by Mr. R. F. Jones, the owner of the magnificent turnout.

Words are inadequate to describe the appearance of the procession and the streets along the line of march. The sidewalks and the streets also were a complete moving mass of humanity of all ages and both sexes. The suspension bridge never before was put to such a test, and hereafter it may be considered safe. Every available space was occupied by people on foot, while for fully a half hour the driveway was filled with two lines of carriages from end to end. The scene on University avenue when the procession was passing, baffles description. The procession formed across the street, but on either side of it were dense throngs of carriages, four or five abreast, while the sidewalks and private grounds of the residents were crowded with men, women and children. At every street crossing, numbers of vehicles were added to the throng, and yet all moved on, slowly it is true, but without accident. Gen. Sherman was of course the lion of the day, and next to him came in for many compliments, a number of the organizations that formed a part of the procession. The Union Great Western Band, the Seventh Infantry Band from Fort Snelling, and the Minneapolis Zouave Band Drum corps, elicited well de-

served praise for their excellent music and splendid appearance. Companies C, K and H, of the Seventh Infantry, under command of Major Benham, marched as only veterans can. The Minneapolis Zouaves made a fine appearance in their strange uniform, and the squad of mounted Lancers of the same organization, were a marked feature of the procession. The Union Francaise, of St. Paul, who turned out 150 strong, and were led by the Great Western Band, did themselves proud, being the largest organization in the line. Suffice it to say that it was a grand demonstration, in which not only the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, but the country for miles around, united.

Over the entrance to the University grounds a grand arch had been erected, beautifully ornamented with national colors and evergreens, and bearing the inscription, "Soyez les Bienvenus."

THE APPEARANCE OF THE GROUNDS.

While so many were waiting on the avenue, some hundreds had gathered on the University campus at an early hour, and before the head of the procession arrived at the green arch, under which it entered upon the field, thousands were assembled. The spacious campus—overlooking the river and falls, and a goodly part of the city —covered with a fine sward and shaded by noble trees, was supplied for the occasion with a covered stand for the Historical Society and its guests and seats for the audience, and also with numerous tables for free refreshment of visitors, and with many tents for their shelter and entertainment. Around the north and west sides

of the campus were arranged the various tents and headquarters of the different bodies taking part in the celebration. A short distance from the main entrance to the grounds, on the right, was located seven tables, each 210 feet in length. These tables were loaded with substantial food, enough to feed thousands, and thousands were fed at this hospitable board. All were invited, and among the many thousands there not one went away hungry, except at his or her accord. This branch was under the supervision of George A. Brackett, Esq., and he managed it with a method and beaming hospitality that will be long remembered by thousands whom he fed. In fact it may be said that all went away prepared to say: "I was a hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in." Passing on down to the right was a tent reserved for the members of the councils of the cities. Under this canvas were two tables, sufficient to accommodate the number expected to be present, and supplied with good things enough to satisfy even an alderman's stomach.

Next to this was a canopy supplied with chairs, where the weary might find rest.

Then came the grand tent, under which Governor Pillsbury had provided a repast for the distinguished visitors and the members of the Historical Society. Under this large canopy were fifteen tables arranged in circular form. The tent was tastefully decorated with the national colors and evergreens, and the tables were adorned with a profusion of flowers, presenting a picture of great beauty. Under this canvas the Governor received

and feasted his friends after the formal exercises were over. Never before did such a collection of distinguished men and fair women meet within sight and sound of St. Anthony Falls. Connected with this was another tent, where, during the entire day, such refreshments as lemonade, sandwiches, etc., were dispensed to the hungry and thirsty.

A number of other tents were scattered around for the accommodation, convenience and comfort of ladies, the various visiting organizations, etc., etc. Probably the most important of these tents were two—one large and handsomely fitted up where ladies could obtain lemonade, ices, etc., and the other called the "house that Jack built," for gentlemen, where they could obtain a bountiful supply of ice water. In this tent they had on exhibition specimens of water said to have been bottled by Father Hennepin at the time he discovered the falls. It had improved wonderfully with age. A large number tasted it (purely out of curiosity) and they informed the GLOBE reporter that it was not bad to take.

Many columns might be filled with accounts of all there was to be seen and done on the grounds. The imagination of the reader must supply the deficiency, It is sufficient to say that the citizens of Minneapolis, both in their private and corporate capacity, dispensed a boundless hospitality on the occasion, and all, the many thousands present, went away satisfied that it was good for them to be there.

THE SOCIETY AND ITS GUESTS.

It was about 10:30 A. M. when the head of the procession arrived on the grounds, and some time was necessarily taken in placing the military and societies, and in seating the people, who wished to listen to the oration and addresses. Meantime the Historical Society and its guests were seated upon the grand stand. Among this notable company the following were recognized from the reporter's table: Gen. H. H. Sibley of St. Paul, president of the Historical Society; Hon. Alex. Ramsey, Secretary of War; Gen. W. T. Sherman, U. S. A.; Archbishop Taché of St. Boniface, Manitoba; Bishop La Fleche, of Three Rivers, Lower Canada; Bishops Grace and Ireland, St. Paul; Mgr. J. Neve, Rector of the American College, Louvain, Belgium; Rev. Fr. Desaulniers, St. Bonaventure, Canada; Rev. G. Dugast, St. Boniface, Manitoba; Rev. J. A. Andre, Inner Grove, Minnesota; Rev. James McGolrick, Minneapolis; Justice Miller, of the U. S. Supreme court; Judge Gilfillan of the State Supreme court; Judge McCrary of the U. S. Circuit court; Judge Nelson, of the U. S. District court; Gen. Terry and other army officers from department headquarters, St. Paul; Gen. Gibbon and officers of the Seventh Infantry, Fort Snelling; Col. Barry, Washington; Hon. E. B. Washburne, Galena, and Albert D. Hager, Chicago, the latter secretary, and both delegates of the Chicago Historical Society; Hon. C. H. Berry, Winona; Hon. John S. Pillsbury, Governor of Minnesota; Ex-Gov. C. K. Davis; Ex-Gov. Wm. R. Marshall; Hon. C. C. Washburn, Wisconsin; Gen. R. W. Johnson, St. Paul; Hon. W. D. Washburn, Minneapolis; Hon. S. J. R. McMillan, U. S. Senator; Ex-Senator H. M. Rice; Mr.

Sprague, of Minneapolis, a soldier of 1812; Rev. Mr. Riheldaffer, of the State Reform school; Rev. E. D. Neill, Mayor Rand, Wm. S. King, W. W. McNair, Jno. H. Stevens, H. Mattson, O. V. Tousley, D. Morrison and N. B. Harwood, all of Minneapolis; I. De Graff, Russell Blakeley, E. S. Goodrich, Edmund Rice, J. Fletcher Williams, H. L. Moss, I. V. D. Heard and J. B. Chaney, of St. Paul; Hon. O. P. Whitcomb, State auditor; Hon. D. Burt, Superintendent of public instruction; and President Folwell and the Faculty of the State University.

When Gen. Sherman escorted by Gen. Sibley, and Secretary Ramsey escorted by Gen. Terry, came upon the stand they were warmly applauded, and Gen. Sherman especially seemed to be the favorite. In fact, throughout the exercises, he could hardly move without starting a round of applause. It was evident there was present a goodly number of the boys who marched through Georgia with Sherman.

While the procession was marching into the campus, a salute was fired by a section of artillery from Fort Snelling; and as all arrangements were about concluded, at 11:35 A. M., the Union Great Western Band opened the exercises by playing the national airs, after which Gen. Sibley addressed the multitude.

He said that he welcomed, as President of the Minnesota Historical Society, such a large concourse of citizens to assist in celebrating this interesting anniversary. He said we owe a debt of gratitude to the citizens of Minneapolis, for their liberality and energy in getting up this celebration in so complete and splendid a manner. With-

out occupying more time, he would now introduce Hon. Cushman K. Davis, the orator of the day. Ex-Gov. Davis appeared amid an outburst of applause, and addressed the audience as follows:

HON. C. K. DAVIS' ORATION.

It is not without cause that nations, sects, communities and individuals, by a custom which seems world-wide, observe with commemorative ceremonies the recurrence of certain days with which events of great national, religious and personal importance began.

There is a satisfaction in looking back into "the abysm of time", where generations have been swallowed up and forgotten, to gaze at some luminous diurnal spot which marks the occurrence of that without which an empire could never have existed, or a faith never been defined for belief, or a human right never ceased from being an ethical abstraction to become a concrete and beneficent fact, or a person never born, to taste the joys and sorrows of life and to fall heir to the inexpressible heritage of immortality.

At one day in each year the Christian traverses the tract of eighteen centuries, gazing from obscure Bethlehem over the civilized world, and over the enormous epoch of his faith traces the sublime consequences of the nativity. He sees that in a period so short that it attests the miracle, the entire skeptical, dogmatic and practical Roman world was penetrated and possessed by the cardinal idea of a faith which sprung from the despised Semitic province, and overcame the indurate prepossessions of the Aryan family. He sees the vast and unending political conse-

quences of the event which he commemorates. He sees how thoroughly Christianity took possession of the place providentially left for it in the interstices of the Roman structure, and speedily transformed it in color, shape and proportions. He appreciates the fact that the functions of a kingdom not of this world needed, to make efficient its propagandizing idea of personal equality, the aid of secular institutions. It found them in the marvelous machinery of the Roman polity. He sees the submergence of all this under the northern torrent—a submergence so complete that nothing but the cross can at times be seen over that waste of waters; the hopes of civilization and progress seem ended. But barbarism itself was in time subdued by that which it had conquered. It had brought from its northern forests a practice of parliamentary participation in affairs by every free man which by elective affinity combined with the religious dogmas of personal equality, and the Christian world was at once placed upon a line of logical consequences which, by asserting the freedom of the individual and the equality of man to man, has found its most perfect development in the United States.

The Mahometan, mindful of the ignominious Hegira of the Prophet, commemorates its day, and standing at Mecca, sees the crescent, within the period of seven hundred years, compassing nations with its arc of conquest, one point touching Grenada, and the other shining over Vienna.

What day more than this thrills every sensibility of the American citizen—this day of days—when our charter of human rights was signed with dedications to its mainten-

ance of lives, fortunes and sacred honor—which has been for more than one hundred years preserved inviolate, which has been confirmed by an extension of its extremest declaration that all men are created equal, to the emancipation of the slave and his participation as a free man in the administration of the institutions by which he was committed to ignorance and bondage.

Two hundred years ago the Franciscan father Hennepin saw the Falls of St. Anthony. He was the first white man who ever saw and heard the throbbings of that great artery of power which now gives life to thousands of people and moves those great mechanical agencies which in our hearing almost, are doing the work of hundreds of thousands of men. For unnumbered ages the cataract had spent its forces wearing away the ledge over which it fell, receding northward through gorges which it cut, and in which it has recorded its recession. The wildest dreamer of two hundred years ago could not have foretold the wondrous changes which would be worked upon the scene.

The indomitable courage of the French in discovering and opening up the territory west of the Alleghanies, their utter failure to hold it and its relapse into obscurity form one of the most interesting and obscure problems of our history.

By the year 1680, La Salle, a gentleman by birth and a scholar by education by the Jesuits, then the best schoolmasters in the world, had built a ship above Niagara Falls, made the circuit of the great lakes, landed near the western extremity of Lake Michigan, traversed what is now the State of Illinois, and rested at a point on the

shores of Peoria lake, where he built a fort. Attached to this company of adventurers was Hennepin. He was a man of great resolution, faithful to his vocation, and of remarkable power of observation—so remarkable that his footsteps can be traced to-day in the changed condition of this region, most distinctly by the account which he left of his adventures.

During the winter of 1679-80, he, with two companions, had by the order of La Salle, descended the Illinois river to its mouth, and was directed also to explore the Mississippi river above the Illinois. They ascended the river without molestation, probably as far as the mouth of the Wisconsin river, where they were captured by a war party of Sioux, and from that time their journey northwards was an enforced one. Their captors held debate over their lives, but finally concluded to spare them. They were brought by the Sioux up the river to a point doubtless a few miles below where St. Paul now stands, where the band then left the river and followed the trail over the country to Mille Lacs. A journey of five days brought them to the Indian villages in the valley of the Rum River, and there the captives were separated, each band conducting a Frenchman to its village. They seem to have been treated with rude kindness. Hennepin now endeavored to acquire the Indian language, and to instruct the savages in the faith, but they were indifferent and he made no converts. He baptized and christened by the name of Antoinette, a sick Indian infant, who shortly afterward died. He seems to have inspired his captors with a certain feeling of awe, and yet at the same time to have been regarded by them quite contemptuously.

He settled, however, an important geographical question. The hope of a direct westerly ocean route to the East Indies which inspired Columbus and resulted in the discovery of America in the search for India, was at this time an inspiring cause of the persistent intrusion of the French into this region. It was supposed that the Mississippi river emptied into the Gulf of California. The northwest passage was laid down on maps as through the the Straits of Anian, which was represented to be not far from the water system which has its source in Minnesota.

While Hennepin was detained in this vicinity of Mille Lacs, four Indians came to the village, who stated that they had come from the west fifteen hundred miles, and that their journey had occupied four months. They were questioned by Hennepin and told him truly that they had seen no sea nor any great water. They described the country northwest of here with general accuracy, saying that it contained no great lakes, that it had many rivers and that there were few forests in that region. From this narrative Hennepin concluded that the straits of Anian as delineated upon the maps of that time, had no existence, and he conjectured that the route to the Pacific was by the rivers of which these Indians told.

The time came in June for the departure of the Indians to the hunting grounds west of the Mississippi river. The assemblage of the bands for this purpose brought Hennepin and his companions together again. They descended the Rum River and encamped where Dayton is now. Starvation threatened the Indians, and Hennepin was of course anxious to be released. By stating

to them that he expected to meet a party of Frenchmen at the mouth of the Wisconsin river with goods for the Indians, he prevailed upon the savages to allow him and his companions to go to meet them. One of the Frenchmen preferred to remain with the Indians, and staid. A small birch canoe was given Hennepin and Du Gay, and they started down the river and came to the falls of St. Anthony.

It was a sacred spot with the tribes. Indians were there invoking the spirit of the waters in voices of lamentations and hanging offerings of beaver skins upon the trees.

Hennepin named the cataract the Falls of St. Anthony in honor of St. Anthony of Padua. He proceeded on his journey, and at some distance below the Falls encountered Daniel Greysolon Duluth and four other Frenchmen, who had made their way from the head of Lake Superior to the Mississippi river. The Frenchmen then returned to Mille Lacs with a party of Indians, remained there till the following autumn, and then resumed their southward journey by the way of Rum river and the falls of St. Anthony. They proceeded to Green Bay by ascending the Wisconsin river. From thence Hennepin made his way to Europe and in 1683 published at Paris an account of his adventures.

After the death of La Salle and about fourteen years after the publication of this book, Hennepin is said to have published in Utrecht another edition of his travels, in which he pretended for the first time that before he started up the Mississippi river, he had followed its course from the Illinois to the sea and returned in time to start

northward from the mouth of the Illinois river by the eleventh of March, 1680. The dates in the two narratives show that he must have done all this in a month, and of course conclusively establish the falsity of this portion of his second narrative. The first narrative, published in 1683, is, however, undoubtedly a true one. His topography, capable of verification to-day, and his use of Sioux words, fully establish the fact.

The edition of 1694 was dedicated to the King of England and the surprising claim then advanced was doubtless due to some political reason, for it is stated that its contents caused William to send vessels to the Gulf of Mexico to enter the river, and Callieres, the Governor of Canada, wrote a letter to Pontchartrain, the French minister, warning him that William was about to take possession of Louisiana upon the relation of Hennepin. Louis XIV was greatly incensed at Hennepin, and hearing that he intended to revisit Canada, directed Callieres in that event, to arrest him and send him to Rochefort. He died, probably in Italy, after the year 1701.*

Hennepin's experience as a discoverer was small compared with that of other adventurous Frenchmen. The most illustrious of those men who two hundred years ago followed the Mississippi valley from the Falls of St. Anthony to the Gulf of Mexico was undoubtedly Robert Cavelier La Salle. This heroic man starting from Montreal, ascended the St. Lawrence, sailed the great lakes, made the portage to the Illinois river, and descending thence

*It should be stated, however, that the complicity of Hennepin with the Utrecht edition is denied with good support of internal testimony. It is greatly to be hoped that criticism will expunge the blemish which has heretofore seemed to rest upon his veracity.

into the Mississippi, reached its mouth in the year 1682, after years of incredible hardships. In the month of April of that year, standing where jetties now spring from the unstable shore, and through which the commerce of the world passes rejoicing in stately ships, he planted the cross, took possession of a vast country for and in the name of Louis XIV, while the voices of the great hearted companions of his quest joined in the *Vexilla Regis.*

The region thus claimed was the entire valley of the Mississippi and all of its tributaries. It stretched from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains. It was the most imperial domain which ever accrued to a king by the claim of discovery. Far-seeing men of that age foretold that it would, in its time, be what it is now. Its military importance and commercial and agricultural capacities were quite well understood. The energies of a church whose sons have set their feet in tropic jungles, on polar snows, in Saharas of sand, on every place on earth where there are souls to be saved, the sagacity and power of the greatest king and the wisest statesmen of that age, the adventurous private spirit inspired by the hope of gain, the romantic gleams of El Dorados which even then shone in the West like golden sunsets, the colonial policy then cardinal with the great European powers, all these confederated to make this immense domain a province of France.

Had it remained so, the French possessions would have extended from the mouth of the St. Lawrence nearly to the Rio Grande; the domain of England would have been east of the Alleghanies. Spain would have had only the province of Florida, and the whole of all the remainder of North America east of the Rocky Mountains, excepting

Mexico, would have belonged to France to colonize and civilize by way of the Mississippi river, instead of by that painful and slow process overland from east to west, by which this country has been occupied.

Why France did not succeed in so doing is a most recondite yet instructive question.

There was at that time every reason why she should have done all this. Louis XIV was then at the zenith of his power. His intellect was in its prime; his pride was at its height; his will had never been curbed; his armies were victorious everywhere; he had the finest navy in the world; his treasury overflowed.

The grandest statesman whom France—perhaps Europe—ever produced had been at the head of affairs, and the propulsive force of his genius still operated unspent. It is doing its work to-day. Colbert had wrought the work which Louis was then enjoying. He was so great to the men of his own age, that the Mississippi river was named the Colbert, but the great stream—greater than the stream of history—has effaced even his name from the water in which it was written.

England, as a power, was utterly contemptible. She was panting under the incubus of the disreputable old age of that heartless voluptuary Charles II, and he was a pensioner of the French king. Her finances were disordered, her army was despised, her navy was weak and rotten, her statesmen were profligate and corrupt, her literature was mere bawdry, and she was throughout a state diseased.

William of Orange, constitutionally weak of body and broken by sickness, was battling for mere existence with

the overwhelming power of France, and was thought to be a vanishing factor in the problem of national and personal supremacy.

Why then was it that, though France held for almost one hundred years nearly all that La Salle proclaimed was her's east of the great river, and held until the reign of the great Napoleon, nearly all that was proclaimed as her's west of the great river, she eventually lost everything, and left but little or no trace of her presence, excepting what is now the state of Louisiana?

The cause was not conquest. Conquests then were, but they were merely the secondary and proximate agencies of the transfer.

And here we are presented with one of the grandest examples which time has given to history, of the diversion of a great region from one empire and its attachment to another, by the moral power of contending institutions. For this was effected by the collision of institutions, and by nothing else. We have seen France, starting from Montreal, engirdle the North American continent from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi, and shutting up the English occupancy into a tract which was practically bounded by the St. Lawrence, the Alleghanies and the Savannah. We understand the proportions of the physical competitory powers by which these rival institutions were sustained.

I do not think that differences of dogma or victories in proselyting had anything to do with the result. The Puritan of New England, the Quaker of Pennsylvania, the Catholic of Maryland, and the Churchman of Vir-

ginia, each represented a political tendency, with which his religious faith had little to do, either by way of creation or modification. The result would have been the same, had James the Second succeeded in restoring England to the ranks of the Catholic powers.

Behind and beyond the mere questions of faith, ruling and overruling them by providential destiny, carrying them along as the world revolving east carries a ship that is sailing east, were the great and peremptory ideas of personal freedom and self government, based upon Christianity and not upon any of its creeds, which were fighting their way to institutional recognition in the person of every English-speaking man.

Englishmen had fought for centuries this momentous fight. They had extorted Magna Charta from John. They had enacted in parliament the declaration of rights, and so far annihilated the feudal system as to leave nothing but its fictions. They had passed the statute of habeas corpus. They had increased the powers of the commons, until that house became the immediate agent of the people in the administration of the State. More than all, they had so dilated their capacity for self-government through their love of freedom that it was as certain then as it is to-day that the mountains would be removed into the sea before the stock of that people could ever be forced back into the dungeons of absolute power.

In France there was no counterpart to all this. There was, on the contrary, a complete system of antithetical institutions. The whole kingdom was feudal. It was enfeoffed to despot over despot through all the ascend-

ing degrees of tyranny, until the king was reached, who absorbed into himself the sum of all despotic powers. There was no parliament. Judges were so purchasable that judgments were finally sold as common commodities. The land was filled with private prisons, in which the seigneurs incarcerated their offending underlings without pretext of trial. The king took away personal liberty by simple *lettre de cachet*. There was no liberty of conscience, nor was there anything in the tendency of the institutions which promised it. The system of taxation was an abominable device of spoliation by which a host of intermediaries tolled the product, so that but a fraction reached the royal exchequer.

Such were the two systems which started in the race of empire upon this continent. The French colonial system was feudal, and was governed from Versailles. The English colonial system was allodial and substantially governed itself. Each was a reproduction of its original. That of the French was cumbrous, but it had an artificial perfection like that of an organized army. The Frenchman who founded a colony laid off a seigniory and had his vassals. The English colonists on the contrary, owned their farms and their houses were their castles. They had their provincial parliaments and enacted their own laws. Every English settlement was a nucleus from which growth sprang. Every French settlement was a lordship or fort — it stood by itself; its neighbor was another lordship or fort. The English settlements were confluent. Those of the French were marked by boundaries established from the beginning. The former tended to identification; the latter were indurated into separation; contact was friction and private war.

Under such conditions of growth it is easy to understand how the French, moving with the celerity of organization, at first covered so much territory. After the first act was done, progress stopped.

The French settler looked to his lordship, and was attached to the soil. If he removed, he entered a vagrant life. The English immigrant, who was his own man, bettered his condition. His children stood higher in the ranks of wealth and society than he did. The result was that when the English became ready to pass the Alleghanies, they took with them ready made all of the machinery of an independent government. The mere presence of Boone and his companions in Kentucky ended the shadowy French claim to that region. The French in 1762 finally ceded the territory by the treaty of Versailles. The capture of Kaskaskia by Gen. George Rogers Clarke, who was sent upon that campaign by Thomas Jefferson while governor of Virginia, seems to have ended the French institutions and customary laws over all the country in the valley of the Mississippi. The passage of the ordinance of 1787 gave to the territory northwest of the Ohio a republican constitution, and from that time English immigrants poured into that region, while the French institutions disappeared like a cloud.

The hold of France upon the territory west of the river became less eager. She ceded it to Spain and then took it back. The iron hold of Napoleon became flaccid there and he finally ceded it to the United States in 1803, and nothing was left of France upon this continent save Louisiana (which exists like an area of geologic drift) and the names of counties and cities where French and

Indian words alike mark the former presence of vanished institutions.

The political consequences of the tendencies and results of which I have spoken, were most momentous to the cause of liberty. Did anybody ever conceive of a declaration of independence by French colonies? Had the French institutions at all kept pace with those of the English over what is now the United States, there would have been no declaration of our own independence, for Louis XV and George III, assisted by their colonists, would have been fighting a war of conquest and defense. Let no one permit these words to disparage the Frenchman's love for liberty or his devotion to its cause. That race has stood since the days of Cæsar in the forefront of inexpungable nationalities. But the Frenchman begins his political revolutions at Paris and overthrows tyranny in its central fortress. The Englishman has never regarded London as the place where the crown jewels of his liberties are kept. He will in any contest for his right, move upon London from every antipodal point where his "morning drum beat" sounds. When the French revolutionist fails to secure Paris, his cause fails to the remotest extremities of the French dominions. But to his dauntless love of liberty, the Frenchman makes every sacrifice. Wherever the scaffold has become an altar for the immolation of human victims dying for human freedom, the sons and daughters of France have stood upon that scaffold gloriously triumphing — stood singing songs of deliverance in the gates of the morning of freedom, like the angel Uriel in the sun, watching the world on which its light is sent.

Mere political speculation might pause at this point. But standing to-day at the great anniversary of our independence, and seeing what forces contended against each for a century before it was declared, we cannot help recognizing the work of Providence in all this. Through all time this new world had slumbered, hidden by the ocean from conquest, preserved from the operations of the events which in the long course of thousands of years had brought the Europeans to civilization. The Greeks and the Romans did their work and passed away, and not a hint of this great world came to them from sea or shore. The long night which settled over Europe, and in the hours of which were slowly formed the models of our present institutions, was not illuminated by a single gleam from the west.

The Mongol peopled this continent from the northwest, but by some process left behind him his institutions and his faith. Precisely at the time when man was ready to fill the sphere of his natural rights; when printing was discovered and men were thereby enabled to reason together and to come to think alike over vast areas, when conscience was beginning to assert its liberty, when slavery was denounced by the church and by publicists, when war, become more humane, required some real justification for its commencement, when the law rose from its tomb and, reasserting itself as a science superseded the canonical jargon which had been administered by ecclesiastical incompetence, when the divinity which inheres in science was breeding wings for its flight among the stars, when the real rulers of men were rising from the people and the world was ceasing to hope or dread the results

of dynastic chance, when force and fraud were becoming merely the "crownless metaphors of empire;" this watery vail of ocean was first withdrawn from the new world and every agency which works under the providence of God for the well-being of man, entered upon its heritage. It took possession. The Englishman, the Dutchman, the Frenchman, the Irishman, the Scandinavian and the German here found refuge and gratified the aspirations for that personal liberty of thought, speech, belief and action, without which the most exalted man is but a splendid slave. In all this, the wondrous works of God, who holds the nations in the hollow of his hand, are as plainly to be seen as if some unpeopled planet had touched this earth on its way and taken from it its agencies for the well being of man.

The Franciscan priest died in obscurity, and his burial place no man knows. His monument is here. His name is ineffaceably written upon this very place in the county which bears it. Where he stood two hundred years ago a despised captive, sit to-day the rulers of a great state; the professors of a university; the brave men and the lovely women of his race; the general of the armies of the most powerful and the freest people on earth; the judges of its greatest courts and the ministers of Christianity. Everything has changed. Two great cities occupy the scene. The cataract has been manacled by the hand of man and works like the blind Sampson in his mills. And the final results have not yet been reached. In all that we see there is nothing but the infancy of a great people. From the west and the northwest come the murmurs of awakening empire, and the prophecies of that riper time when a

race—composite of the mingled blood of the nations of Europe—shall present to humanity its highest type of physical, intellectual and moral development. One hundred years from to-day they who shall stand in this place and repeat these ceremonies, may from their vantage-ground of knowledge, refinement and luxury, look upon us as their crude forerunners merely. Let us play well our part however, and cause them to say of us as we say of those who have preceded us, that these men acted well that part, and secured that larger liberty, that greater knowledge, that more perfect civilization which we of to-day know must forever bless this favored spot if we do our duty as our predecessors did theirs.

The conclusion of Gov. Davis' address was the signal for a prolonged applause. This was followed by an air from the band, when the president introduced, as poet of the day, A. P. Miller Esq., editor of the *Worthington Advance*, who read the following poem:

MR. MILLER'S POEM.

I.

Down these great rocks the mighty river poured,
And like an endless tempest beat and roared,
Ages on ages of uncounted years,
Before its thunder fell on human ears;
In one great song that made the woods rejoice,
Praising its maker with a ceaseless voice!
Then the Mound Builders came, with awkward toil,
And built their mounds and tilled the barbarous soil,
Yoked the wild bison to some uncouth plow,
And cleaved the rivers with a birchen prow.

How long ago? Perhaps ere Tubal Cain
Began to build his cities on the plain,
Perhaps ere Eve and Adam, hand in hand,
Went out from home to tame the savage land.
Then came the Red Man, stoical and brave,
Of whom no power on earth can make a slave,
True to the true and good toward the good,
And, like his Christian brother, spilling blood.
Human as we, whate'er his savage arts,
For veins of gold run through his heart of quartz.
Here round the Falls he built his rude tepeè,
Made love and danced and fought and died as we.

II.

And centuries went by, and then there came,
For love of Mother Church and France and fame,
The man who gave the Falls their saintly name.
O Priests! destined to pierce the wilderness,
Yours to explore and ours to possess,
Yours to uplift the cross by every stream,
And ours to build and realize your dream!
Anon the Saxon came, whose iron hand,
Has one strong finger laid on every land,
Who through his loom runs all the threads of race,
And leaves a grander Saxon in his place.
The doughty Dutchman from his dykes escaped,
With wives and ships to one plump model shaped,
Spreads round the Hudson in phlegmatic ease,
And smokes his pipe and trades to every breeze;
The gifted Frenchman, panting to be free,
And smit with love of fame and liberty,
Kisses Columbia on her river mouth,
And builds his New World Paris in the south;
The swarthy Spaniard plants his homes and vines
Where down the coast the yellow metal shines,
And counts his beads and tells his herds and flocks,

Till at his door the sturdy Saxon knocks;
But build where'er they may, they build in vain,
The land is not for Holland, France nor Spain;
The all-absorbing Saxon, east or west,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows down the rest!
His tongue and faith, his name and laws he leaves
On every soil his conq'ring plough-share cleaves,
Yet, blood-stained Saxon! storming round the world,
With battle-ax and bloody flag unfurled,
Cleaving the skull of every weaker race,
Shall not God's lightning smite you on the face?
Beware! for though the Red Man finds no God
To keep his waning race above the sod,
Yet every wrong to white or black or red,
Falls back at last upon the culprit's head.
For every Black man killed in Slavery's name,
Two white men perished when the crisis came,
And twice the wealth amassed by unpaid toil,
Went down in war's grim waste and debt and spoil!
And is the Red Man, though foredoomed to fall,
Less dear to him who made and loves us all?

III.

Now came the time (so near it seems to stand
That one might almost reach it with his hand,)
When the great human tide rolled up the strand,
And bird and beast and savage fled the land!
And lo! the infant Lowell of the West,
Lay like a Fondling on the prairie's breast!
To-day the child to stalwart manhood grown,
Has won a name that round the world is known!
I see the tow'ring stack that cleaves the air,
The pond'rous engine-stroke, the furnace-glare,
And hear the roar of trade, the whirr of wheels,
The buzz of saws, the hum of giant mills.
On every wind is heard the signal scream

Of iron chariots made alive by steam,
While, like great shuttles, flashing to and fro
And ever in and out, they come and go,
As in this warp they weave the woof of wealth,
And through our commerce pour the blood of health.
Forth from this mart, through empires near and far,
Flies the iron chariot and the thund'ring car,
Like some great Dragon from the Furies hurled,
Yoked to a Juggernaut to crush the world!
Fleet as the arrow from the Red Man's bow,
Down through the vales and up the steeps they go,
Dive through the hills and bursting forth again,
Shout to the busy towns and shake the plain!

IV.

'Tis fit that we should meet to celebrate,
Here at the heart of this great Summit State,
Which, like a mountain summit, raised on high,
Bathes her pure head in the azure sky,
Whence all the streams, as from a mountain crest
Flow down to south and north, to east and west.
All ways lead downward from her upland height,
All ways lead up to her ideal site.
The Pivot State! on which shall turn and rest
The balanced continent, when East and West
And North and South shall teem with human hands
As thick as those that toil in Asian lands;
For up to us, so Nature has decreed,
From every point the Water Highways lead!
The Water State! that to her bosom takes,
In mother love, ten thousand crystal lakes,
Mother of Mighty Waters, who gives birth
To the two Giant Rivers of the Earth!
Grandmother of the Waters, mighty dame,
From whom the Father of the Waters came!
Far to the north a thousand streams and lakes,

In her strong hands the mighty mother takes,
And into one great river gives them form,
Then pours it southward, like a bridled storm,
Here, at our side, it thunders down the Fall,
And far-off rivers hear the mighty call,
And from a thousand miles come sweeping free,
To join the glorious march toward the sea!
And give their all to swell one river tide,
Where the vast commerce of the world may ride!
Far to the north again, a net of lakes
And thread-like streams the mighty mother takes,
And into one vast river spins them all,
The grandest stream on this terrestial ball!
Which, flowing down the world toward the east,
And by a thousand affluents still increased,
Expands its tide to five stupendous lakes,
And four great rivers in its progress makes,
Till far away it leaps the world's great Fall,
And meets the sea at storied Montreal!
Nor yet content to call the South and East
To her own free yet sumptuous water feast,
The Mother of the Waters gives the West
Another river from her teeming breast,
Which to the vast Pacific rolls away
Through chains of lakes and through the icy bay.

V.

Here, as was said by wiser men than I,
Shall the great seat of future empire lie.
Here springs the Dual City which shall fill
The plain for miles and cover every hill!
Playmates in childhood, hand in hand they went,
And grew and loved till their glad youth was spent.
Soon shall the nuptials come and man and wife
Go forth one flesh to one illustrious life,
And nations see the twain in wedlock given,

And say, "Behold a marriage made in heaven!"
Now, while the Muse withdraws the veil, I see
The wondrous vision of what is to be:
For miles and miles along the river banks
The blocks of Commerce tower in massive ranks,
A thousand domes are flashing in the sun,
A thousand streets between the structures run,
Down which I see a human ocean pour
With rush and surge and heat and stormy roar,
And far around the river wharfs and slips,
Like a dead forest, rise the masts of ships;
For now, through channels made by human hand
The seas and lakes and rivers of the land
Are linked together, and, with flags unfurled,
The ships come up from all the busy world!
And now the scene expands beneath my eyes,
I see, far out, a mile long depot rise,
Where, with a great and never-ceasing din,
The long-drawn trains from all the world come in!
Far to the north I see a great train glide,
And sweep across to the Pacific side,
And, turning northward through the Polar gate,
Thrid a long tunnel under Behring's Strait,
Then shout to Asia and go thundering down
Through many an old and many-peopled town,
And fleeing westward through an hundred states,
O'er classic streams and under tunneled straits,
Rise screaming from the ground on Britain's shores,
And London, sea-like, round it breaks and roars!

VI.

Around these Falls, if we believe the wise,
The world's great Capital may yet arise!
One constitution then shall join mankind,
And rights before obscure be well defined,
And here from year to year, in all men's cause,

The world shall meet to frame its general laws!
The day dawns now in which your sons shall view
The place you built better than you knew;
For you shall build the City of the Free;
The heart of Man's Great State which is to be,
The Capital of Men and not of Kings,
Where Toil and Merit are the honored things,
Whose halls of learning and of art shall rise
Free as the air to make the many wise,
And o'er whose domes the flag shall be unfurled
Of one United States of All the World!

Mr. Miller's clever poem was greeted with warm applause, after which the Great Western Band regaled the audience with a fine selection. Gen. Sibley, President of the day, then called on Hon. Alex. Ramsey, Secretary of War, for a speech. Secretary Ramsey spoke as follows:

HON. ALEX RAMSEY'S ADDRESS.

My friends, I should be very much embarassed indeed, to be thus suddenly called upon before such an audience as this, if I supposed you expected a speech from me. I know you do not. You will not be disappointed. [Laughter and applause.] I looked at this magnificent audience, as I sat here and heard the eloquent address of the ex-Governor of this state, and said to myself, that one of the great things that we might be under obligations to Father Louis Hennepin for, was that he had discovered the Falls of St. Anthony in the 45th degree of north latitude. [Renewed laughter and applause.] My friends, think for a moment, and suppose that he had made the great discovery possibly away down in the island of San Domingo! [Great laughter.] You recollect very well what

Mark Twain said about that country, about those latitudes, and the people inhabiting them. "Why," said he, "if you took five hundred deacons from the State of Massachusetts, and five hundred elders from Connecticut, and sent them down there, in the third generation all their boys would be riding upon little jackasses, with a fighting cock, each one, under his arm, going, on Sunday, with a broken umbrella, to fight chickens." [Great laughter.] Now, as I looked upon this exhibition of intelligence, which I see in the faces here, and at a population such as would well compare with the most advanced places in the world, I said to myself, that among all, and above all things that we are under obligations to this ancient father for, is that he located the Falls of St. Anthony just where he did, in about the 45th degree of north latitude. [Laughter and applause.]

But, my friends, as I said, I have no speech to make. I recollect very well, as do many of my venerable friends who sit around me here to-day, when we heard the "first low tread of nations yet to be," and witnessed the "first low wash of waves, where soon shall roll a human sea." And, my friends, under the dispensation of Providence, just as likely it is, that when our day comes, as it soon will, to go out of the world, we may go hence with peace and contentment, feeling that those who come after us will say, that we have done enough to satisfy the ambition of the most sanguine. I thank you for this kindness, in giving me this reception. [Great applause.]

GEN. WM. T. SHERMAN'S ADDRESS.

In response to repeated calls for "General Sherman," that officer appeared, amid tumultuous applause. When this had subsided, he said:

Ladies and Gentlemen of Minnesota, and Gentlemen of the Historical Society of Minnesota:

I am one of those referred to by the Orator of the day as having came a long distance to be here to-day to do honor to the memory of him who discovered the Falls of Saint Anthony. I have come more, however, to recognize the worth of the Historical Society, and to do what I can in my humble sphere, to encourage them in collecting the data, not only relating to that one great adventure, but of La Salle and of Marquette, and of all that noble body of men, who, two centuries ago, roamed over this land, and told their fellows of its wealth and resources, and printed books to induce others to follow in their footsteps; and I am glad that that duty has fallen to this Society, whose orator has this day drawn out lessons of wisdom which we may all heed. He has pointed out why the French had failed in making a permanent lodgment in the great valley of the Mississippi, and, still more, why the Spaniards, the ablest and bravest men of that day, had also failed; and why the English and other colonists who settled along the Atlantic Coast, came over rivers, mountains and plains, and finally settled here. That one lesson is sufficient to pay us for coming here to-day, and I have listened to it with great pleasure and profit. The day is coming, young men, when we will not go back to Homer and Æneid for our epics, but these brave men of two

hundred years ago will be the heroes of a volume quite as good as the Æneid. [Applause.]

But there is one thing which your orator did not touch upon, to which I will briefly advert. I am very glad, as the Secretary of War said, that Father Hennepin located this great falls in the forty-fifth parallel, and not down at the mouth of the Mississippi; but, still more, that he did not discover any gold here. [Laughter.] The black soil over which we have been traveling now for eight hundred miles is far richer than the gold mines of California [applause], and I, therefore, hope that you young people won't be caught with the gold fever. There is more gold in the wheat fields, the oat fields, the timothy fields of Minnesota, than in the Black Hills, or in Colorado. [Applause.] Moreover, the soil raises children, and such as we see here, and makes homes where people may be virtuous and good. If you go into the gold mines, you have to carry a pistol on one side and a knife on the other, and work hard always, and when your year's work is done you have nothing left. Therefore, I am very glad that your fate has brought you to this beautiful valley of the Mississippi. I hope each and every one of you will enjoy it, and realise and improve your advantages.

I hope this Historical Society may live and prosper. I honor them from my heart, and have come here for that purpose. I also thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for giving me so much of your time and applause. I am much obliged to you. [Prolonged cheering.]

President Sibley here remarked, that it had been expected that Archbishop Taché, of Manitoba, would have made an address, but that the latter had asked to be

excused on account of great fatigue from his journey. He would call on Bishop Ireland, of Saint Paul, a member and ex president of our Society, to address us in his place. Bishop Ireland then came forward, amid a hearty and earnest applause, and said:

BISHOP IRELAND'S ADDRESS.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: The scene which this assembled multitude commemorates to-day is indeed one well-deserving, on this two-hundreth anniversary, the attention of the people of the Northwest. A group of weary voyagers, Louis Hennepin and his two companions, Accault and Auguelle, stood in mute astonishment before yonder cataract—the first white men into whose ears pealed its solemn music—whose eyes feasted upon its tumultuous waters, then free and unfettered, as they hurried over the precipice in wild, unbridled play. There was, however, to the scene a significance far broader than its exterior outlines might suggest—it was the dawning upon the Northwest of the bright day of civilization. It was the registration of the state of Minnesota on the page of history. [Applause.] Henceforward, the name of Louis Hennepin can never be spared from our history. His name is the first which the pen of annalists will trace. The first picture which the painter of noted events in the history of Minnesota will color with his pencil, will be the long-gowned Franciscan, with his two companions at his side, hands uplifted, christening the cataract under the name of one of the heroes of the church, Saint Anthony, of Padua. [Applause.]

Hennepin, immediately upon his return to Paris, France, chronicled his discovery, and narrated in quaint and picturesque language, his story of the Northwest, and owing to his book, this northwest was henceforward before the eyes of the world. On all the maps which afterwards were traced of the American Continent, maps which still revealed the fact that a great portion of our country was wrapped in obscurity, the Falls of St. Anthony were always one of the greatest landmarks, as if around them, as it seemed, should cluster in the future, the destinies and the glories of the land of Columbus. [Applause.] Hennepin must remain the hero of this anniversary, the hero of the early history of Minnesota. His is a name which we cannot forget. Is it a name, I will briefly ask, that we can to-day pronounce with affectionate pride? Certainly, in many respects, he is not unworthy of our admiration. Hennepin was a brave voyageur. He was a scholar. He was a zealous and disinterested missionary of the cross. It has been said that his writings show a little vanity; that he dwells with rather too much complacency on what he himself has said and done. But we can well overlook the weakness when we remember that having been for long years, during his solitary journeyings, accustomed to dwell only on himself, and what he did, he naturally continued, without any preconceived effort, to still talk, a good deal, in his narrative, abou himself. [Laughter.]

We can well believe that his little vanity, or what is called vanity, was the love of narrating peculiar to travelers in distant, and in our own, lands, and not at all the result of a deep-seated or odious pride.

But it has been said that Hennepin stands forth in history as an untruthful writer, as having designedly made false statements. Is this assertion proved?

Hennepin, in 1683, three years after his discovery of the Falls, published in Paris, his "Description of Louisiana." This volume has never been translated into English. It will, in a few weeks, be given to the American public, from the pen of John Gilmary Shea, of New York. Now, this volume is undoubtedly the work of Hennepin, and, we may add, it is undoubtedly accurate and truthful. There is no one statement in any contemporary writer, that would lead us to doubt the statements of Hennepin in this volume. His description of the life among the early Sioux, is admitted to be very accurate by the American historian, Parkman. Hennepin was the first writer to give to the world Sioux words, and the Sioux scholars to-day recognize all of those words, though his notation of them, at times, was somewhat singular.

A letter addressed to Paris by Sieur Duluth, at the same time that Hennepin was in Paris, in the Monastery of Saint Germain, writing this book, substantiates Hennepin's account of his captivity in the northwest. Duluth says that having been on Lake Superior, he followed a river leading to the Mississippi, where he heard of the captivity of Hennepin and his companion, and, having rowed down the Mississippi for over eighty leagues, he found Father Hennepin, and re-ascended with him the Mississippi. He gives the details of Hennepin's captivity. He states even the fact that his sacerdotal vestments had been stolen from him by the Sioux—thus corroborating the details of Hennepin's book. Hen

nepin, when he wrote this book in Paris, appeals to the testimony of his companion, Accault, then also in Paris. And, seven years later, LeClerq quotes Hennepin's work as one of undoubted authority, referring his readers to it. Here, then, we have Hennepin, the author of the volume published in Paris in 1683, undoubtedly a truthful narrator; and whatever accusation could be, or has been, raised against him, cannot be based upon this volume.

What, then, was the occasion of this accusation? It was this: Fourteen years later, in the year 1697, a volume of travels, "New Discoveries," as it was called, was published at Utrecht. This is the volume which was at an early day translated into English. Through this volume, mainly, Hennepin has been known to our English and American writers. Now, in this volume, there are really pages which cannot be said to contain a truthful narration. In these pages, it is related that Hennepin made a voyage down the lower Mississippi, in the spring of 1680, allowing himself so short a time to make the voyage, that it becomes at once an absolute impossibility. If Hennepin wrote all the volume, we must abandon the defense. Now, this book has lately been subjected to a very close scrutiny by one of our most renowned American scholars, John Gilmary Shea. Some years ago, Dr. Shea wrote on Hennepin, and wrote very bitterly about him, stating that he could not be put forth as a truthful historian. On later, and more careful examination, Dr. Shea has changed his opinion. His book will be before the public in a few weeks, and will pre sent in full, his line of arguments. He has compared, one with the other, the two volumes, the volume writ-

ten at Paris, and the one at Utrecht. The style is different. The _Utrecht edition embraces all that was said in the first edition, with additions, the object of which additions seems to have been, to bring the volumes up to date. Errors occur, blunders of which Hennepin could not be supposed capable; blunders in the wording of things relating to the Catholic church, which shows that the compiler of the second volume could not even have been a Catholic. For instance, Catholic priests—who in French, are always set down as *curès*, are called *pasteurs*—while the word *pasteur*, in the French language, essentially indicates a Protestant minister.

When Hennepin came over to America, he was the companion of Bishop Laval, later appointed Bishop of Quebec. It was under his jurisdiction that Hennepin was to labor in this country. Bishop Laval had been previously Bishop for twenty years, of Petrea. Now the compiler of the second volume says that at the time of Hennepin's voyage to America, Bishop Laval had been lately appointed Bishop of Petrea.

Again, one of the missionaries in Canada was Fenelon, Now any Frenchman of any sense whatever who had ever been in France could not have dreamed that this Fenelon was the famous Archbishop of Cambrai; and yet this volume says that this was the Fenelon who afterwards became the Archbishop of Cambrai.

Again, Hennepin was a scholar. He knew geography too well to give himself only a few days (I do not now remember the exact number of days this second volume takes for the voyage, but something less than a month) to go down to the Gulf of Mexico and return. Some-

thing yet more to the point: Dr. Shea remarks that it "is evident, whatever we may think of the remainder of the book, that the ten pages containing the so-called voyage on the lower Mississippi, were an interpolation in the volume, after it had been issued from the press."

The volume is numbered to page 313, then these ten pages, differing in type and in the spacing of the lines from the balance of the book, are all inserted in the volume under the same paging, with a star after the number of the page (313*), showing plainly that these ten pages were added to the book after it had come forth from the hands of the printer.

Now, what is the conclusion of all this? Simply that it cannot be proved that Father Hennepin was ever the author or publisher of this Utrecht volume.

In those days, literature was not governed by the same rules and customs as now. There were then no international laws protecting the rights of publishers. Those were not the days of railroads or telegraphs, or literary reviews; and it was no unusual thing when a book had a great "run" in one part of the world, to bring it out under the same name, in another part. Thus, another of La Salle's companions, Tonty, wrote three volumes, which were published under his name, being his genuine works; and afterwards, as Parkman tells us, a fourth one was put forth under the same name (of Tonty), which had never come from Tonty's pen.

Hennepin's book had made much noise in France. Utrecht was a great literary center. It is very easy to suppose, then, basing our verdict upon the facts which I have put before you, that the second volume, the one

published at Utrecht, was made up, and published, not by Hennepin, but by some stranger, some man who had adopted the principal part of the Paris edition, adding on certain notations, which he got from Le Clerq's "Establishment of Christianity," in the new world, to bring it up, so to speak, to date.

About that time, much was said in Europe about the discovery along the Gulf of Mexico, and it is quite natural to suppose, that these ten pages were interpolated after this book had been published, to give to the curious public all that would be desired by them.

The very matter of these ten pages, shows that they were interpolated. The pages tell us that Hennepin was at the mouth of the Arkansas, on the 24th of April, and yet, in the following pages, he is said to have been captured near the Wisconsin, on the 24th day of April, the date according to the Paris edition. Besides, in these ten pages it is stated that Easter Sunday occurred on the 23d of March. Now, Hennepin could never have made such an error. In 1680, Easter Sunday occurred on the first of April, and it is so stated in Hennepin's first volume. These are very significant facts, which cannot be overlooked, and when we take them all into consideration, together with the general appearance of this second volume, when we remember him as the scholar and close observer, which the Paris volume shows him to have been, when we remember the habits of literary piracy that were then common in Europe, have we not solid foundations for saying, that it cannot be proven that Father Louis Hennepin wrote and published, himself, the second volume? This Utrecht volume is the one upon

which all the accusations against him have been based, and once take away from it Hennepin's name, there is no ground whatever to impeach.

It affords me much pleasure, on this day, to be able to say a few words in defence of the old hero — to be able to advance a few arguments by which to attempt to wipe from his venerable brow the stain which historians have placed upon it. [Great applause].

One thing is certain. Hennepin loved the northwest. In the first volume, he describes it as a most fertile and beautiful country. "I wish," he says, "that the day would come, when large and enterprising colonies from the over-populated countries of Europe, would come and possess the rich land." We can, without much effort, fancy the spirit of Hennepin hovering over this multitude to-day and rejoicing that the desire of his heart has more than been fulfilled. [Great applause.] For, however great or extravagant might have been his dreams, two hundred years ago, never could he have fancied that on this, third day of July, 1880, such a spectacle would be witnessed, as the one which this assembled multitude now offers. [Applause.] Hennepin, two hundred years ago, offered prayers for the rapid development of the country. While congratulating ourselves on the past history of Minnesota, let it be the prayer and desire of our hearts, that this development may be proportionately greater in the future, than whatever it has been in the past, and when, in 1980, our own spirits, with that of old Hennepin, will hover over this campus, amid the throngs commemorating the three hundredth anniversary, we will rejoice, as we do to-day,

that the Creator has given to the children of men, a land as beautiful, and as richly teeming with treasures, as our beloved Minnesota.

The conclusion of Bishop Ireland's address was marked by enthusiastic applause. The exercises were then terminated with a brief address by Gen. Thos. L. Rosser, marshal of the day.

FROM LABOR TO REFRESHMENTS.

The exercises of the day being completed, while the military companies, societies and bands were entertained at their headquarters and visitors generally were supplied with refreshments at the tables spread in the groves, the Historical Society and its guests with their ladies and many friends, were the guests of Gov. Pillsbury in a grand marquee covering tables at which two or three hundred persons were seated and were fed bounteously. After refreshments, Gen. Sherman and Gov. Pillsbury were at home to everybody for a long time during which both gentlemen had a steady succession of friendly greetings and hand-shakes.

Slowly, as if loth to leave the place of pleasure, the organized companies and societies gathered and marched away and the visitors and their hosts of the day one by one dropped away. But so great was the number present and so leisurely their departure that it was near nightfall before the campus began to assume a deserted appearance.

All the incidents and pleasures of the day could not be well described in one issue of a journal, attempting also to give the general news of the day. There were

exhibition drills by the militia companies, interesting reunions, and pleasant social and personal events worthy of mention, which have to be omitted. In fact, while the great crowd was at and around the grand stand, there was enough going on in other parts of the field to have left a score of reporters busy.

It was a great day for the Historical Society, for Minneapolis, and for the Recollect Missionary of two hundred years ago.

EARLY DAYS AT RED RIVER SETTLEMENT, AND FORT SNELLING.

REMINISCENCES OF MRS. ANN ADAMS.

1821-1829.

PRELIMINARY NOTE.

During the winter of 1886-87, I learned that Mrs. Adams, whose very interesting and valuable reminiscences of a long and eventful life, (a portion of it passed at Fort Snelling) is given below, was visiting one of her grand-children in West St. Paul, and I took advantage of this fact to call upon her, and secure her statement of events and occurrences in early days at Red River and Fort Snelling. The interviews consumed most of two days, and I wrote down, under her dictation, quite a lengthy narrative of her reminiscences of life on our frontier. I found Mrs. Adams to be a lady of much intelligence, with a tenacious memory of the events of seventy years ago, and narrating them with vivid interest, and in the most descriptive and graphic language. Her story is a very entertaining one, and gives valuable data for our early history. In person, Mrs. Adams is a handsome woman, notwithstanding her age, and possessed of a vigorous and elastic physique, which has sustained her during all the hardships of her adventurous career on the frontier, as narrated in the following pages.

J. FLETCHER WILLIAMS.

I cheerfully consent to your request, to give you an account of the hardships and adventures of the party of Swiss emigrants, who, in 1821, went from their native land to Selkirk's Settlement, and many of whom eventually settled in Minnesota; of which party, by the will of Divine Providence, it was my fortune to have been a member.

I was born in Switzerland, in the Canton of Berne, December 18, 1810, and am now in my 77th year. My

parents and my grand parents were Huguenots. My full name is Barbara Ann Shadecker (since Adams). My father's name was Samuel Shadecker.* He spoke the German and French tongues, and had been educated for a physician. He married Ann Kertz, also a native of Berne. To this couple were born five children, two girls and three boys. My brothers' names were John, Samuel and Christopher. My sister's name was Marianne. She was older than I.

LORD SELKIRK'S EMIGRATION SCHEME.

My father and mother were both Protestants in faith, and were devoted members of the Reformed Lutheran Church, in which belief they also raised their family. We always lived happily and contentedly in Berne until the year 1820, and supposed that the peaceful valleys of Switzerland were to be our home always. But this was not to be. In 1820, a person named Capt. Rudolph Mae, or Mai, came into that locality, and soon made himself known to the simple Swiss, by a flattering scheme which he proposed. Capt. Mae was a native of Berne, and had been some years in the military service of England, where he became acquainted with the Earl of Selkirk. Selkirk had been for some years engaged in a scheme of emigration, the object of which was to induce persons in Scotland and elsewhere, to remove to Rupert's Land in the center of North America, and form an agricultural colony there. This colony had been planted since

*Mrs. Adams spelled it thus. But in the records of the colony at Red River, the name is spelled *Scheidegger*, and *Scheidecker*.

1812, but the Scotch settlers from the Highlands and Orkneys whom he had induced to go there, were dissatisfied and many had left. He now conceived the idea of securing Swiss immigrants. Capt. Mae was entrusted with the work, and was well fitted for it, being a native of Berne himself, and speaking the language of its people. The Earl of Selkirk prepared and caused to be published in the French and German languages, a pamphlet giving a full, but over-colored description of the new country, its climate, soil and productions, and offered to all heads of families, or those who were unmarried and over twenty-one years of age, land free of cost, with seed, cattle and farming implements, all on a credit of three years. The route from Europe to the new colony, was to be *via* Hudson Bay, Nelson River, and Lake Winnipeg. The pamphlet alluded to, was freely distributed by Capt. Mae, and others of Lord Selkirk's agents, in the French-speaking cantons of Neuchatel, Vaud and Geneva, and in the German-speaking canton of Berne.

THE SWISS COLONISTS.

The false, but tempting accounts of the country, and the inducements held out to colonists, soon did their work, and shortly over 150 persons agreed to enroll in the party being made up. About three-fourths of these were French-speaking persons. All were Protestants, and generally intelligent and well-to do persons, some of them possessed of considerable means. Among them were several persons quite prominent in their communities, and who afterwards, in America, became citizens

of repute and wealth. At the same time, it should be remembered, that but few of these adventurers were fitted for such a life as they were about to embark in. But a small number of them were agriculturists, and in general they were watchmakers, or skilled in some other branch of artizanship, totally unsuited to the wilderness into which they were going. My parents were among those captivated and seduced by this agent's glowing accounts and his promises, and after daily consulting together about the project, they concluded to go with the party which was soon to leave their native mountains for the distant and unknown spot in the new world, that seemed bright with promise for the poor Switzers. I was then but eleven years old, and little realized the importance of the fateful step which my parents were about being enticed into. At this very time (the summer of 1820) the Earl of Selkirk, the originator and promoter of this scheme, was already dead, but we did not know it for more than a year subsequently.

Considerable preparations were made by the colonists for the life in their new home. All of them invested what they could in goods and merchandise, to trade with in the new world. My father's intention was to establish himself as a weaver in Red River. A tan yard was another industry which some of the party made preparations for.*

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*Abram Perret (or Perry), one of the earliest settlers of St. Paul, with his wife and four children, were among this party of Swiss immigrants.—J. F. W.

THE PARTY SETS OUT.

On May 3, 1821, the party of adventurers, not one of whom were ever to see their dear native mountains again, left Berne and other places near by, and assembled, to the number of 165 persons, at a small village on the Rhine near Basle. Why they did not assemble at Basle, which is a city of some commercial importance, seems a little strange. It was afterwards conjectured that the managers feared to take them to a large city, lest some unfavorable facts regarding the wild country to which they were being taken, should be communicated to them by persons who might have suspected that they were victims of deception, and would point out to them the fallacy of the promises and hopes which had engaged them in the enterprise. However this may have been, two large flat boats or barges were provided for their use at the point of embarkation above named, and in these they floated down the Rhine, delighted with its picturesque scenery, and the many historic spots and points along its banks. Still their hearts were burdened with the responsibilities of the important step they were about engaging in, and perhaps oppressed with grief at leaving their beautiful homes among the vine-clad hills and lovely valleys of dear Switzerland, one of the most beautiful countries of Europe. And the Switzers are a people who are proverbially attached to their homes. Yet, with their cheerful disposition and their strong religious faith, they bravely and hopefully looked forward to their future life in the new world as a realization of the dreams

which all must have indulged in, of fortune and happiness greater than could ever come to them in the humble chalets of Helvetia.

THE OCEAN VOYAGE.

The voyage down the Rhine occupied ten days, when the colonists reached a small village, Dort, or Dordrecht, near Rotterdam, where the party embarked on the vessel *Lord Wellington*, and on May 30, 1821, cleared for Fort York, Hudson's Bay. After setting sail, their course lay east and north of Great Britain and just south of Greenland, to Hudson Strait. Soon after leaving Holland, the unpleasant discovery was made that the provisions issued to them were of quality greatly inferior to that stipulated before their departure. Complaint was duly made to the commander of the vessel about it—a stern, but kind hearted old seaman. The latter acknowledged that the complaint was just, but said that he was not responsible for it, which was doubtless true. The water was also bad, and issued in insufficient quantities. Arriving at Hudson Strait, latitude 62° north, the *Lord Wellington* overtook two English ships bound for Fort York, or York Factory, situated at the mouth of the Nelson river, laden with Indian goods and supplies for the garrisons at Forts York and Douglas, and for employes of the Hudson's Bay Company. The strait was filled with floes and bergs of ice, and the ships were thereby detained over three weeks. One day, in August, as the *Lord Wellington* lay moored alongside an ice field, a number of the passengers got out and danced on it. One of the supply ships was seriously damaged

and nearly lost, by collision with an iceberg. Finally with much difficulty and no little peril, Hudson's Bay was entered, and after a long and tedious voyage of nearly four months, the wearied colonists were landed at Fort York, about Sept. 1st. Seven children had been born on the voyage out. As soon as "Mackinaw boats" could be procured, which took about a week, the party began the slow and toilsome ascent of the Nelson river.

FURTHER HARDSHIPS OF THE COLONISTS.

They had to propel their heavily laden boats, of which there was quite a fleet, by rowing, or poling, frequently against a very strong current, and, of course, proceeded slowly. Twenty days alone were occupied in the passage to Lake Winnipeg. Here they encountered further difficulties. The season was now quite advanced. The autumnal gales had set in, and their progress, skirting along the west shore of the lake, was slow and laborious. Head winds and high waves delayed them. They were frequently drenched with water, and chilled with cold. At night, hungry, fatigued, and benumbed with cold, we would land on some sheltered spot, prepare a camp, build fires, and make ourselves as comfortable as possible. In addition to our other troubles, our store of provisions ran short, and we were compelled to resort to fishing to keep from starving, but soon the supply of these was scanty. While we were traversing Lake Winnipeg, my brother Samuel, a boy, died suddenly. We stopped on an island and buried him hastily, not having anything to make a coffin of, even.

At the end of the third week, our party arrived, half

famished, at the mouth of Red River. Here more sad news awaited us. All the crops of the colonists in the settlement, had been completely destroyed by grasshoppers, and the supply of breadstuffs which the colony had depended on for subsistence, thus destroyed. With heavy hearts, our party proceeded on up the Red River about thirty-five miles, to Fort Douglas, situated on the west bank of the river, below Fort Garry. This was then the principal trading post and headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company. Governor Alexander McDowell, and other prominent officers of the company, were there at the time. They received us with kind and encouraging words, and what was of more importance to us just then, gave us a good supply of palatable food, and otherwise provided for our wants.

THE NEW COMERS HEAR BAD NEWS.

We here had an opportunity of conversing with some of the colonists and residents who had been here for some years, many, indeed, since 1813, when Selkirk's first colony had settled here. They did not give a very flattering account of life in the colony. They had all suffered great hardships. The climate was excessively severe, the winters long, and tho' the soil was rich, the shortness of the summers made it difficult to raise crops. Then there had been for several years past a cruel warfare between the two rival fur trading companies, the "Hudson Bay" and the "Northwest," and considerable blood-shed. This, however, they said, was now changed, by the consolidation of the two companies.

At this place, we heard another item of discouraging news, which, for some reason, had been concealed from us before. This was the death of Lord Selkirk, which had taken place, in fact, in April of the year preceding, in Europe. Still, as there was then only one mail per year to that distant point, brought by the annual expedition via Hudson Bay, with supplies for the posts, it may be that the officers of the company had not heard the news of Selkirk's death, until the arrival of their mails by the company's ships, which arrived simultaneously with us at Fort York. But it tended to further discourage the colonists, and to fill them with gloomy forebodings.

A SHARP COMPETITION FOR WIVES.

We had hardly landed at Fort Douglas, when a new sensation awaited us, which, in some of its features, was quite amusing, and a decided surprise to the colonists. It seems that there was quite a large class of men in the colony who went by the name of the "De Meurons." They had been recruited in Canada by Lord Selkirk, several years before, to act as soldiers in the hostilities mentioned a moment ago, and were (if I remember correctly) called *De Meurons* because their commander had borne that name. After the hostilities were over, and the men discharged, Lord Selkirk induced many of them to settle on lands which he donated to them, around Fort Douglas. They all became well-to-do farmers, but were without wives, a very necessary help-meet to farmers, and were all anxious to obtain them, but that was out of the question in the colony. When they heard that a colony of Swiss settlers were coming, with a number of females,

they resolved to repair to the Fort on its arrival and endeavor to secure partners. We had not been at this place more than 24 hours, before the De Meurons, notified of our arrival, began to flock in, each eager to get a wife. And some were very eager. They went at it without any hesitation or backwardness. On finding a maiden that suited their fancy, they would open negotiations at once, either with her or her parents, and would not take any refusal. I saw an amusing incident during this matrimonial fair. An eager De Meuron seized a woman by the hand, saying, "I want to marry you," but was much disappointed when she told him, "I have a husband." The result of this aggressive onset was, that not a few of the De Meurons did get wives among the families of the settlers, and generally both parties were suited. My sister was one who thus consented to share the lot of a Red River farmer. The weddings were celebrated with as much gaiety as was possible, considering the circumstances of both the colonists and the settlers.

The elders of our company (for we children did not understand much of these troubles), soon began to realize into what a predicament they had come, and there were heavy hearts and sad countenances. Governor McDowell plainly told the newly arrived emigrants that there were not provisions enough in the Colony to carry them all through the winter, and the problem seemed for a time to be a very serious one. After some consultation, it was deemed best to divide the party. He directed that about seventy-five of the youngest and strongest should proceed about sixty miles farther up the river, to a place called Pembina, on the United States side of the boundary line

(though then supposed to be north of that line), where it was believed that game, such as buffalo, elk, deer, fish, etc., were more abundant, and where a good supply of "pemmican" could be obtained from the Indians and half-breeds in that locality.

THE COLONISTS PASS A HARD WINTER.

This was consequently carried into effect. My father's family was one of those selected to go to Pembina, and we proceeded thither, arriving just at the beginning of winter. Here father secured a habitation, such as it was, but it at least gave us a shelter. But we were absolutely destitute of food, and winter was just commencing with all the severity known in that climate. Fortunately, my father had money, and he at once hired two Indians to hunt buffaloes. We soon had an abundance of meat, and lived on that kind of food as long as we remained there. Sometimes his Indians had to bring it a long distance, but fortunately our supply did not fail us, most of the time, although at one period, when there had been very deep snows, we were three days without food. Another privation was, that we had no salt, and were compelled to eat our buffalo meat without it.

There was a post of the Hudson's Bay Company near there, and when our food gave out, my father applied there to purchase some. The agent was absent, and his wife absolutely refused to sell him any. But during the argument, she espied a handsome gold watch which my mother carried, and demanded that in return for the food needed. Although its intrinsic value was considerable, it was prized more on account of its associations, and my

parents were reluctant to give it up. But they at length yielded to necessity, and gave the watch for the food, it being many fold greater in value than what we received for it.

After some time of enduring these hardships, my father heard of a place down the river some ways, where we would doubtless fare better, and had us taken there in dog sleds. We were two days in going there, and had to camp out at night, in the snow, with nothing to eat but buffalo broth. The place to which we went, was a trading post. There was a house there, where the owner rented us one room, in which we lived the balance of the winter. We had nothing to sleep on but buffalo robes, but we had abundance of food, and thus got along very well. The cold now began to be intense. It was said to be the severest winter known for years. At night the trees would crack, with the fierce cold, like the reports of guns. But we passed the rest of the winter without any serious discomfort.

THE SEASON OF 1822.

In the spring of the next year (1822), the two sections of the colony were again united, and land having been apportioned to them, under the original agreement made by Selkirk's agents, they all commenced to make settlements, near Fort Garry, and erect houses. The location chosen by my father was about three miles above Fort Garry, on the Red River, where he had a log house built for him. He was engaged in partnership in his farm enterprise with a Mr. Fletcher, an Englishman. I may here remark that not one of us could, at

that time, speak a word of English, and we experienced considerable difficulty on that account. The agriculture carried on by the Swiss settlers that season was of a very limited and rude sort. Not one of them had any plow cattle, and what little they raised was done by digging the ground merely. But we lived more comfortably than before, and now had hopes that our rash move in coming to that region would not prove so disastrous to our fortunes and happiness as we had, at first arrival, supposed. We all entered somewhat into the life of the settlement. I soon learned to paddle a canoe, to fish, and to swim. On June 10, 1822, my sister, Marianna, was married (as I before mentioned) to a Mr. Mathias Schmidt, by the Rev. John West, an English Episcopal clergyman, well known in the settlement.

THE DISCONTENT OF THE SWISS SETTLERS.

The poor Swiss colonists, who had been beguiled into making their homes in that region, were not long in getting their eyes opened to the fact that their credulity had made them the dupes of the agents of Lord Selkirk. Though some of them were poor in their former homes, they had at least comfortable dwellings, and occupations which would give them bread. Here they had nothing to look forward to but destitution, trouble and toil. My father kept up a brave heart through it all, although his scanty means were being gradually consumed. His strong religious faith was one thing which sustained him. Every night he would gather his family together, and after reading the Sacred Scriptures, pray with great fervor to our heavenly Father for help and guidance. He never

lost faith in a kind and over-ruling Providence, in the darkest hours we experienced, while living in the Red River settlements.

The winter passed by the Swiss colonists at Pembina, had been one of great hardship. It was a winter of unusual severity, and the snow much deeper than had been known for years. This latter fact sometimes almost cut off their supplies of meat. They were compelled to fish through holes in the ice, and even Indian dogs were bought and eaten! Several settlers were maimed for life by the freezing of their hands and feet.

Several families, disheartened at their privations, and finding that the supplies of cattle, etc., promised them, were not forthcoming, resolved to leave the Red River region at all hazards. Five families got away in the fall of 1821, and reached Fort Snelling in safety, where they were permitted to settle on the military reservation. A general discontent prevailed among all the Swiss. There were only a very few who, by some fortunate chance, had got a good location, and felt encouraged enough to remain and "stick it out." Even most of these left after a few years, and went to Minnesota. Among them was Abram Perret and family, Joseph Rondo, Benj. and Pierre Gervais, Louis Massie, and others, who left after the great flood of 1826, and subsequently settled at St. Paul. My father's means, which he had brought with him, were gradually becoming exhausted, and destitution would soon have stared us in the face. The summer of 1822 was another year of crop failure, owing to the grasshopper scourge, and it seemed that the cup of our afflictions was full. My father, during this winter, resolved to leave at

all hazards, for Fort Snelling the next spring, and others had also made the same resolve.

THEY RESOLVE TO ABANDON RED RIVER.

Consequently, in the spring of 1823, as soon as the grass was grown sufficiently, father and his family, with twelve other Swiss families, started for Fort Snelling. There were twelve men and a boy in the party, who were generally well armed; all the rest were women and children, one or two of the latter being infants in arms. We had hired several "Red River Carts," drawn by oxen, which carried our provisions etc., and of course every body had to walk, except, perhaps, some of the younger children, who rode occasionally, and one or two men, who had horses.

Two or three of the women carried babes in their arms, walking thus twenty miles per day. We followed the trail on the west side of the Red River, over the prairie. Two mounted guides accompanied us (the drivers of the carts), who could speak the Sioux language, in case we met any Indians, and act as hunters, to supply us with food. They killed several buffalo on the way. Our habit was to camp out at night, and we always had a guard carefully patrol our camp during these bivouacs. Very often the women would thus stand guard, in order to allow the men to rest. Several times we met parties of Indians, whose good will we had to conciliate by giving them presents of food, ammunition, or trinkets, a small supply of which we had brought for that purpose. They did not seem to desire to injure us in any way, but when we reached Fort Snelling, a few weeks subsequently, we learned that, on the very road we had traversed, they had just killed part of

a family who, like ourselves, had been on their way from Pembina to Fort Snelling.

THE TULLY FAMILY.

This was a family named Tully. Mr. Tully was a Scotchman, and a blacksmith by occupation, who, like many others, had been living at the Red River settlement, and had got starved out. He had started a few weeks before our party, to go to Fort Snelling, and very unwisely went alone. He was met near what is now Grand Forks, by some Sioux, who demanded of him to give up his provisions. Of course, to do this, would be to leave his family to perish, so he refused. The Indians then killed him, and his wife, and also a little baby. John and Andrew Tully, two boys, attempted to escape, but were pursued and caught, when one of the Indians partially scalped John, but the rest interfered and they took both prisoners. Col. Snelling, hearing of it, sent persons to rescue them, and the boys were taken to Fort Snelling, where they were when we arrived. They were cared for by Col. Snelling in his family. John Tully soon after died, but the other, (Andrew) grew up as an inmate of Col. Snelling's family, and is now living in an eastern city.

TROUBLE FROM THE INDIANS.

We had several bad frights from Indians, however. One evening we were camped on the Bois de Sioux River, shortly below its exit from Lake Traverse, when I stepped down to the edge with a pail to get some water. I heard noise on the opposite bank, and limbs crackle; a dog also barked. I was certain it was Indians, and slip-

ping back quietly to the camp, I told the men what I had heard. They carefully scouted in the direction named, but saw nothing. But they suspected some ambuscade, and resolved on a plan to baffle the red skins. They built a large fire, and stuffing some men's clothes with grass, to resemble human forms, laid them by the fire, so that if the savages really were lying in wait to attack us, they would fire into these supposed bodies, and thus get baffled. They did not, however, attack us, and it is probable were only endeavoring to steal some of our horses.

Near Fort Traverse, a trading post on the Lake of that name, some Indians overtook us on a prairie. They were on horseback. We had just crossed the river by fording. They were angry with us for killing buffalo. The Indians rode along with us a little distance, and just then some one noticed that one of them had disappeared. We feared some treachery, and kept a close lookout. We saw that we were approaching an Indian village, still some distance off. Apparently some signal had been given, for a number of mounted Indians came riding towards us, firing guns, not at us, but in the air. They got to us, and at once mounted the carts, and threw everything out. A young Indian caught hold of me, and being alarmed, I started and ran. He pursued me some distance, I do not know why, when a chief, as I presumed him to be, rode up, and probably ordered him to desist, as he stopped. This same chief harangued the warriors, and doubtless commanded them to desist, as they ceased any further demonstrations against us. The same Indians followed us to Fort Traverse. We

were compelled to give them a considerable ransom. Father gave them one horse. They did not molest us any farther, and even sent two Indians with us for some distance, to notify other bands we might meet, not to harm us. While we were with them they showed us an old battle field where some of their tribe had been killed. One of our carts ran over a bare place on this spot, which seemed to enrage them. It had some significance which we could not understand. We camped near this spot, and the Indians howled all night.

THEY DESCEND THE ST. PETER'S RIVER.

It now began to be late in the fall. The families who were with us, the Moniers, the Chetlains, Schirmers, Langets, and others, being anxious to reach Fort Snelling before navigation should close, so that they could go on down the river, hurried on ahead, leaving father and his family to finish the rest of the voyage alone. Our destination was Fort Snelling. We at once made for a trading house on the Minnesota River, where father and my oldest brother built, after some delay and hard labor, for they could not get the proper tools, a big dug-out, of a cottonwood log. Into this we embarked all that we had left, provisions, clothing, etc. The carts, and their drivers, who had brought us so far, now left us, and returned to the Red River settlement, and we pushed off, in our rude pirogue, down the Minnesota River, then called "the St. Peter's." The river was quite low, and we experienced considerable trouble in getting over, or around, sand bars, or shoals. Such was the slowness of our progress that it was quite late in

the season when we reached Fort Snelling. In fact, ice was already floating in the river before we concluded our trip.

The other party of refugees, had, after a brief stay at Fort Snelling, been provided by Col. Snelling with provisions and boats, in which they started off as soon as possible, down the Mississippi. (Steamboats had reached Fort Snelling for the first time that year, but their trips were few and far between.) The colonists mostly went to St. Louis and made their homes there, though some went as far as Vevay, Ind. In a couple of years, most of those at St. Louis went to the newly opened lead regions at and near Galena, and became prosperous citizens. My father and mother joined the party at that place subsequently. Descendants of this party are scattered all over the west, many of them having attained distinction. General A. L. Chetlain, of Galena, who was associated with Gen. Grant in the war, was the son of Louis Chetlain, one of this party of refugees.

THE ARRIVAL AT FORT SNELLING.

We landed at the Fort with a feeling of joy and gratitude. Our journey through the great wilderness which stretched between Fort Garry and Fort Snelling, was one of fatigue, danger and privation; it had consumed nearly five months. We now felt that we had gotten into a land where we could live with comfort, and in the hope of a happy future, a condition we could not look forward to in the Selkirk settlement. The trials, hardships and anxieties through which we had passed the past two or three years had told visibly on my dear parents.

Both of them had aged rapidly, and it had sowed in the constitutions of both the seeds of premature decay, which shortened their lives.

FORT SNELLING IN 1823.

Col. Snelling, to whom my father applied for permission to remain on the Military Reservation, very kindly acceded to our request, and expressed much sympathy for us, ordering that provisions should be issued to us, although there was a scarcity in the garrison at that time, for some cause, (a miscalculation on the part of the commander as to what amount was necessary, I believe,) and the troops were actually on half rations. A part of the old barracks at "Coldwater," as it was called, was assigned for our occupancy, and we installed ourselves there. and made ourselves as comfortable as possible, under the circumstances. Father got some employment on the reservation, and Mrs. Snelling, a kind and benevolent lady, gave me a home in her family, where I aided her in the care of her little children, a task for which I was well fitted, as I was now 13 years of age, and very strong and active. Thus, again, fortune smiled on us, and we began to take fresh hope, after all our trials and losses. I had a comfortable and pleasant home in Mrs. Snelling's family. Both she and the Colonel treated me with the greatest kindness, and the children soon became greatly attached to me, so that my position in the Snelling family was a really enviable one. I think of those days as among the happiest of my life, and feel thankful for my good fortune.

Fort Snelling was not, at that time, completely finished, but was occupied. Col. Snelling had sowed some wheat that season, and had it ground at a mill which the government had built at the falls, but the wheat had become mouldy, or sprouted, and made wretched, black, bitter tasting bread. This was issued to the troops, who got mad because they could not eat it, and brought it to the parade ground and threw it down there. Col. Snelling came out and remonstrated with them. There was much inconvenience that winter (1823–24) about the scarcity of provisions. Some of the soldiers had the scurvy, and I believe some died. Whiskey rations were issued to the troops regularly, however, and sometimes it seemed that about all they had was whiskey. These troops were a part of the Fifth Infantry. Adjt. Green's little boy died at the fort while I was there, and was buried in the cemetery attached to the fort. Several soldiers were also buried there, during the period I lived in the fort, and a regular military funeral was given each of them, the band playing a dirge, and their company firing volleys over their graves.

THE SNELLING FAMILY.

The names of the Snelling children living then were Henry, James, Josiah and Marian. They had lost some others prior to the time I had lived with them, but the above grew up to adult age. James became a captain in the U. S. Army and died in 1855; Josiah is, or was some time ago, a physician in Illinois; Marian married a Mr. Hazard and lives in Newport, Ky.; Henry Hunt Snelling was quite an able writer and poet.

Mrs. Snelling was a very fond and indulgent mother, and spared no pains or sacrifices to make her children happy. As there were no schools at the Fort, she taught them herself, as well as she could. I taught them the prayers which my parents had taught to me. Col. Snelling also had a son, by a first wife, who lived with us a part of the time. He was then (1823) about twenty years old. His name was William Joseph, or Wm. Josiah Snelling; they called him "Jo" usually. Mrs. Snelling did not seem to have any great fondness or respect for him, and perhaps with good reasons; but the Colonel was greatly attached to him, and would do anything for him. Jo. led rather an ungoverned life for some years. He had been at one time appointed a Cadet at West Point, and a son of Maj. Hamilton, of Fort Snelling, was there at the same time. These lads committed some breach of discipline while at the military academy, and were sent home. Mrs. Hamilton was much distressed at this, and wept profusely. Jo. Snelling married, while quite young, a French girl from Prairie du Chien, very handsome, but uneducated. They lived in a sort of hovel for awhile, and, owing to cold and privation during the ensuing winter, the poor girl took sick and died. After this, he returned to Fort Snelling, and thence went to lake Traverse, where he was engaged in the Indian trade. He subsequently went to Boston, married again there, and died a few years later. Jo. somewhat resembled the Colonel in person, but his hair was darker. The Colonel's hair was quite red. He was also slightly bald. From this peculiarity the soldiers nick-named him, among themselves, the "prairie-hen." Once Jo. told his father of this. The Colonel laughed at it as a good joke.

GARRISON LIFE DESCRIBED.

Intemperance, among both officers and men, at that time, was an almost universal thing, and produced deplorable effects. I regret to say that the commandant was no exception to this rule. Usually kind and pleasant, when one of his convivial spells occurred, he would act furious, sometimes getting up in the night and making a scene. He was severe in his treatment of the men who committed a like indiscretion. He would take them to his room, and compel them to strip, when he would flog them unmercifully. I have heard them beg him to spare them, "for God's sake." Col. S. was quite improvident in his habits, and usually in debt. One time, old Mr. Spalding, who had been employed in the Commissary service for some years, and had saved several hundred dollars, mostly in silver, brought it to Col. Snelling, and asked him to take care of it for him. Col. S. said he would. After Col. Snelling's death, Mr. Spalding used to declare that it had never been returned to him.

SOCIETY AT THE FORT.

During my sojourn at Fort Snelling, of six years, I had opportunity to become acquainted with nearly all the officers of the Fifth Infantry stationed there during that period (1823-29). Among those whose names I can now remember, were Col. Josiah Snelling, Surgeon J. P. C. McMahon, Maj. Joseph C. Plympton, Maj. Thomas Hamilton, Maj. Nathan Clark, Captains Watkins, Wm. E. Cruger, St. Clair Denny, De Lafayette Wilcox, and Lieutenants Robert A. McCabe, David Hunker, J. B. F. Russell, Joseph M. Bayley, Melancthon Smith, Wm. E.

Cruger, Platt R. Green, Louis T Jamison, etc. I believe that not a single one of the above are living now. Many of these officers were men of the highest ability, most of them having been graduates of West Point. Several of them, unfortunately, contracted social habits in the army which ultimately clouded the honor which they would otherwise have won from their meritorious military careers, and more than one of them closed his days even in disgrace and poverty. Army life was not favorable to saving money; no officer that I ever knew made any money while in the army. There was less blame to be attached to their error in the way of conviviality, than there would have been to men in other occupations. Garrison life at Ft. Snelling and other frontier posts, those days, was a very monotonous round of existence. The routine duties of the day consumed but very little time, ordinarily, and the rest of the time must have hung very heavy on their hands. In summer they could amuse themselves with hunting, as game was always abundant. But during the long and rigorous winters it was a great problem, "how to kill time." Card playing and drinking thus came into an unfortunate prominence. This some times resulted in disputes and quarrels, which, in several cases, led to duels between officers. Two or three of these meetings occurred while I was there. I do not now remember the names of those who took part in them, but I can recall that they made considerable talk and excitement at the time.

Nearly every officer I have named was married, and in almost every case to ladies of the best families, and who were endowed with beauty and many accomplishments.

Thus the society at the Fort at that period was of the most select and aristocratic. Many of these ladies would have shone in any circle. Their households in the garrison were attractive places, and showed evidences of wealth and good taste. I remember that Mrs. Maj. Plympton brought the first piano to Fort Snelling, which was brought to Minnesota. I knew Mrs. Maj. Clarke well. She was the mother of Mrs. Van Cleve, and was an amiable and lovely woman. I remember the latter (Charlotte Clarke) when she was "a little tot," three or four years old, playing near the door of her father's quarters. She used to play with the Snelling children, who were in my care. When Gen. Scott visited the Fort in 1826 there was a great striving to do him honor. The resources of the larder were limited, at Fort Snelling, those days, but everything possible was done that ingenuity suggested. He was a guest of Col. Snelling, and the spread was a creditable one. All the officers and their wives were present at his reception in full dress. Many of the ladies wore blazing diamonds. But the dressmaker was an institution not at hand in those days. Opportunities for frequent renewals of wardrobe were scanty. The arrivals of steamboats, which brought supplies from the states, were few and far between, even in the summer time. Of course there were weeks in the winter time when there was not even a mail. The latter were brought by "dog-train" from Prairie du Chien, or in some such way, at rare intervals.

My parents had lived at Fort Snelling some two years when they concluded to remove to the Galena lead mines, where most of the other Swiss colonists had settled, and

were doing well. Father soon after died there, and mother returned to the Fort to live with me. My brothers grew up, and lived in Wisconsin. John, the eldest, died at Fort Howard, Green Bay, where he was a trader. Chris., the younger, died in the army during the rebellion.

VARIOUS INCIDENTS OF FORT LIFE.

The Indians used to bring buffalo meat to the Fort, and sell it to the soldiers, and others, who relished it greatly, as the meat issued to them for rations, was always salt. Once an ox got drowned in the river near the Fort, and the Indians got its body, and cutting it up, sold it to the soldiers as buffalo meat. When the soldiers found out how they had been hoaxed, they were furiously mad.

A Mr. Camp was once stopping at Col. Snelling's house, was taken sick and died there. He had either been an officer, or perhaps connected with the sutler's store. He was buried in the cemetery near the Fort, and the band played at his funeral.

Two men of Capt. McCabe's company once quarreled, and one stabbed the other with a butcher's knife, so that he died. The murdered man was an Englishman. I understood that no punishment was ever meted to the one who killed him—why, I never learned.

A man named Angell came to the Fort from Red River while I was there and had in his possession a considerable quantity of gold, which he buried, for safety. He was, not long after, taken sick, and died. He tried to tell those who were with him, where it was, but could not. So his gold slept in the ground

for over fifty years, and was discovered not long ago by some laborers digging for foundations of the new buildings for the post. Burying money was common those days, as there were no banks, or even safes to keep it in securely.

Once a soldier and his wife, both young people, were found to be making and circulating bogus money. He was drummed out of the service and both sent adrift from the fort in a canoe. I have often wondered at the fate of those persons. There was not a human habitation between Fort Snelling and Prairie du Chien, and I have thought they may have perished from hunger and exposure.

At various times members of the families of officers at the fort died there and were buried in the military cemetery. Adjt. Green lost a child thus, and also Lt. Melancthon Smith. Mrs. Snelling buried at least one there, and the cemetery there in time contained quite a group of graves. Headstones were erected to most of them, but after the families would move away to other parts, the graves were generally neglected.

I remember also seeing Count Beltrami, the Italian, who came to Fort Snelling in 1823. He had been up to Red River, and on his return stopped at the fort some time. He could not speak English, but could speak French. He was at Mrs. Snelling's a great deal, and Mrs. Snelling could converse with him in French: she had been studying it under the tuition of an old soldier belonging to the garrison.

Major Taliaferro, the Indian agent, was another of the characters well known at the fort. Hardly a day passed

without delegates of Indians of some tribe or other visiting him and having a grand palaver with him. Thus parties of them were encamped almost constantly near the fort. Sometimes these were of hostile tribes, and fights very frequently took place between them.

A PERILOUS JOURNEY IN EARLY DAYS.

In the summer of 1825, Col. and Mrs. Snelling with their children, and the Tully boys made a trip to Detroit to pay a visit to her relatives, the Hunts and McIntoshes, at that place.* I accompanied them on that journey, and it had some features which are worth relating. Our mode of conveyance to Prairie du Chien, was in Mackinaw boats, with soldiers for crew. We had to camp every night, which was not very pleasant at all times, as it rained frequently, and the mosquitos were excessively troublesome. Adjt. Green accompanied us. One day he lost his military hat, in the river, and could not recover it. I loaned him a sun bonnet which I had, and rather than go bare-headed to Prairie du Chien, the nearest place where he could buy another hat, he wore it during the whole river trip. But there was no one to make fun of him, for we saw not a soul, white men or women, that is, on the whole route. In gratitude for this favor, when we reached Mackinaw, he purchased me a handsome bonnet.

When we reached Prairie du Chien, we put up at Fort Crawford, and tarried there a day or two, to rest.

*Mrs. Ellet in her memoir of Mrs. Snelling, in "Pioneer Women of the West," p. 330, gives a somewhat fanciful account of this trip. Mrs. Adams' account is far more minute, and undoubtedly more correct. W.

The Snellings were guests of Col. and Mrs. Zachary Taylor, who were stationed there then. It was a daughter of this couple which Jefferson Davis married, while a lieutenant in the army. I fell sick here, and wanted to return home, i. e., to the Fort. There was really nothing the matter with me but home-sickness. I had never been separated from my parents before. Mrs. Snelling was alarmed, as she did not know what to do unless I accompanied her on the journey, to care for the children. She talked about it with Mrs. Taylor. That lady came to see me. She was a fat, motherly looking woman. She told Mrs. Snelling the best way was to divert me and I would soon forget my ailment. This was done, and the cure succeeded.

We soon resumed our voyage, this time up the Wisconsin river, still in our Mackinaw boats. But it was more tedious now, as it was up stream. The soldiers rowed and poled, and had very fatiguing work to get us along, and it was very slow, at times. Mrs. Snelling stood the fatigues of the trip well. We had the best cooks along, who prepared our meals in good style. We passed over the portage between the Wisconsin and Fox rivers, and then down the latter, to Green Bay, where we embarked on a schooner for Detroit, which we reached safely.

We spent several weeks with the Hunts, at Detroit, and late in the fall started on our homeward trip, and retraced the same route we came. From Prairie du Chien, we ascended the river in keel boats. The one in which the Col, and his family were, had a very com fortable cabin. There was a crew of eight or ten men

We took in at Prairie du Chien the Colonel's son, Jo, and also an Indian trader, going to the Sioux river. He was attacked with the ague. Mrs. Snelling nursed and doctored him as well as she was able, but there was really nothing on board that could be given him—not even whiskey.

Our progress up stream was very slow, although the crew toiled hard. The weather began to get cold and stormy, and it seemed that winter was approaching fast. Our supply of provisions began to look ominously small; we actually were reduced to corn. Above Lake Pepin the ice stopped us once, and during a gale of wind, the boat was driven fast among some trees. The Col. said, "it looks as if we would have to stay here for good." The men pulled hard. Even Mrs. Snelling and I helped at the ropes. Night came on cold and tempestuous. Finally, the men went ashore and built a fire, and prepared to pass the night as best they could. The women and children remained in the cabin. At night the boat sprung a leak, having been injured by the ice, and the water poured in, frightening us badly, as we expected the boat was about to sink. The wind was still roaring and the waves beating against us noisily. It was at this place, or very near here where it had been reported that the Indians, a few days before had killed two white men, and chopped them to pieces. Col. Snelling uncautiously mentioned this, and that again increased our terror.

Early next morning the Colonel dispatched his son Jo. and a soldier named Butterfield afoot to the Fort for help. They both knew the country well, and were used to bushwhacking. Some parched corn was all the provisions our

cook could supply them with, so reduced our stores had become. Each had an ax and a blanket, nothing more.

The Col. now rallied the men and bailed the boat out, when we got it loosened from the trees, and crossed the river, where we were in a sheltered place. Here the boat sank. Fortunately, the water was shallow, and we got out all the contents and carried them ashore. The men now made a rude hut or tent of poles, etc., and we (the women and children) made the most of this uncomfortable bivouac. Among the stores that was left was a barrel of cider. The Col. had hoped to take this home to the fort, where it would have been a welcome treat to his fellow officers, but unperceived by him, some of the men slyly tapped it, and were commencing to show signs of intoxication, when he detected the joke, and to avoid any further trouble, stove in the barrel with an ax. Amid all our trials, the Col. was merry and light-hearted and was continually cracking jokes at our expense.

Jo. Snelling and Butterfield, as it subsequently turned out, were unable to pursue their journey far. They came to a river (the St. Croix?) which they could not cross, although they made some attempt to construct a raft. Not long after they had left us, the Colonel started two more men for the Fort, on the other side of the river, so as to double our chances of securing help speedily. These scouts arrived at the Fort safely, and two mackinaw boats were at once started off to our relief, with provisions, etc. Unfortunately, the ice had gorged at a narrow place in the river, (perhaps above Hastings,) and the boats were thus blockaded there. One or two of this crew then started off to meet us, carrying sacks of bread and meat.

All this had taken some time, and we were still in our wretched tent, hungry and shivering. It seemed the best way to go on and meet the expected relief, so as to hasten the time when we would receive it. Our men carried the tent and what other necessaries we had to have, and we started off on our painful and slow journey up the river. When night came we had not made much advance, and again camped by the river, where a huge fire helped to warm and cheer us. That night was as near an experience of being homeless and foodless as any of us ever wanted to realize. The long night wore away, and when the dull, cold morning dawned, we ate what scanty food we had, and again started on our weary tramp. All that sustained us in this painful march was the thought that it was a matter of life or death for us; that if we did not soon meet the expected relief we would perish of cold and hunger.

Hour after hour passed by, and it must have been after noon when we were electrified by a cry of "they're coming, they're coming." The help had come, and we were saved. The bags of meat and bread were quickly attacked, and we soon satisfied our hunger. Mrs. Snelling and I cried for joy. Johnny Tully said, "what fools you are to cry now. Why didn't you cry when we were in danger of starving?"

Encouraged and strengthened, we soon reached where boats were awaiting us, and started in them, with hearts sensibly lighter, up the stream. It was still many miles to the Fort, and night came on us sooner than we expected. We were again compelled to camp out as best we could, but this was not esteemed such a hardship, as we knew

we were so near home. That night there was a violent storm of snow and wind, and our tent was once blown down. The next morning the snow was quite deep. Just then two sleighs met us, which had been sent from the fort to hasten our arrival. The Colonel and his family and I mounted in these, and we started off. There were no roads, however, and our progress was very slow. We upset four times, and did not arrive at the Fort until after dark. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke had a good, warm supper ready for us when we arrived. The garrison fired a cannon salute when the Colonel drove in the gate, and there was great rejoicing at our safety.

His first act was to inquire about Jo. and Butterfield, who had not arrived. The Col. was very uneasy, and dispatched scouts in search of them, with directions to fire shots every few minutes. They were found in due time, almost famished, and brought in safely.

The Col. was much impressed by our escape from the dangers encountered, and said he recognized the hand of Providence in it. He became quite religious, and had prayers in his family for some time, but little by little the conviviality and worldliness of garrison life effaced these impressions, and we saw no more of them.

INDIAN HOSTILITIES AND ITS RESULT.

The year 1827 witnessed some exciting events. I mentioned before, that parties of the Ojibwas and Dakotas, two intensely hostile tribes, used to encamp at the same time near the Fort, and that collisions occurred between them from that cause. In May, that year, a disturbance of this kind happened, that was of more than usual im-

portance and note. A considerable party of Ojibwas, and several Dakotas, were encamped near the Fort, and the Dakotas treacherously sent proposals of peace and friendship to the Ojibwas. The latter accepted them, and several of the Dakotas, armed, visited the wigwam of their chief, and were there hospitably entertained and feasted. They withdrew after a time, but on getting outside the lodge, turned and fired a volley into it and wounded eight of the Ojibwa inmates, of whom a part died of their wounds. Col. Snelling and Maj. Taliaferro, the Indian agent, had before strongly charged on these savages that no hostilities would be permitted within the area around the Fort, that it would be an insult to the United States flag. When this last cowardly act occurred, he at once notified them that they must make ample reparation. Several were put under arrest, and held as hostages until the real murderers, who had fled, should be delivered up. Runners were at once sent out to the villages, and in a day or two, four of the Dakota culprits were in the guard house awaiting their fate, and were identified as the guilty persons. Col. Snelling, after consulting with the other officers, as to what way he could make an example of them, agreed to leave it to the Ojibwas. The latter proposed that the Sioux murderers be made to "run the gauntlet;" that is the Ojibwas should be stationed on the prairie, with loaded guns, and the Dakotas placed a few yards off, and told to run. If they could escape unharmed, well and well, but the Ojibwas would do their best to kill them. This was all carried out, as planned. The place chosen was just outside the Fort, on the level prairie, but the Colonel would not permit any of

the garrison to go out and witness it. He said it was an Indian trouble entirely—the whites had nothing to do with it. Mrs. Snelling and I got up on the roof of their house, and thus had a clear view of it all. It was a lovely warm bright May morning. I remember the whole scene as if it had been yesterday.

The Ojibwas tied the arms of the three Dakota murderers, and led them out 30 yards. When the signal was given, the Dakotas bounded off like deer. The guns cracked, and soon all three of the culprits leaped into the air and fell, either dead, or dying. One of these was a great coward, and showed signs of the most mortal terror. The other two had been brave and defiant, and sang a war song when the Ojibwas were tying them. They also upbraided the cowardly one.

When the victims fell, the Ojibwas gave their scalp cry, rushed up to the two brave dead ones, scalped them, and dipping their fingers in the gushing blood from their wounds, licked and sucked them. Some caught the blood in the hollow of their hand and drank it. This made their faces look bloody and horrible, and they looked wild and savage like demons. The body of the cowardly one was not noticed, nor did they drink his blood. Colonel Snelling then went out and told the Ojibwas they must not leave the bodies lying there, and they must drag them away. They took the corpses by the heels and dragging them to the steep bank of the river above the fort, threw them over into the water. It chanced that there was a large tree on the bank, blown over into the water. They took the Indian that had not been scalped and tied his hair to one of the limbs of this tree, in

the water. For several days it rocked up and down by the motion of the waves, exposing the ghastly face of the dead to sight every moment or two. I saw it several times as I was going along the bank to visit my sister, and it horrified me. I spoke to Mrs. Snelling about it, and she got the Colonel to have some one dislodge the body and let it float off.*

THE MILITARY EXPEDITION TO PRAIRIE DU CHIEN.

In July, 1827, some murders committed by drunken Winnebagoes on settlers near Prairie du Chien, created a great panic in that region, and the whites rushed into old Fort Crawford, to take refuge and protect themselves. I should have observed, before, that in the fall of the previous year, Fort Crawford had been measurably abandoned, and the two or three companies of the Fifth U. S. Infantry which it contained, had been sent to Fort Snelling, making that garrison very full. There was, really, no danger that the Winnebagoes would attack the people entrenched in Fort Crawford, because their spree was already over, and everything had got quieted down, but all the whites were so panic-stricken and alarmed, that an express was sent to Col. Snelling, imploring him to send down relief at once. Of course, Col. Snelling could not refuse this appeal. He at once hurried off with four companies, in keel-boats, and several days afterward, several more companies followed,

*A very interesting account of this incident, undoubtedly written by Wm. J. Snelling, will be found in the collections of this society, vol. 1, p. 439. Another account, written by Mrs. C. O. Van Cleve, is given in vol. 3, p. 76. The account given by Mrs. Adams is very similar to the two foregoing. Beyond doubt, Mrs. Van Cleve and Mrs. Adams, are the only two persons now living, who witnessed the interesting event. W.

under one of the other regimental officers, leaving Fort Snelling almost deserted.

Mrs. Snelling and the children went with the Colonel, and I accompanied them. The upshot of the whole expedition was, that not a hostile Indian was seen on the whole trip, and not a shot was fired. The troops simply "marched down the hill," and then "marched back again." Two of the Winnebagoes, called Red Bird and Wee-Kau, were apprehended and imprisoned on charge of murder, and if I remember aright, were sentenced to be hung, but it was, I think, never done, for fear of arousing an outbreak of the tribe. [Mrs. Adams was misinformed. The Indians were executed.]

The expedition to Prairie du Chien had quite an important turn for myself, because, while there, I was united in marriage to Joseph Adams, who was an officer in the Ordnance department at Fort Snelling, and accompanied the troops on their expedition. Mr. Adams was a native of Derbyshire, Eng., and was a true model of a manly soldier in every respect. I had known him at Fort Snelling, and highly respected him for his fine qualities. Our married life was an extremely happy one. We returned to Fort Snelling in a few days after our marriage, and lived there over two years.

THE FIFTH REGIMENT GOES TO ST. LOUIS.

In the fall of this year (1827) the Fifth Regiment was ordered to Jefferson Barracks, at Saint Louis. Colonel Snelling proceeded to Washington in August, to attend to some business there, and while in that city, was seized with inflammation of the brain, and died suddenly, on

Aug. 28. His death was a terrible blow to Mrs. Snelling, and a source of grief to all of us who knew him. I had been an inmate of his family for four years, and his kindness to me had made me greatly attached to him. I parted with his sorrowing family, soon after, feeling that I had lost my best friends.

SAULT STE MARIE, AND NOTABLES THERE.

My husband and I went to Jefferson Barracks with the Fifth Regiment in 1827, and not long after reaching there my mother died. From this post, we were transferred to Detroit, and then to Fort Brady, at Sault Ste Marie, where we remained some time. At this place there were a few quite notable characters, that interested me very much. Henry R. Schoolcraft was Indian agent there at that time. I became well acquainted with him and his wife, and his wife's sister, Mrs. Hurlbut. These two ladies were half-breeds, but very finely educated and accomplished ladies. They spoke Ojibwa, French and English.

JOHN TANNER, THE INDIAN CAPTIVE.

Another noted character there, that I knew well, was John Tanner, the U. S. interpreter. Tanner was a white man, who was stolen by the Ojibwas, while a child, some time in the latter part of the last century, near Cincinnati, O., and taken to the Manitoba region, where he lived some years, becoming a thorough Indian in manners and ideas. At the time I knew him in 1830, or '32, he was about 45 years of age. He had totally forgotten his native tongue while in captivity, but afterwards re-

gained its use, and was interpreter at the Indian agency when I saw him, at Sault Ste Marie. He had again adopted the dress and life of a white man, and had been married to a squaw, by whom he had three dirty, black half-breed children. His squaw had died, or else he got rid of her in some way, because while we were at Sault Ste Marie, he conceived the idea that if he could get a white wife, it would raise him in the social scale considerably. He therefore secured a new outfit of clothing, and went to Detroit, where, by false representations of his position and means at Sault Ste Marie, which he pretended were respectable, he succeeded in deceiving a young woman into marrying him. She was a poor girl, but respectable and well thought of, and a member of a Baptist church in Detroit. When she got back with him to Sault Ste Marie, and was taken to his hovel, and found his coarse and ignorant half-breed children there, she was terribly heart-broken. There was no help for it then, however, and she had to live with him, and make the best of it. We all pitied her sincerely and did all we could to help and encourage her. But her life for a few months must have been wretched. Tanner even abused her, as though she was a common squaw. In the meantime, a babe was born to her. She now saw that she must escape from him at all hazards. Some friends managed to get Tanner sent out of the way one day while a steamer was in port, bound for Detroit, and she slipped on the vessel, and thus got away. One of Tanner's sons became a Unitarian clergyman afterwards, but I have heard very disparaging statements regarding his unclerical conduct. While we were at Sault Ste Marie,

there was a doctor, Edwin James, an army surgeon at Fort Brady, who was a fine scholar. He got Tanner to tell him all his story of captivity among the Indians, and all about their daily life and customs, and wrote quite a book from his statements. Tanner finally came to a wretched end, though that was after we had left there. It was about 1846, I think, Mr. Schoolcraft, the Indian agent, had a brother living there, whom Tanner believed to have had improper relations with one of his daughters. Watching an opportunity, he shot Schoolcraft and killed him. Tanner at once fled at full speed to the forest, and was never seen again, alive. It was supposed that he had gone back to the Red River Indians with whom he had formerly lived. But years after that some hunters found, in a swamp a few miles from the Sault, the skeleton of a man with a gun lying by it. On examining the latter, it was recognized as Tanner's. It is thought that the violence of his exertions in escaping had burst a blood vessel.*

There were two or three good missionaries at Sault Ste Marie, among whom was Rev. Jeremiah Porter, a Presbyterian, who labored hard to convert the Indians

*The account of Schoolcraft's murder, and of Tanner's connection with it, was the story believed for many years by every body at Sault Ste Marie. But recently, (I am informed by Capt. Dwight H. Kelton, U. S. A.) that circumstances were developed during a few years past, which exonerate Tanner from the crime of murder, and seem to prove that both Schoolcraft and Tanner were victims of a third party. The really guilty party, says Capt. K., was an officer of the U. S. army, stationed at Fort Brady, at that time (1846) who, for motives which are explained by some old settlers who claim to know the facts, felt it necessary to get rid of Schoolcraft, and throw the suspicion of the crime on Tanner. He, therefore, (so they assert positively) killed Schoolcraft, and also Tanner, burning the body of the latter in his house, so that all evidence of the latter crime was, for a time at least, destroyed, and it was given out that Tanner had fled, after killing Schoolcraft. The officer now believed guilty of this double crime, subsequently went to Mexico, where he was cashiered for some offence, and died a few years subsequently, in an interior town of New York. W.

and held prayer meetings among them, but I do not believe that very many were changed much in that way. Some good was done in the temperance line, however. The Indians had been a wretchedly drunken set, but the missionaries persuaded many of them to sign the pledge. Even the squaws signed it. Some of the white men and soldiers were converted, however.

THE ADAMSES GO TO CHICAGO.

In 1833, Capt. Adams was transferred to Fort Dearborn, Chicago. We lived there a number of years, and were among the earliest settlers of what afterwards became the great city. I attend the annual re-unions of the old settlers now, with great pleasure. Hardly any one of the period of 1833, but myself, now remains. The wonderful changes I have seen, seem like a dream. Everything was primitive those days. We can hardly realize it now. I remember the trouble we had sometimes to light a fire. Capt. Adams would gather a handful of dry stuff, and fire a gun loaded with powder into it. Then we had to gather up the combustibles, and blow it, until it ignited into a flame. Others used a flint and steel, with tinder.

When the Florida war broke out in 1835, Capt. Adams was opposed to going. He had had enough of army life. So he left it, and we went to farming. Our subsequent life was quiet and happy. Capt. Adams lived to the age of 90 years, and enjoyed excellent health and activity up to that time. We have been blessed with ten children, and I have now some 25 or 30 grand-children, and several great-grand-children.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS

IN THE NORTHWEST,

BY

REV. STEPHEN R. RIGGS, D. D.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The writer of this paper has gathered the facts in regard to the Mission of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, among the Ojibwas, from the Missionary Herald mainly, having received some suggestions from Mrs. Leonard H. Wheeler. The materials for the history of the American Board's work among the Sioux have been within my own knowledge.

For the short account of the Swiss Mission I am indebted, mainly, to Rev. S. W. Pond.

Dr. Alfred Brunson, in the "Western Pioneer," and Judge Gale's "Upper Mississippi," have furnished the materials for the Methodist Episcopal Mission among the Sioux and Ojibwas.

For the account of the work of the American Missionary Association among the Ojibwas, I am indebted to Dr. Strieby and Mr. S. G. Wright.

And lastly, I am quite obliged to Bishop H. B. Whipple for the communications of Rev. E. S. Peake and himself. This brief history of the Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church among the Ojibwas and Sioux, is mainly in the form which they furnished. S. R. RIGGS.

BELOIT, WIS., May, 1880.

If the question be asked, why, in the first settlement of this country, Protestant Missions were not pushed westward among the Aborigines, as Catholic Missions were, the answer is two-fold. First.—The pilgrims of New England came for the purpose of making homes, with freedom to worship God, for themselves and their

children. Trading with the Indians appears to have been an after-thought, and efforts to convert them to the religion of Christ were left to be made by individuals, as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. On the other hand, the first immigrants to Nouvelle France, came for the purposes of trade, and Catholic Missions were believed to be necessary helpers in the fur-trade. Thus the influence of the government of France, and of its colony, was given to the extension of the Roman Catholic religion.

Second.—The traders of New France found themselves located on the water that flowed from the great lakes. These formed a natural and convenient high-way, for both trader and priest, to visit the Hurons, Ottowas and the Illinois tribes. Hence we find them, more than two centuries ago, on Lake Huron, and at the head of the Gitche Gumme or Lake Superior, and on Lake Michigan, and even down the Illinois river.

In the meantime, while the Protestants, hemmed in by the mountains, were making homes on the Atlantic coast, John Eliot, the Mayhews and David Brainerd, among the Mohegans and Delawares, were as zealous and successful in converting Indians to christianity, as any of the Jesuit Fathers among the Hurons. And a century afterwards, before the emigration of white people had crossed the Alleghanies, the Moravian missionaries followed the Delawares into western Pennsylvania and Ohio, and their labors were crowned with success.

But this far northwest was, until after the beginning of the present century, almost an unknown country to the Protestant communities of the United States. As the settlements came westward, the Christian churches were too

much engaged in "strengthening their stakes" to do much at "lengthening their cords."

After the American Fur Company had made Mackinaw their depot of supplies for the northwest, Rev. William M. Ferry, a graduate of Union College, and father of the present Senator Ferry, of Michigan, in 1822, came to explore the field, and in the following year, with his wife, commenced the Mackinaw school, where, for many years, were gathered Indian children from all the tribes in this northwest territory. This may be our starting point; for quite a number of the half-bloods, children of traders and others on the upper Mississippi and Minnesota, were afterwards found to have been scholars in this school.

SECTION I.

MISSION OF THE A. B. C. F. M. WITH THE OJIBWAS, 1830.

The Ojibwas, or Chippewas as the name was formerly written, belong to the Algonkin family. Two hundred years ago they appear to have been occupying only the shores of Lake Superior and farther east. But coming first into contact with white people, and obtaining from them fire arms, they became aggressive on the territory of their more powerful and warlike neighbors, the Sioux, and gradually drove them westward and southward, so that fifty years ago, when Protestant Missions were first commenced among them, they were in the possession of Yellow Lake and Sandy Lake and Leech Lake and Red Lake, places that had been occupied by bands of the Dakotas.

Mr. Frederick Ayer was the first Protestant missionary teacher who visited the Ojibwas at LaPointe. In the sum-

mer of 1830, Mr. Warren, whose trading post was on Magdalen Island, came to Mackinaw with an extra boat, for the purpose of taking back with him a missionary. Mr. Ayer, the teacher of the boys' school, was then the only available person. Accordingly, with one of the scholars of the school for interpreter, he accompanied Mr. Warren to his port, surveyed the field and immediately opened a school. This he appears to have continued during the winter, and to have gone back to Mackinaw the next season with Mr. Warren.

In the meantime the American Board had commissioned Rev. Sherman Hall and his wife and Rev. William T. Boutwell, all of New England, and instructed them to proceed to establish Missions at LaPointe and elsewhere among the Ojibwas.

At this time there was residing at Mackinaw, Doctor James, Surgeon of the U. S. army, who was skilled in the language of the Ojibwas, and who had already done some thing in the way of translating portions of the New Testament. Mr. Boutwell elected to stop there for awhile and take lessons in the language.

On the 4th day of August, 1831, Mr. and Mrs. Hall and Mr. Ayer embarked with the company of the Fur Trade, five boats and about seventy persons, and arrived at Mr. Warren's station at LaPointe on the 30th of the same month. It is a little remarkable that such a caravan of traders should rest on the Sabbath as they did. Thus in the Providence of God a Protestant Mission was now established where one hundred and sixty-six years before the Jesuits had raised the banner of the Cross.

In the summer of 1832, Mr. Boutwell made an extensive tour, with H. R. Schoolcraft, United State Indian agent, among the Ojibwa villages scattered between Lake Superior and the sources of the Mississippi river. While on this journey, as Mr. Boutwell has since stated, they entered a lake with their canoe which they had good reason to believe was the true source of the Father of Waters. Resting upon their oars, and searching for some name to express the thought they had, Mr. Boutwell said, "Veritas Caput," from which Henry R. Schoolcraft cut out Itasca.

In the autumn of 1832, Mr. Ayer went to Sandy Lake near the Mississippi, and opened a school at the trading post of Mr. Aitkin; and Mr. Boutwell joined Mr. Hall at La Pointe. They gave themselves to learning the language, to teaching the school which was there altogether in English, and to visiting from house to house. They describe the natives as very poor, often suffering for the necessaries of life—living on fish, wild rice, sugar and wild meat. They were idle and wasteful, and consequently often in want. Poorly clad, poorly housed in their birch bark wigwams, and poorly fed, filthy and dirty in the extreme, could these savages be civilized and christianized? The full answer will have to come after many years. In the meantime these missionaries will give their best life to them. They will learn the language and prepare school books in it. They will sing hymns of praise to Christ, some of which they find already in the language, prepared by the Methodist Episcopal Missionaries in Canada; and by and by, they will preach to them in their own tongue and tell them of Jesus. Even at this time they speak of being

helped by some converts to Christianity who came up from Mackinaw.

In the Report of the Board for 1833, other helpers are mentioned, as, Edmund F. Ely, Mrs. Ayer, Miss Cook, Miss Stevens, and Miss Crooks. Mr. and Mrs. Ayer with Miss Crooks opened a new station at Yellow Lake; Mr. Boutwell and Mr. Ely take up the work at Sandy Lake, and Mr. Boutwell looks over to Leech Lake and prepares to occupy that field the next year, by marrying Miss Hester Crooks. Then Mr. Ely leaves Sandy Lake and opens a station at Fond du Lac, near the head of Lake Superior. At every place they sow some seeds which will bear some fruit after many days. Mr. Ayer's effort, at Yellow Lake, is on the plan of separating those who desire to be educated and adopt civilized habits, from their heathen neighbors, and it is in a good measure successful. Such are of course persecuted and opposed by their heathen relations, and they are branded with the name of "Praying Indians." Some such there are already. During the winter of 1835-6, both at LaPointe and Yellow Lake there was much religious interest. Several conversions are mentioned at each place.

In the spring of 1836, the mission of Mr. Ayer was removed from Yellow Lake to Pokeguma. This was deemed to be, on all accounts, the most favorable place to commence a civilized community. The lake called Pokeguma, though small, was well stocked with fish, and was connected by a short channel with Snake creek and the St. Croix, and so with the Mississippi. They were, here, but two days and a half by canoe from St. Peter's (now Mendota), which became the base of supplies. In the sum-

mer of 1837, while we were stopping at the Lake Harriet station, we were rejoiced to meet Mr. Ayer and an Ojibwa native convert, at our first celebration of the Lord's supper in Dakota land. At this time, Mr. Ayer had the assistance of Mr. John L. Seymour, and the work went on bravely, both here and at the other stations. At LaPointe, Mr. Hall was supported by Mr. Joseph Town and wife. Mr. Ely of Fond du Lac was married to Miss Bissel of Mackinaw, and had for his assistant Mr. Granville T. Sproat; while Mr. and Mrs. Boutwell labored alone at Leech Lake. In the judgment of missionaries, the prospects were very encouraging,

Mr. Town appears to have remained but a little while at LaPointe, as in the Report of the Board for this year 1837, his name is omitted, and Mr. Sproat has gone to LaPointe, leaving Mr. Ely alone at Fond du Lac.

In the spring of 1838, other changes were made. At Leech Lake, as recorded, "Mr. Boutwell had little encouragement in his labors, and at times, was greatly annoyed by the savage and violent conduct of the Indians." Then Mr. and Mrs. Boutwell withdrew to Pokeguma, and Mr. and Mrs. Ayer went to Fond du Lac for a time. During this year, the gospel of John and the Acts of the Apostles were printed in the language of the Ojibwas. Luke had been printed previously. The gospel had been taking effect, especially in the little civilized (partly) community of Pokeguma. Seven couples had been married; a number had erected houses, and were living somewhat like white people, while eight or ten persons were regarded, in the judgment of charity, as christians. Quite a spiritual quickening had been experienced during the winter pre-

ceding. But, as was natural, this very progress of the gospel aroused the opposition of the heathen party, who proceeded greatly to annoy the missionaries, by killing their cattle, and threatening to drive them from the country. This was partly owing also to the fact that they had ceded to the United States in the summer of 1838, a portion of this land, and immediately, before the Treaty was ratified, white people began to take possession.

When this trouble had passed, as was supposed, and christian Indians and missionaries were hopeful again, suddenly war came upon them. The Ojibwas and Sioux were immemorial enemies. Peace was made only to be broken.

In the early spring of 1838, Hole-in-the-Day with a party had come over to the Chippewa river near Lacquiparle. They came to three teepees of Sioux, who entertained them in princely style with a dog-feast. They lay down to rest, but arose and killed their entertainers.

In retiring from this treacherous massacre, the party of Hole-in-the-Day took one women prisoner. Elder Alfred Brunson, of Prairie du Chien, was at this time establishing Methodist Missions among both the Sioux and Ojibwas. In the first days of July 1838, he passed Sauk Rapids and Little Falls, and reached the village of Hole-in-the-Day, while the agent was holding a council with the Indians about returning this Sioux captive. As Mr. Brunson represents the matter, Hole-in-the-Day himself was the last to consent to her return, because he "hated the Sioux." But finally the matter was arranged and the agent took the Sioux woman down to Fort Snelling, and she was restored to her friends. In a week or ten days after, for what reason is not apparent, Hole-in-the-Day took five braves

and went down to Fort Snelling. They were quartered at Baker's stone house a mile from the Fort. Their presence becoming known to the Sioux, two young men secreted themselves and fired upon the first man who made his appearance. This happened to be an Ottawa who was living among the Ojibwas. The party of Hole-in-the-Day sallied forth and killed two Sioux. The white soldiers interfered and prevented a general war.

In June of 1839, a thousand Ojibwas came to Fort Snelling. They were under the protection of the military and so the Ojibwas and Sioux fraternised. They started home in two companies, by Rum river and the St. Croix. The night after they left, two Ojibwa young men,* to avenge the killing of their father, waylaid and killed a Dakota man on the shores of Lake Harriet. This made the war spirit boil in the hearts of the Dakotas. Two war-parties were made up to follow the Ojibwas, and more than ninety scalps were brought home. One of the battles was fought where Stillwater now stands, which had its influence on the little settlement at Pokeguma. By these occurrences three Mission stations were eventually broken up—the station of the American Board at Lake Harriet, and the one at Pokeguma; and the Methodist Mission station at Little Crow's village.

SECTION II.

MISSION OF THE AM. BOARD WITH THE SIOUX, 1835.

The Sioux or Dakotas were the enemies of the Ojibwas. Hence it is supposed they were called, by tribes farther

*Said to be nephews of the man killed the year before.

east, "Nadouessioux." But the Ojibwas proper called the Dakotas by the name of "Bwan," which is perpetuated in the name Assinaboine. On the other hand the Dakotas named the Ojibwas "Hahatonwan," *Dwellers at the Falls*—not the falls of St. Anthony, but of the St. Louis river, probably, or the falls of Sault Ste Marie.

Mr. Jedediah D. Stevens and wife had come, from central New York, in the summer of 1827, to the mission station at Mackinaw, where they continued two years. In the summer of 1829, Mr. Stevens was sent on an exploring tour among the Ojibwas of Wisconsin, and to the Dakotas of the Mississippi river. This journey was extended to Fort Snelling. But after his return, he and his wife labored with the Stockbridge Indians on Fox river, near Green Bay. In 1834, they were commissioned by the Am. Board to commence a Mission among the Dakotas, but they were prevented, by circumstances, from reaching Fort Snelling until the spring of 1835, and spent the winter preceding at Mackinaw.

Thomas Smith Williamson, M. D., was the son of Rev. William Williamson and Mary Smith, and was born in Union District, South Carolina, in March, 1800. He was converted during his stay at Jefferson College, Cannonsburg, Pa., where he graduated in 1820. Soon after he began reading medicine with his brother-in law, Dr. William Wilson, of West Union, O., and after a very full course of reading, considerable practical experience, and one course of lectures at Cincinnati, O., completed his medical education at Yale, where he graduated in medicine in 1824. He settled at Ripley, O., where he soon acquired an extensive practice, and, April 10, 1827, was united in

marriage with Margaret Poage, daughter of Col. James Poage.

Dr. Williamson continued in the successful practice of medicine nearly ten years, but in the spring of 1833 he placed himself under the care of the Chillicothe Presbytery and commenced the study of theology. In August of that year he removed with his family to Walnut Hills and connected himself with Lane Seminary. In April, 1834, in the first Presbyterian Church of Red Oak, he was licensed to preach by the Chillicothe Presbytery.

Previous to his licensure he had received from the American Board an appointment to proceed on an exploring tour among the Indians of the upper Mississippi, with special reference to the Sacs and Foxes, but to collect what information he could in regard to the Sioux, Winnebagoes, and other Indians. Starting on this tour about the last of April, he went as far as Fort Snelling, and returned to Ohio in August. At Rock Island he met with some of the Sacs and Foxes, and at Prairie du Chien he first saw Dakotas, among others Mr. Joseph Renville, of Lacquiparle. On the 18th of September he was ordained as a missionary by the Chillicothe Presbytery, in Union Church, Ross county, Ohio.

A few months afterward he received his appointment as a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., to the Dakotas; and on the first day of April, 1835, Dr. Williamson, with his wife and one child, accompanied by Miss Sarah Poage, Mrs. Williamson's sister, who afterward became Mrs. Gideon H. Pond, and Alexander G. Huggins and family, left Ripley, Ohio, and on the 16th of May they arrived at Fort Snelling.

But a year previous to this, in the spring of 1834, two brothers from Washington, Conn., Samuel W. and Gideon H. Pond, had come self-moved, or rather God-moved, to the land of the Dakotas. When they reached Fort Snelling and had made known their errand to the commanding officer of the post, Maj. Bliss, and to the resident Indian agent, Maj. Taliaferro, they received the hearty approval and co-operation of both, and the Agent at once recommended them to commence work with the Dakotas of the Lake Calhoun village, where some steps had already been taken in the line of civilization. There, on the margin of the lake, they built their log cabin.

While stopping there for a few weeks, Dr. Williamson presided at the organization, on the 12th of June, of the First Presbyterian Church—the first Christian church organized within the present limits of Minnesota. This was within the garrison at Fort Snelling, and consisted of 22 members, chiefly the result of the labors of Major Loomis among the soldiers.

Having concluded to accompany Mr. Joseph Renville, Dr. Williamson's party embarked on the Fur Company's Mackinaw boat on the 22d of June; reached Traverse des Sioux on the 30th, where they took wagons and arrived at Lacquiparle on the 3th of July. There, on the north side of the Minnesota river, and in sight of the "Lake that speaks," they established themselves as teachers of the religion of Jesus.

Mr. Stevens immediately proceeded to erect Mission buildings, on the margin of Lake Harriet, in the vicinity of the village at Lake Calhoun, and opened a small Boarding School, which, for several years, was taught success-

fully by Miss Lucy C. Stevens, a niece of Rev. Mr. Stevens. Thus the Mission of the American Board among the Dakotas was fully commenced. The brothers Pond had spent the previous year in learning the language and helping the Indians. Mr. Gideon H. Pond aided Mr. Stevens in the erection of the Mission buildings, and the next year was transferred to the station at Lacquiparle, where he was married to Miss Sarah Poage and remained until the spring of 1839. Mr. Samuel W. Pond went back to Connecticut in the autumn of 1836, where he was licensed and ordained as a missionary to the Indians, and soon after his return his name was placed on the Roll of the American Board.

On the 1st day of June, 1837, the writer of this article, born in Ohio, and graduated at Jefferson College, Pa., with his wife, born in Massachusetts, and educated in the schools of Miss Lyon and Miss Grant, arrived at Fort Snelling, as missionaries of the American Board to the Dakotas. They were kindly entertained by Lieut. Ogden, in the garrison, and soon proceeded to the station at Lake Harriet, where they spent the summer, and then were transferred to Lacquiparle.

From the commencement, the work at this station was very promising. Mr. Joseph Renville, the Bois Brule trader at this place, was earnestly desirous to have his own family educated, so that as soon as possible after their arrival, Miss Poage commenced teaching a class in English. Mr. Renville himself professed to be a christian, and in less than a year, Dr. Williams had organized a native church, which, in the autumn of 1837, when I joined the mission force at Lacquiparle, counted seven Dakotas. Five

years after, the number received from the beginning had been forty-nine. This was a very successful commencement.

The language of the Dakotas existed only in sounds. It was to be written. During the three years of occupancy before my arrival, the system of notation had been, in the main, determined upon; though a number of changes have since been made. The brothers Pond rightly claim the honor of teaching the first Dakota to read and write his own language. Mr. Samuel Pond thus tells the story: "In the spring of 1835, while my brother and I lived at Lake Calhoun, a young Dakota named Maza-hda-ma-ne came to our house and asked us whether we thought Dakotas could learn to read. There was then nothing printed in the Dakota language, and we had only a short time before arranged an alphabet in which it could be written; so that we could furnish him with lessons only by writing them with a pen. It was not much trouble to teach him, for he learned rapidly, both to read and write, and was soon able to write letters to us which we could understand very well, so far as we then were acquainted with the language."

Previous to this time, some efforts had been made by officers of the army and others, to write the language by the English alphabet alone, and a collection of four or five hundred words had been made. When we commenced learning the Dakota language in the summer of 1837, this collection, together with one made by Rev. J. D. Stevens, the result doubtless, in great measure, of the gathering by the Messrs. Pond, came into our hands. And, when to these were added what Dr. Williams had gathered, the vocabulary amounted to over two thousand words, which

was the nucleus of the Dakota grammar and dictionary I published fourteen years after.

The mission station at Lake Harriet, which was established with the band of Dakotas then most advanced in civilization, was not destined to continue long. The fresh outbreak of the war-spirit, and the triumphant battles of the Sioux, fought with the Ojibwas in midsummer of 1839, referred to in treating of the Ojibwa mission, were fatal to the occupation of the village on Lake Calhoun. The Indians were afraid to remain there longer, and so moved over to the Minnesota river. Thereupon Mr. Stevens, receiving the appointment of farmer for Wabasha's band, living near where Winona now stands, withdrew from the service of the Board. In the summer of 1842, he was preaching to white people at Prairie du Chien. Mr. G. H. Pond accepted the position of farmer for the Lake Calhoun band. He and his brother occupied the mission houses at Lake Harriet for a while, and then took up quarters near the Fort, where they resided until they established their station in 1842, at Oak Grove, eight miles up the Minnesota.

At Lac qui Parle among the Dakotas, the same kind of obstacles had to be met that are spoken of by the missionaries among the Ojibwas. The winter of 1838-9 Dr. Williamson spent in Ohio, getting some printing done. By the aid of Mr. Joseph Renville the gospel of Mark had been translated from the French. This was the first printing of any portion of the Bible in the Dakota language. Before his return in the summer of 1839, Eagle Help went on the war-path to avenge the killing of the three families a year previous. The mission strongly ad-

vised against the war party, and in return we had several of our cattle killed. This form of opposition was carried to such an extent, in the next few years, as to make it well nigh impossible for the missionary to remain. But in the meantime, notwithstanding the persecutions that came upon them, some Dakota men were receiving education and seeds of gospel truth, which began to germinate and bring forth some fruit.

When Dr. Williamson returned from Ohio, he brought with him Miss Fanny Huggins, who afterwards became Mrs. Jonas Pettijohn. It was thought that some manufacturing industries might profitably be introduced among the Dakota women. Accordingly several spinning wheels, both for flax and wool, were purchased by the mission. Mr. Renville had a flock of sheep, the remnant of a drove lost by a white man some years before. Mr. Huggins sowed the seed and raised the flax. He also made a loom for weaving. Thus the materials and the machinery were furnished the Indian women, to spin yarn, knit stockings, and weave cloth for short gowns, skirts and blankets. Mr. Huggins and Miss Fanny gave a good deal of time to teaching these industries, and with very considerable success. Quite a number of women made articles for their own and others use. This effort had its place in the civilizing influences, but it could not be made profitable. One that was less pretentious in the commencement has borne much larger fruit, to-wit: Teaching the Dakota women *to wash*. It had been their custom to put on a garment and wear it until it could be worn no longer. They were quite ignorant of the gospel of soap, as well as of the gospel of salvation. Mrs. Riggs had been less

accustomed than some others to do the hard work of the wash-tub. Hence she was more willing to give time and patience to the education of Indian women in this line. At first it was impossible to obtain any but the lowest of the Dakota women for this service. But by and by it became popular, and has done much for their elevation.

Thus the work of education was carried on at Lac qui-Parle. In the mean time a good deal of work was done in the line of Bible translation and the preparation of books. Under date of May 10, 1842, Dr. Williamson wrote thus to the Prudential Committee: "Much of the time of Mr. Riggs and myself, for a year past, has been employed in this business, though most of the translating was done more than a year ago. Beside preparing a small Dakota hymn book and some school books, he has translated the Acts of the Apostles, the book of Revelation, and all the Epistles of Paul, also about one-third of the Psalms. He has also copied and prepared for the press the Gospel of John and a number of Psalms translated by Mr. Renville. I have carefully read over his translations and made suggestions, and he has done the same for me in respect to the book of Genesis, which I have translated." To the above was added the Gospel of Luke, translated by Mr. G. H. Pond. To oversee the printing of them in Boston and Cincinnati, the Board authorized me to make a visit east. We left one child and took two with us. On our return in the spring of 1843, we were authorized to commence a new station, which we did in June, at Traverse des Sioux.

SECTION III.

THE SWISS MISSION AMONG THE DAKOTAS, 1836 TO 1846.

About the same time that the American Board determined to send missionaries to the Dakotas, two young men, Rev. Daniel Gavin and Rev. Samuel Denton, were appointed by a society at Basle, in Switzerland, as missionaries to the Indians of North America. They selected as their field of labor the land of the Dakotas. Both were unmarried when they came to this country; but before commencing his labors with the Dakotas, Mr. Denton was married to Miss Paris Skinner, who had, for several years, been engaged in the service of the American Board at the mission school at Mackinaw. In 1839, Mr. Gavin married Miss Lucy C. Stevens, at Lake Harriet.

They first located at Trempeleau, with the Wabasha band of Sioux; but the next year Mr. and Mrs. Denton removed to Red Wing, where Mr. Gavin soon afterwards joined them. In the autumn of 1838, Mr. Gavin came up to Lac qui Parle and spent the winter with us, giving aid in our work of translating and other missionary labor. From the following spring the two families were associated at Red Wing, until 1845, when Mrs. Gavin's ill-health compelled them to leave the Dakotas. Thenceforward Mr. Gavin labored with success among the French Catholics in Canada, until his death, which occurred about 1859. Mr. Denton remained a few years after Mr. Gavin's departure, when he too was obliged to leave on account of ill-health, and died soon after in Missouri.

While the Dentons were still at Red Wing's village, in the summer of 1846, the present writer made a canoe

voyage, with his wife, down the Mississippi, and stopped for ten days with them, at the Wood-Water-Hill village. Here I remember visiting a young man who was sick, and who now is the stalwart and honored pastor of our Santee Agency Mission church—Rev. Artemas Ehnamane. So that, if the question "cui bono," is asked in regard to the ten years of the Swiss mission, I reply: It was a time of seed sowing. Quite a number of children and young folks learned to read more or less in both English and Dakotah; and many older ones heard prayer and instruction from the word of God, from these earnest workers. The harvest came a score of years afterwards in the prison and in the camp.*

SECTION IV.

MISSIONS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, AMONG THE SIOUX AND OJIBWAS, 1837.

Early in the present century the Methodists embarked in missions among the Indians. In 1819, John Steward, a free colored man, commenced a successful religious and educational work among the Wyandots, on the upper Sandusky. The influence of this effort extended over into Canada, to others of the Hurons. John Sunday and John and Peter Jones, of the Ojibwa tribe, were converted and became active helpers. This was in 1823. In 1830, and onward, we find John Sunday and George Copway and others, going on missionary tours on Lake Superior. In 1833, they established a successful and permanent mission at L'Anse, on Kewenaw bay, in Michigan. Here was commenced a civilized and Christian community—

*The statements in regard to the mission are, many of them, taken from an article furnished by Rev. S. W. Pond, and published in the Iapi Oaye of April, 1874.

the Indians laying by their annuity money, after 1842, to enter their lands as white men. Of these and other missions, Rev. John Clark, whose headquarters were at Sault Ste. Marie, was the Superintendent.

Rev. Alfred Brunson, of the Pittsburg Conference, had become interested in the Indians of the Northwest, by reading Lieut. Allen's account of his voyage with Schoolcraft, when on search of the head of the Mississippi. He communicated this interest to the conference at its meeting in July, 1835, and receiving an appointment to that work, he immediately set out on horse back and traveled through the states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and up to Fort Crawford, at Prairie du Chien. In the winter he rode back to his home in the Meadville district, and found his family ready with a boat to remove in the early spring. It was the middle of July when they reached Prairie du Chien, too late to commence operations in the Indian country. But in the meantime Mr. Brunson, considering that an interpreter was needed in commencing mission work among the Sioux, and learning that James Thompson, a slave, who had a Sioux woman for a wife, was with his master, an officer, at Fort Snelling, and could be purchased for $1,200, he wrote on to his friends in the east. This was the time when the anti-slavery feeling ran highest in Ohio, and multitudes of people were only too glad to contribute to the fund that was started in Cincinnati, for the purpose of obtaining for James Thompson his liberty, that he might serve in the Methodist church in giving the gospel to the Sioux nation. No doubt this transaction had a good result in keeping the anti-slavery fires burning

brightly, but as a missionary investment it was an act of very doubtful utility. So it appeared to us of the Presbyterian mission. Thompson was a very indifferent interpreter and not a reliable man, and so was dismissed from the mission before its disbandment.

During the winter of 1836–7, Elder Brunson made his arrangements, and on the 19th of May, embarked on a steamboat for Fort Snelling. After consulting with the agent and officers of the garrison, the village of Kaposia, six or eight miles below the Fort, on the west side of the Mississippi, was the place selected for their first station. This was long known as "Little Crow's village." At this time the name of the chief was Wamde–tanka, *Big Eagle.* His father's name was Chatan–wakoowa–mani — "*Who–walks–pursuing–a–hawk,*"—from which "Little Crow" seems to have been taken. The dynasty became extinct in Ta–oyati–doota—the Little Crow of the outbreak of 1862.

Superintendent Brunson had with him David King, as teacher, with his family, and a farmer and his family, with Jim, the interpreter, and a hired man. Immediately they commenced to erect mission buildings of logs. Elder Brunson returned to Prairie du Chien for supplies, and in his second trip up he took with him George Copway, John Johnson and Peter Marksman, three young Ojibwas, who had been converted in Upper Canada, under the labors of Peter Jones and William Case. More recently they had been employed by Rev. John Clark in the Indian missions of Ottawa and Lac Court Orilles, in Wisconsin. They were to go down to the Methodist mission school at Jacksonville, Illinois, but in the meantime they could put in some months work on the upper Mississippi. The Sioux could hardly

believe that they were Ojibwas, for they worked, they said, like Frenchmen. In September of that year a treaty was made with the Ojibwas by Governor Dodge, at Fort Snelling. Mr. Brunson and his three young Ojibwa converts were present, and made a good impression.

At the conference which met at Jacksonville, in October, 1837, supplies were voted to carry on the new missions, and Rev. T. W. Pope and Rev. James G. Whitford, with Hiram Delap, were added to his force of workers. These new men went immediately up to the station at Kaposia, while Elder Brunson purchased supplies. The row boat which took up these was frozen up in the middle of November, and they had to be transported on the ice, from the lower end of Lake Pepin.

Early in May, 1838, Superintendent Brunson took a steamboat and went to visit the Sioux mission. He found that the mission had wintered comfortably — the school under Mr. King, had been somewhat successful — and the spring work, for the Indians, was prosecuted with such vigor that more than 100 acres of land was ploughed for them, to the great delight of the Indians. In their school, contrary to the practice of the other missions among the Sioux, they determined to teach only English.

At this time the war spirit ran high at Little Crow's village, in consequence of the three families killed in April, near Lac qui Parle, by Hole-in-the-Day. But nevertheless Mr. Brunson, with three white men and his interpreter, started in the last days of June, up the Mississippi, to visit the Ojibwas and arrange for the establishment of a mission among the Ojibwas. They reached Crow Wing, the village of Hole-in-the-Day, while the question of returning the

Sioux captive woman was being discussed. Mr. Brunson represents Hole-in-the-Day, the dirtiest and most savage-looking of them all, as not being willing for her delivery for some time; and finally yielding under pressure. In the then excited state of affairs the missionary company did no more at this time than examine some localities where a mission could be established.

In the month of August, Elder Brunson took "Whitford and Randolph" with "Bungo," as Ojibwa interpreter, and started up the St. Croix to visit Lac Court Orilles. But when they had almost reached the place, some dogs, one night, ate up the bacon, and they were obliged to return. This seemed to be providential; for in the meantime, Hole-in-the-Day had come down to Fort Snelling with a few men. One of these had been shot by the Sioux, and they in turn killed two of their enemies. Whereupon, to keep the party of Hole-in-the-Day from being entirely cut off, the commandant of the garrison took them within its walls. This greatly enraged the Sioux, who were now planning to attack the Fort also. In this storm of excitement the occupants of the mission got some of their effects into a large bark canoe, and would have fled down the Mississippi; but Little Crow commanded them back to their house—placed his son, the third Little Crow, as guard over them, and assured them of safe protection. The next day, unexpectedly to them all, Elder Brunson returned. They talked and prayed over the situation, and concluded that it was safe for them to lie down and sleep under the protection of the Great Father above. But the Elder himself went out by night to see the *Scalp Dance*.

When Superintendent Brunson returned to Prairie du

Chien that fall, Hiram Delap and family, Witt Randolph returned with him. He went down to Alton, Illinois, and attended conference, and then purchased supplies for the mission and went up on the steamer "Gypsy," where as passengers he met Dr. Emerson and wife, with the afterwards famous "Dred Scott," as their slave. From this trip Elder Brunson returned home sick and did not wholly recover for several years.

In the mean time the good Methodist people, not considering that a mission to savage Indians is not a harvest field in which they could reap immediately, nor even "a prairie farm," from which a crop might be expected in two or three years, but real scrub-and-grab land, which required an immense amount of hard work before the harvest came, became dissatisfied, and complained that there were no results and a great expenditure. This was unreasonable, but Methodism then had not learned to work and wait for fruit in such unpromising fields.

In the summer of 1839, Rev. Mr. Pope's health having failed, he left the mission as Elder Brunson resigned his superintendency, and Rev. B. T. Kavenaugh was appointed in his place.

Among the "same fruit" in the spiritual harvest of the first years of this mission work, Mr. Bennron mentions the conversion of one Jacob Fallstrum and his family. As a Swedish boy Fallstrum had come over to Lord Selkirk's settlement, married a half Ojibwa woman and worked his way down to the neighborhood of Fort Snelling. As he talked the Ojibwa language they made him a preacher to his wife's people.

Immediately after his appointment, Elder Kavenaugh proceeded to his missionary field, taking with him Rev. Samuel Spates, Rev. Mr. Huddleston, Rev. John Johnson and Rev. Peter Marksman—the two latter native Ojibwas. With them he proceeded up the Mississippi and established a Mission at Elk River on the east bank of the Mississippi. There on the 30th of December, 1839, Mr. Huddleston died of dysentery and was buried on the top of a hill overlooking the river. It is recorded, that Hole-in-the-Day cast a heap of stones on his grave, "to mark the place where the good man lies, who came to bless us."

In the fall of 1840 a new Mission was established at Sandy Lake under the charge of Mr. Spates. Owing to the incursions of Sioux war parties, Hole-in-the-Day's village was deserted, and the Mission removed in February of 1840 to Rabbit river. But this appears to have been very soon abandoned and stations formed farther in the interior—at White Fish Lake and Fond du Lac of Lake Superior. In Judge Gale's "Upper Mississippi" this statement is made in regard to this mission: "In July, 1841, the Missions were consolidated into that at Sandy Lake, in charge of Rev. H. J. Bruce and Rev. Samuel Spates, with a school of thirty scholars; that at White Fish Lake, in charge of Rev. John Johnson; and that at Fond du Lac, in charge of Rev. George Copway, with his wife and her sister and James Simpson, as teachers.*

*I am sorry that I have not been able to obtain reliable materials for tracing this Ojibwa branch of the Methodist mission to its close.

The mission among the Sioux at Kaposia was much annoyed by the war parties in the spring of 1841 and the school was closed by order of Little Crow. Mr. Holton and his family had, before this time, retired from the Mission and made a home on the other side of the Mississippi in the edge of Red Rock prairie. Others perhaps settled on the same prairie. The Indians became insolent and exacting. Perhaps they had been spoiled from the beginning by having too much done for them by the missionaries. It was reported to us that Indian men would come in the night to the mission and demand food, which the missionaries felt obliged to give. Accordingly Elder Kavenaugh put up buildings on Red Rock prairie where a school was maintained for several years for Indian half-breed and white children. This was of course a preaching station, and became the starting point for Methodism in Minnesota. As such, I leave its further history to be traced under another head.

More than any other member of our Dakota Mission, Rev. S. W. Pond had an opportunity to form the acquaintance of these Methodist missionaries. He met several of them frequently and sometimes had the pleasure of entertaining them at his house. He speaks of Rev. David King as a good man whom he knew best, as he came up with the first in 1837 and remained after the others had gone.

It is pleasant to believe that the Lord Jesus, who has said, "Go, preach the gospel," knows even the beginnings of good, and will suffer no well-meant effort to fail, but will gather all up at the revelation of that

day. To us it seems as if they did not hold on until the harvest came, and the reaping has fallen mainly into other hands.

SECTION V.

MISSION OF THE AMERICAN BOARD WITH THE OJIBWAS CONTINUED: 1840—1854.

As we commence this second decade of the Mission among the Ojibwas, we find but two stations occupied. At La Pointe, are still Mr. Hall and Mr. Sproat, with their wives; and at Pokeguma, are Mr. Boutwell, Mr. Ayer and Mr. Ely, with their wives and Miss Sabrina Stevens. Mr. and Mrs. Seymour have retired from the service of the Board, and the station at Fond du Lac has been abandoned in consequence of the removal of the Indians. The Report of the Board gives this record: "The number of Indians to whom the Mission have had access, both at LaPointe and Pokeguma has been larger than heretofore, and at the latter place there is manifested an increasing desire to lead a settled life; and were it not for their hostilities with the Sioux, the prospect for improvement in their character and habits, under the influence of Christian instruction, would be highly encouraging."

At Pokeguma they had erected a pleasant log building, which gave them joy as a convenient place for school and church, in both of which their progress during the next winter was very satisfactory. But the shadow of war hung over them. In the summer of 1841, Mr. Ayer wrote to the committee in Boston: "War has desolated Pokeguma. On the 24th of May more than one hundred Sioux fell upon our quiet settlement, and in two short hours made it the

scene of war and death." It appears that three large war-parties were made up, all to attack the village of Pokeguma. The first was headed by Little Crow, father of the Little Crow of 1862 notoriety. At the Falls of the St. Croix two Ojibwa young men stumbled upon them and killed two sons of Little Crow. One of them was killed in return, and the other carried the news to their home at Poke guma. This party deeply chagrined at their loss returned to Kaposia. The second party turned back from the mouth of Snake river, and the attack was made on the village by the third party. Two girls belonging to the Mission school, who had gone to the farther shore of the lake in a canoe, were killed; but the battle was mainly near the Mission with the praying Indians, the wilder part of the band having their homes on the island. So far as taking scalps was concerned this battle was not a success for the Sioux, as they left more than they took. But nevertheless, the result was, that the Indians abandoned the lake, and the Mission there was brought to a close. As Mr. Ayer wrote, the Sioux were resolved to blot out the name of Pokeguma.

In the meantime reinforcements for the Ojibwa Mission were sent forward. In the summer of 1841, Rev. Leonard H. Wheeler and Mr. Woodbridge L. James, with their wives, and Miss Abigail Spooner, joined the station at LaPointe. Some of the Indians fleeing from the Sioux attacks on Pokeguma appear to have gone back to Magdalen Island. So that, in the winter following, the schools, both for boys and girls, were filled up and very prosperous. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler and Mr. Sproat taught night schools, and thus a larger enthusiasm was created in the work of edu-

cation. On the Sabbath, they held two public religious services in Ojibwa and one in English, besides a Sabbath school. Mr. Hall wrote at this time: "Notwithstanding the troubles between the Sioux and Ojibwas, I think there never has been more encouragement to labor for the conversion of the Ojibwas, than there is at present."

Mr. James' health failed soon after their arrival at La Pointe, and they were obliged to return home. In the spring of 1842, Mr. Ely removed to Fond du Lac, whither some of the Christian Indians had fled from the Sioux war on Pokeguma. At this latter place Mr. Boutwell and Mr. Ayer still remained, and visited the Indians from time to time in their hiding places. In their winter encampments both Mr. Boutwell and Mr. Wheeler visited them and at different times administered the Lord's supper. *On one of these occasions, two new members were added to the litle band of believers. When the spring of 1843 came, the fear of their enemies had so far passed away that many of the old settlers at Pokeguma returned, pagans as well as Christians, and again cultivated their fields and occupied their houses. Of that summer Mr. Boutwell wrote: "Our place of worship has often been well filled with attentive listeners on the Sabbath; pagans have frequently attended whom I have never seen in the house of God." By the Indians living on Mille Lac, Mr. Boutwell was invited to occupy that place, but the Pokeguma band would not consent to his leaving.

In the meantime Mr. Ayer had made a winter journey through the north country, to Leech Lake west of the

*Mr. Wheeler's visit was in the spring of 1842, when the Indians were encamped on the lake shore near where Duluth now stands.

Mississippi, and on to Red Lake, which communicates with the Red River of the North. At Leech Lake the principal chief endeavored to persuade him to remain there, and not go beyond, saying that although there were some bad men there, the most of them were not so, and would treat missionaries well. In this he counted beyond his power, for three years after the missionaries of the A. M. A. were obliged to leave, and at a still later day the Episcopal Mission was broken up by them. Mr. Ayer pushed on to Red Lake, which he regarded as a very favorable field, and in the spring and summer of 1843, he and Mr. Ely proceeded to occupy it. In this spring of 1843, the Ojibwa missionaries, Mr. Hall, Mr. Boutwell, Mr. Ayer and Mr. Ely, all joined in a letter to the Prudential committee, asking for reinforcements, and saying that the Ojibwa country appeared to them open, as it had not done before, to the teachers of religion and letters. Partly, we may suppose, as a result of this letter, the American Missionary Association entered the Ojibwa field in this year 1843, and established several stations, as detailed in another section of this paper.

In June 1844, Mr. Wheeler communicated the particulars of a very interesting revival work, which took place at LaPointe the winter preceding. It commenced in the native church, where there was mutual confession of sin, accompanied with tears of repentance. "During the winter some twelve or fourteen professed submission to Christ" for the first time. This was cheering to the hearts of the missionaries, so that they could say: "In view of all which the Lord has done for us during the past winter, we feel greatly encouraged to go forward in our work."

In the Report of the Board for 1844, it appears that Mr. Ely is back at Pokeguma, and Mr. and Mrs. Ayer remained at Red Lake, which station was held, for a number of years, conjointly by the American Board and the A. M. A.'s Mission. The whole of the New Testament was now printed in the Ojibwa language and also a hymn book. These were grand helps in the work of evangelization; and we should not be surprised to find the preaching of the gospel taking effect, during the next two years, at the far-off station of Red Lake. This seems to have been chiefly, though not entirely, in a family of half-bloods; an old woman of eighty, with her daughter and husband, and several of their children were among the dozen persons who were received into the church in March 1846. For the two years previous, some of these Indians had been making rapid strides in civilization, making small plantings and building houses. They were away from the influences of fire-water, and at this time had no resident trader among them.

The soil about La Pointe on Magdalen Island, was found to be poorly adapted to tillage. Hence in the spring of 1845, many of the Indians removed to Bad River, on the main land, about 20 miles to the southeast, where they had previously cultivated small fields, and where an agricultural settlement could be established. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler went with them to this new settlement and commenced a mission station, which has since been called "Odonah," that is being interpreted "village." During the next two years comfortable and substantial dwelling houses and school house and other convenient buildings were erected at this new station. The Indians also made

"some progress in outward improvement" and were "much more industrious than formerly." The gospel, although it has not yet proved the power of God unto salvation to many of them, has evidently done much to soften the savage ferocity of their character." Thus wrote Mr. Wheeler in the last days of 1847.

In the meantime other important changes in the mission had taken place. The reoccupation of Pokeguma by the Indians in the summer of 1843, noticed by Mr. Boutwell, and the attendant encouraging prospects for missionary labor among them there, were not destined to be of long continuance. The country around there was now ceded, and white people began to come in and occupy it. The Indians retired before them, so that in 1845, Pokeguma as a missionary station was abandoned, Mr. Ely going to La Pointe to take Mr. Sproat's place in the school, and Mr. Boutwell being released from his connection with the Board, remained to preach the gospel to the incoming settlement of white people. After a service of fifty years, for the elevation and salvation of Indians and white people, Mr. Boutwell is still living near Stillwater.

The influx of white settlers brought evil more than good to the Ojibwas. The men who came to work the mines were neither religious nor very moral, as a class, and their influence upon the Indians was, in the first instance, debasing. At every point plenty of fire-water came into the country, and thus the red men were tempted too strongly on their weakest side. In the beginning of the year 1847, Mr. Hall wrote a letter to the Prudential committee, deploring this changed state of things, in which he expressed the belief that "nothing will prevent their

utter destruction but a thorough conversion to God." And theirs were not the environments in which the missionaries could strongly hope for the influence of the Holy Spirit. But dark as the prospects were, they did not give up hope. Not in themselves, not in their schools, not in their books, not in the gathered settlements for civilization, Mr. Hall says, but in God, was their hope. At Red Lake too there were dark clouds. The war spirit was rampant, and the missionaries lamented the desertion of several of their native church members. Even at this remote station, from Pembina and the Red River settlement as well as from the east, the means of intoxication flowed in upon them, and they were but too ready to welcome the "minnewakan." Still there were hopeful signs. The old Indians said, "Our children will all pray." But "*we* cannot pray now; we must go to war next summer; and we cannot fight and pray too." So reasoned the Ojibwas.

In the year 1849, Rev. Frederick Ayer of Red Lake, was released from his connection with the Board, and the station turned over to the American Missionary Association, whose missionaries had been there for several years. The same year Mr. Ely also was released from his connection with the American Board, and his place as teacher at La Pointe was supplied by Mr. Charles Pulsifer, who with his wife had recently joined that Mission.* For two or three years from this time onward, the Ojibwas on the south side of Lake Superior were kept in a state of great excitement by orders of the government for their removal to the

*In the summer of 1849 Mr. Hall and Mr. Wheeler made a tour through the north country as far as Red Lake.

Mississippi river country. In the autumn of 1850 they were required to go to Sandy Lake to receive their annuities. Some went and some did not; and those who went fared the worst, as the provisions were scanty and poor, many sickened and died, and only some goods were distributed. At this time Mr. Hall made a visit to that part of the country, that he might be prepared for action in the future. The winter following, Mr. Wheeler, being on a visit to New England, went with one of the secretaries of the Board, Rev. S. B. Treat, to Washington, to represent to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs the desirableness and propriety of permitting those Indians to remain on the shores of Lake Superior. On his return to Bad River in the spring, he could not give the Indians any assurance that the government would comply with their request to remain; but he could tell them that the only possible conditions on which they could stay were, that they should adopt the dress and the habits of white people.*

This information and advice had a good effect. The Indians were put on their character. They planted more. They did not make dances. They sent their children to school, and they themselves came to church. And they greatly abstained from intoxicating drinks. The church at La Pointe now numbered 22, some of whom were white persons. On the whole the missionaries had a good many things to encourage them.

The government persisted in the plan of removing the La Pointe Indians to the Mississippi. In 1852, Mr. Hall was requested to take charge of a boarding school, to be commenced on the left bank of the Crow Wing River, about

* See Mr. Wheeler's letter in the Herald of Oct., 1851.

ten miles from its junction with the Mississippi, under the auspices of the U. S. government. In September he visited the place, and being pleased with the prospects, he removed his family thither in the following spring; and was accompanied by Mr. Pulsifer and Henry Blatchford, a native catechist. The station at La Pointe having been occupied now more than twenty years, was abandoned. Mr. Wheeler was left in charge of the whole mission work on the lake shore. The effort to remove these Indians was so distasteful to them that the government finally abandoned the plan. This left Mr. Hall and his companions on the Crow Wing, with so few Ojibwas about them, and with so much firewater and so many Sioux war parties, that the attempt of the government to establish there a boarding school was abandoned.

In the year 1854, Rev. Sherman Hall, having been almost a quarter of a century in the service of the American Board among the Ojibwas, retired from that service, and thenceforth gave himself to home mission work. Mr. Hall died Aug. 31, 1879, at Sauk Rapids, Minn.

The effort of the government to remove the Indians from Lake Superior having been given up, the annual payment was made there in the autumn of 1853. The Indians were well pleased with the change of plan, and became from that time more desirous to come under the conditions of civilization and Christianity. The next year Mr. Wheeler represents as "one of progress;" "a number of Indians," he says, "including three chiefs, have identified themselves with the Christian party, and call themselves 'Praying Indians.'"

SECTION VI.

MISSIONS OF THE AMERICAN BOARD WITH THE SIOUX—CONTINUED—1843.

In the month of June, 1843, the new station at Traverse des Sioux was commenced. There accompanied us, from Ohio, Mr. Robert Hopkins and his young wife, Agnes, Miss Jane S. Williamson, sister of Dr. Williamson, and Miss Julia Kephart. Also, there came from Massachusetts, Thomas L. Longley, a brother of Mrs. Riggs, in the strength of his young manhood. Aunt Jane Williamson, as we all learned to call her, stopped with her brother at Fort Snelling. The Doctor had spent the year previous at that point in the place of Mr. S. W. Pond, who was at Lac qui Parle. And he had arranged with the surgeon of the post to spend a few months in the garrison during the summer. Consequently Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins proceeded, for the year, to Lac qui Parle, as Mr. Pond had already come down. Mrs. Riggs went up with the party to bring down our little girl. They had the bad fortune to fall in with an Ojibwa war party at Chippewa river, who had just kill and scalped two Sioux on their way out to meet friends.

The young man, Thomas Longley, remained with me at the Traverse, to erect a log cabin. A part of the Indians at that place were favorable to our commencing a station there, and a part were opposed to it. But we trusted they would come around all right. Before our cabin was ready to be occupied, and only a few days after Mrs. Riggs had returned from Lac qui Parle, Thomas Longley, while bathing in the Minnesota river, was drowned. The Indians of the opposition said that "Oonk-

tayhe", their Neptune, was angry with us missionaries, and this was made a justification for their killing the yoke of oxen we had. A third ox, which I purchased to haul wood with the next winter, went the same way, the following summer. Besides, this was the commencement of the flooding of the Minnesota country with fire-water, by white men. The Indians at the Traverse were drunk most of the time, and our house was often visited by them in a state of intoxication. Doubtless we should have been justified by most persons if we had abandoned the station. But we held on—made a little progress in the education of children—built a chapel, and had some listeners to the preaching of the gospel.

At Lac qui Parle the opposition took the same form as at the Traverse—that of killing Mission cattle. For a while it seemed as if the Lac qui Parle station would have to be given up for lack of means of transportation. In the month of March, 1846, Mr. Joseph Renville died. He had been such a good friend of the Mission for about eleven years, could it be carried on now without him, and against so much opposition? Dr. Williamson may have felt doubtful. At any rate, when he received an invitation, that summer from Little Crow's band, to come down and establish a school and Mission at Kaposia, where the Methodist Mission had been a few years before, he regarded it as a call from God, and went. This made it necessary for me to return to Lac qui Parle, although, having suffered so much at the Traverse, it was hard to feel quite satisfied to leave a place so consecrated. But the hand of God was in it. Thencefoward there was less of opposition, and great success attended

our Mission work. Dr. Williamson built at Kaposia. The brothers Pond had become located at Oak Grove—Samuel W. soon after this time branched off to the village of Shakopee. Mr. Hopkins and Mr. A. G. Huggins occupied at the Traverse; and Mr. Jonas Pettijohn, who had married Miss Fanny Huggins, was with us at Lac qui Parle.

In these years St. Paul was in its infancy and noted only for its grog shops. Dr. Williamson, living near by, preached the first sermon (Protestant) in the place, and was instrumental in having Miss Harriet E. Bishop, one of Gov. Slade's girls, come out there as the first school teacher.

At all our stations the work of education and evangelization appeared more hopeful. Mr. Robert Hopkins and Mr. G. H. Pond were licensed and ordained by the Da kota Presbytery, organized in the fall of 1844. In the summer of 1848 the board sent out several additional workers — Rev. M. N. Adams, Rev. John F. Aiton, Rev. Joseph W. Hancock and Rev. Joshua Potter. The latter came up from the Cherokee country and did not remain long, as the Sioux field did not look inviting. Mr. Hancock and Mr. Aiton occupied Red Wing, which had been vacated by the Swiss missionaries. Mr. and Mrs. Adams spent several years at Lac qui Parle, starting a small family boarding school. Thus the work made some progress, but hardly in proportion to our enlarged force of workers.

Then came the summer of 1851, with its treaties of Traverse des Sioux and Minnesota, by which the white people got possession of the State of Minnesota, and the

Indians were removed to the Reserve on the upper part of the Minnesota river. This arrangement was followed by many changes in our Dakota Mission. Even before the treaties were ratified, white people began to come into the newly ceded territory. The Indians were shortly removed from the Mississippi and lower Minnesota. In the summer of 1852, Dr. Williamson selected a location and erected a mission house above the Yellow Medicine, which he called "Pazhehootaze." Late in the autumn he removed his family to the new station, where they had to live much by faith during the severe winter that followed.

It should have been noticed that while the Treaty of Traverse des Sioux was in its preparatory state, by a mysterious providence, Rev. Robert Hopkins was suddenly called away to the other world. On the morning of the 4th of July, 1851, he went out to bathe in the overflow of the river, and was drowned. Mr. Hopkins was a conscientious Christian man and a faithful worker in the missionary field.

When the Indians were removed from Red Wing, Oak Grove, Shakopee and Traverse des Sioux, the missionaries elected to remain and cast in their lot with the new and fast growing white communities. Thus J. W. Hancock organized, and for many years ministered to, the First Presbyterian church of Red Wing. G. H. Pond organized the Oak Grove church and was its successful pastor for twenty years. In like manner, S. W. Pond was the organizer and for many years the pastor of the Presbyterian church of Shakopee. In 1852, M. N. Adams received an invitation to come and build up the Presbyterian church at Traverse des Sioux. Thus our Indian

Missions gave of their jewels to the white people and the work of Foreign Missions *dovetailed* in with the Home Mission upbuilding. These gifts reduced the Mission of the American Board to its lowest terms. Could it be conducted to a successful issue with such diminished forces? Henceforth the lesson to be learned was, "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

SECTION VII.

MISSION OF THE A. M. A. WITH THE OJIBWAS, 1843 TO 1859.

The American Missionary Association, which had been formed in the interest of the colored people, by some of the best Christian men and women of the country, very soon after its organization, turned its attention to the Indians. Their Mission among the Ojibwas of Min nesota was commenced in the fall of 1843, by sending out from Oberlin, Ohio, Rev. Alonzo Barnard and wife; Dr. William Lewis and wife; P. O. Johnson and wife; and D. B. Spencer and S. G. Wright, who were unmarried. At the same time Rev. J. P. Bardwell went, as blacksmith, to Sandy Lake, in the service of the government.

Mr. Barnard and wife with Mr. Spencer and S. G. Wright were located at Red Lake, to labor in connection with Rev. Frederick Ayer of the American Board. And Dr. Lewis and Mr. Johnson commenced a station at Leech Lake, where Mr. Boutwell and wife had been some years before. But these Indians at Leech Lake were bad Indians, the Pillagers, and treated these missionaries no better, (if indeed so well) than they had Mr. Boutwell. They killed the Mission cattle, and were per-

sistent beggars, ugly and threatening in their demands. In the fall of 1845, this station was abandoned, when P. O. Johnson and wife retired from the work, and Dr. and Mrs. Lewis were transferred to the station at Red Lake. In the previous year (1844) this Mission force at Red Lake had been further increased by Mr. O. A. Coe and wife from the States; Mr. Coe went out as farmer.

But in the summer of 1847, Rev. Mr. Barnard and Mr. Spencer formed a new Station at Red Cedar or Cass Lake, which was joined the same year by Mr. A. B. Adams and wife, new missionaries. This appears to have been commenced under very favorable circumstances, as we have it on the record, that a church was formed soon after, and six Indian houses were built in the year (1848) following, when J. S. Fisher and wife and Francis Spees and wife were added to the missionary force at Cass Lake.

In the neighborhood of the Red Cedar or Cass Lake, was Lake Winnebagooshish or Winnipeg, which appears by the records to be counted as a station of the A. M. A. as early as 1849. This was dropped three years afterwards, and again taken up in the spring of 1856, the missionary laborers going from Cass Lake. In the meantime two new men joined the force at Red Lake, viz: Mr. R. M. Lafferty and Mr. E. Carver. So that, although in this year of 1851, Dr. Lewis and wife retired from the service of the Association, the next year, the Missionary workers in the employ of the Society had reached the highest number—21. When 1853 came around, Winnebagooshish was dropped, and new stations were commenced at St. Joseph and Belle Prairie and the workers were counted at nineteen.

The number of men and women in this work had now begun to decrease. No additional ones came. And A. B. Adams and wife retired in the summer of 1852, and settled at Belle Prairie. And in 1854, Rev. M. Barnard and family left the work, after being in the service *eleven* years. Mr. Coe also left the same year, and settled at Belle Prairie. But notwithstanding the diminished force of laborers, a Boarding School was commenced at Red Lake.

In 1856 the Association reports four stations and seventeen missionary workers. This year mission work was renewed at Winnipeg or Winnebagooshish, and a large force sent from Red Lake and Cass Lake—Mr. Bardwell, Mr. Lafferty, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Carver, Mr. Spees and Mr. Wright—and all had their families with them except Mr. Spees. Mr. Bardwell and Mr. Spees remained but a short time, but still there was a large force left. And this, for missionary work, under the circumstances, was a disadvantage. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. Manypenny, with the best intentions in the world, placed in the hands of the A. M. A. and its missionaries the expenditure of not only the *educational* but the *civilization* funds of that section, thus bitterly antagonizing the missionaries with the Indian agent and the traders. The agent cursed the missionaries and told the Indians if they killed them no one would care. For missionaries to obtain the handling of government money is always a grave mistake. Added to this antagonism of the forces which should have helped each other in the work of civilization, was the fact that "fire water" was brought in by the barrel,

and the Indians were drunk the greater part of the time. It is put upon the record that about this time the work of the Society at Red Lake was "suspended on account of unreasonable demands of the Indians upon the missionaries for secular labors and assistance." This is from the Society's records. It does not appear that they resumed work there for some years, although "Mr. Wright wrote of the steadfastness of the little church there."

In 1858 this record is made: "Rev. J. P. Bardwell visited the Mission and reported the Indians at Cass Lake and Winnipeg as making improvements in agriculture." But, as Mr. Wright reports: "In the spring of 1859 the Missions at all the different points, were discontinued." And the secretary of the Association writes: "It was decided to relinquish the Mission. Among the reasons were the following: 1. The anticipations of the missionaries were very far from being met. 2. The parents have so little regard for the education of their children. 3. Intemperance and the facilities for obtaining the means of intoxication increased. 4. The licentious habits of white men, and the influence of the traders."

Thus closed the work of the A. M. A. for the Ojibwas. They had occupied the field for sixteen years with a good force of workers. One counts over *one hundred and sixty years* of missionary labor performed and at an expenditure of probably not less than $50,000. And with what results? Mr. S. G. Wright, who, after his connection with the Society closed, was for many years a teacher under the government, makes this answer: 1. "A great amount of prejudice has been removed from the

minds of the Indians. When we first met the Indians at Red Lake we found them full of prejudice against the whites. The old chief told us he believed all white men would lie—that they were all dishonest and were not the friends of the Indians. I am sure the chiefs and all the people came to regard missionaries, at least. in a very different light. 2. Another result was, under the influence of the Mission, the majority of the men were induced to adopt habits of industry. In 1843, only four men had been known to assist the women in cultivating the ground. Now there are very few Indians in the country who do not work with the ax and the hoe. 3. Another result of these years of labor is — a great amount of religious instruction has been given. All through the land of the Ojibwas the gospel has been preached — in the wigwam, by the wayside and in the church. 4. Churches were organized at different points, and, although we could not speak of any great gathering, there were conversions all along, and we have witnesses the growth of some remarkable Christian characters. Many of them have passed away to join the company of all languages and nations who are around the throne."

Leech Lake appears to have been a hard place. First Mr. Boutwell and wife spent several years there after 1834. Thus the mission of the A. M. A. was established there in 1843, for two years only. Next Rev. Mr. Breck established an Episcopal mission in 1856, but left in two years, on account of bad treatment from the Indians. Again at two different times, and for several years each time, between 1860 and 1871, Mr. Wright was there as

government teacher. But in all this time no one was known to become a christian. But in 1875, Mr. Wright was again employed there as a teacher under government. This time he continued for three years and a half. And now commenced the gathering of the harvest. "From the beginning of our work," Mr. Wright says, "we had good and very attentive congregations. Some very remarkable conversions took place the first year. And from that on, there was no time when there was not considerable religious interest. Nearly forty were hopefully converted." This is a good record. "Though the blessing tarry, wait for it," is the divine command.

SECTION VIII.

MISSIONS OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH AMONG THE OJIBWAS AND SIOUX—1852 TO 1880.

Rev. John Johnson, called by his people "*Enmegahbowh*—the one who stands before his people," was an Ottawa by birth, and had been adopted by the Ojibwas. He was converted under Methodist preaching in Canada, educated at the Methodist Mission school at Jacksonville, Illinois, and became a preacher of the gospel. In the autumn of 1839 he accompanied Elder T. B. Kavenaugh up the Mississippi river, and was thenceforward a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal church among the Ojibwas, until they withdrew from the field.

In the summer of 1852, at the solicitation of Enmegabowh, Rev. James Lloyd Breck, a minister of the Episcopal church, left St. Paul and traveled on foot up the Mississippi to the mouth of Crow Wing, and thence to the shore of Gull Lake. He had as his companion in the

journey, a young divinity student from their Seminary at *Nashotah*, Wisconsin. Arriving at Gull Lake, he held a council with the chief men, a majority of whom favored his proposition to establish a Mission and school among them.

Under the tall pine trees of Gull Lake, he immediately commenced his school. Soon after he obtained a tent from Fort Ripley, 22 miles distant, in which the school was continued until the autumn, when the first log building was completed. To this additions were made from year to year, until the St. Columba Mission House was the result, with its church and bell.

The work of teaching soon demanded more laborers, and teachers came from the East. Mr. Samuel Hall, Miss Mills, who afterwards became Mrs. Breck; Miss Frink, Miss West, Miss Allen and Miss Wells were among the assistants from time to time. Charles Selkrig and Enmegabowh acted as interpreters, and Mr. John Parker, now of St. Paul, was employed in the erection of the buildings from 1852 to 1857.

Northward from Gull Lake, about 60 miles, is Leech Lake, the home of the Ojibwa band called "The Pillagers." Their name seems to have been quite a good index to their character, in those years. In 1838 they had, by their annoyances, driven away Rev. T. W. Boutwell and wife, missionaries of the American Board; and in like manner, in the year 1845, they made it impossible for missionaries of the American Missionary Association to remain. But now, in the year 1856, these same wild Pillagers by their head man, invite Rev. Mr. Breck to establish a school at Leech Lake, and give him control of their edu-

cational money. Will they do better by him than they did by former missionaries? We shall see.

Buildings were erected at Leech Lake, near the head of the Mississippi, in the summer of 1856, and on the 12th of November of that year, Mr. Breck, with his family and assistants, removed to the new mission. On the same day that Mr. Breck left Gull Lake, Rev. E. S. Peake arrived to take charge of the St. Columba Mission. Mr. Peake was a young clergyman from the Nashotah seminary, who had spent the previous year in frontier work in the valley of the Minnesota and in the Sioux country, and was appointed to the mission among the Ojibwas by Rt. Rev. Bishop Jackson Kemper, then the Bishop in charge of Minnesota. Mr. Peake went with his wife in the stage from St. Paul to Gull lake.

Mr. Charles W. Rees and his family, with Miss Emily West and Miss Kate Heron, spent the winter at Leech Lake, with Mr. and Mrs. Breck.

In the spring of 1857, the turbulent spirits among the Pillagers became very insolent and troublesome, partly, at least, in consequence of the removal of the U. S. troops from Fort Ripley. Mr. Breck's life was repeatedly threatened by Indians, who came to the Mission House, breaking the windows with clubs, and entering the house in their war dress of paint and feathers. This conduct forced Mr. Breck to retire from Leech Lake, and abandon the mission there, which he did in June, 1857, after residing there only eight months.

The same causes which forced the abandonment of the upper mission in June, soon led to violence in the vicinity of St. Columba. The murder of a German by some intox-

icated young Indians, was followed by the arrest of three, who were summarily executed by lynch law, on their way to St. Paul for trial. This greatly exasperated the Indians, and endangered the lives of the missionaries. Mr. Peake with his wife and sister, and Miss Frink and Charles Selkrig retired, for a time, to Fort Ripley, which was in charge of an ordnance Sergeant and the Chaplain. Enmegahbowh remained at the mission. The troops were soon ordered back to Fort Ripley, but the commanding officer considered it unsafe for the members of the Mission to spend the winter among the Indians, and invited the missionary to occupy a set of vacant officers' quarters in the garrison. This he thankfully accepted. Fifteen children were brought from the Mission, and the school was kept up, while Mr. Peake continued to visit St. Columba, 22 miles distant, at the end of each week, for divine service, performing the journey usually on foot.

In the spring of 1858, the Mission family returned to St. Columba; and in the summer of that year, John Johnson —Enmegahbowh—was admitted by Bishop Kemper to the first order of the Episcopal ministry, at Faribault.

Rev. James L. Breck, on retiring from the Indian country, established Mission schools at Faribault, one of which was for Indian children, named after the first missionary to the Mohawks, Andrews Hall. It was in the care of Miss Susan L. Phelps, Miss Mary J. Mills and Miss Emily J. West. It had from twenty to thirty Indian children of Ojibwa and Sioux parentage. "Of these children," Bishop Whipple writes afterwards: "Several have become ministers of Jesus Christ."

In the summer of 1859, Mr. Peake removed with his family across the Mississippi to Crow Wing, in the edge of the reservation, and built a chapel there, Rev. John Johnson continuing in charge at Gull Lake, and Mr. Peake still had a general supervision, and visited St. Columba every month to celebrate the holy communion. This continued for three years until the Sioux outbreak in 1862, when the St. Columba Mission was broken up by the war parties. John Johnson alone remained and continued to preach the gospel to his people as a forlorn hope, encouraged by the chaplain at Fort Ripley and by Bishop Whipple, who was now in charge of the diocese of Minnesota.

In the year of our Lord, 1859, the Right Rev. H. B. Whipple was consecrated Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church of Minnesota. It is the testimony of others, that from his first coming into the country, he took a deep interest in the salvation of the red men, visiting the country every year, and traversing it from Crow Wing to Red Lake in canoe and on foot, that he might preach the coming of the Son of God in all their villages. How he has stood up manfully and Christianly, and plead the cause of the Indian, in the face of opposition and scorn, in high places and low places, many of us know right well.

At the time of his coming, and for years after, hope for the salvation of the Ojibwa Indians had well nigh died out. The picture drawn by the Bishop is a very dark one, as well as a true one. At that time, the Rev. J. Lloyd Breck had been driven from the Mission at Leech Lake, by drunken Indians. The Rev. E. S. Peake had been compelled to remove his family from Gull Lake to Crow Wing. The missionaries of the American Board had retired from

this part of field some years before. The Methodist Mission at Sandy Lake and the Mission at Rabbit Lake were things of the past. And in this year, 1859, the American Missionary Association, owing to annoyances and exactions of drunken Indians, had withdrawn their Missions from Red Lake and Lake Winnebegoshish. Thus Christian work for the Ojibwas seemed hopeless. The deadly fire-water flowed freely—vice and immorality were open and unblushing. The poor Indians were dragged down to depths of degradation their fathers never knew. Only one clergyman, Rev. John Johnson, Enmegahbowh, remained among the Ojibwas.

The Mission at Gull Lake was destroyed by the Indians during the outbreak of 1862. Rev. E. S. Peake became a chaplain in the army in 1863. For several years there did not seem to be a ray of light on their future. Each year Bishop Whipple, with John Johnson and others of his clergy, traveled hundreds of miles in the Indian country, to tell the story of God's love. They saw but little fruit of their labors.

But in 1869, a new era commenced. A few Indians were induced to remove to a new reservation at White Earth. Others followed until all of the Gull Lake band, as well as many others, were removed. For the first time this people had an abiding place—a home. Rev. John Johnson removed with his people, and commenced services in a log house. Some of the chiefs and head men were converted; among these, one of the great warriors of the tribe, named Nabonaskong. His whole soul was consecrated to the new service. He talked constantly of the love of Jesus Christ, and with tears plead with his heathen countrymen to turn

to God. Many were baptised, and a church and parsonage were built.

In 1874, Rev. Joseph A. Gilfillan joined the Mission, and a school was opened for the training of Indian clergy. A Mission house, and also a hospital with thirty beds, were erected. Since then *eight* Indians have been ordained to the ministry: Samuel Madison, Frederick Smith, George Johnson, Charles Wright, John Coleman, George Smith, Mark Hart and George B. Morgan. And Rev. Edwin Benedict, an Indian clergyman from Canada has joined the Mission.

When, in the first term of Gen. Grant's administration, the arrangement was made to divide up the Indian field, and give to the various religious denominations the nomination of Indian agents, the whole of the Ojibwa nation was assigned to the American Missionary Association. Thus, this Association selected the agents for Lake Superior and Leech Lake and Red Lake and White Earth agencies. They also selected and sent out teachers, whose salaries were paid out of government funds. This was the case at Leech Lake. At Red Lake the A. M. A., for a number of years, supported a missionary, Rev. Francis Spees. This was their second occupation of this field; the first having been given up in 1859. The writer of this paper visited Leech Lake and Red Lake in the summer of 1874, in connection with other agencies, and to him the whole Ojibwa country appeared like an open and promising field.

But for reasons satisfactory to themselves, mainly it is believed financial, the Congregational church relinquished their Mission at Red Lake in 1877, and in 1879, their school at Leech Lake, and both places have been occupied

by Bishop Whipple. Church buildings have been erected at the agency at Red Lake, at Mah-dwa-go-nind's village on Red Lake; at Wild Rice River, at Leech Lake and at Pembina settlement. The plan of the Bishop is to send out his Indian clergy two and two. All of the above churches are in the charge of Indian clergymen, whose devotion and piety will compare favorably with that of their white brothers.

Last fall the Indians at White Earth held their first agricultural fair. There were fifteen hundred and twenty entries, representing twenty-five thousand bushels of wheat, besides large quantities of other cereals, and every variety of vegetables and household industry. The exhibitors were Indians, the judges were Indians and the police were Indians. U. S. Senator McMillan said that the fair would compare favorably with any county fair he had ever attended. The Indians at White Earth are a civilized people, as quiet and orderly as any in the state. And there is a marked movement going on throughout the whole Ojibwa nation, leading them to Christian civilization.

Bishop Whipple has confirmed 350 Ojibwas. And the Episcopal church has at this time *one* hundred christian families of five hundred souls, and about 250 communicants. This has been accomplished without government to punish crime, without law to protect the innocent, without individual titles to property, but is the result of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Almost half a century has passed since the first missionaries of the American Board entered this part of the Ojibwa field. Then came the Methodist missionaries in 1839. Four years after this, in 1843, the American Mis-

sionary Association sent in a large force, and occupied several stations. Then in 1852, the Protestant Episcopal church commenced Mission work. True and earnest hearted workers, men and women, lived and labored many years among the Ojibwas for this uplifting, and some died on the field. Among thorns, on stony places, and on the hard beaten roads of sin, they scattered the seeds of life. At length these seeds, though buried long, have sprung up and grown and fruited. To Bishop Whipple, in the main, it has been granted to gather the harvest. And we all thank God for it. Thus it is still true, that one soweth and another reapeth. But blessed shall be both the sowers and the reapers, for they shall rejoice together, in the spiritual harvest.

The Episcopal Mission among the Sioux was commenced by Bishop Whipple in 1860. This was at what was called Red Wood or Lower Sioux Agency. The missionaries of the American Board had a small number of church members at this place. These were mainly those who had been members of Dr. Williamson's church at Raponia, before their removal. Rev. John P. Williamson had just finished his Seminary course at Lane Seminary, and was to come out and occupy the Lower Agency in this autumn of 1860. Bishop Whipple was doubtless not fully acquainted with these facts, when he acted on the request of the chiefs of the Lower Sioux Agency, to establish a Mission among them. At the time, the Presbyterian missionaries felt that he hardly acted towards them in accordance with the principles of Missionary comity; but they have since been abundantly satisfied that the movement was of the Lord, that there-

by the good Bishop might be identified with the spiritual work for the Sioux against the time of need.

In the autumn of 1860, he sent Rev. Samuel D. Hinman and wife and Miss Emily J. West to this Agency, when a Mission and school were commenced with every promise of success. A small Christian company had been gathered, when the Mission was destroyed by the outbreak of August, 1862. Every Christian Indian was faithful during this terrible war. The lives of the white captives were saved by the members of the Presbyterian and Episcopal churches. They rescued more than a hundred women and children from captivity. The story of their heroism reads like the tales of the early church. Taopi, Good Thunder, Owancha-maza, like John Other Day, Simon Anawangmane, Paul Mazakootamane and Lorenzo Lawrence performed deeds of bravery which deserved the gratitude of the whole American people.

The Episcopal Mission was continued in the camp of Indian prisoners at Fort Snelling, and removed with the Indians to Crow Creek on the Missouri river. Bishop Whipple confirmed one hundred and thirty-seven Sioux while the Mission was under his care. In 1875 he licensed George W. St. Clair, a Sioux Indian as catechist and lay reader, to care for the scattered families of Sioux residing at Faribault, Shakopee, Mendota and Red Wing. He was ordained in 1879, and is now an itinerant missionary to his people. About thirty persons, in these settlements, have been confirmed.

SECTION IX.

MISSION OF THE AMERICAN BOARD AMONG THE SIOUX OR DAKOTAS, CONTINUED—1853.

It will be remembered that, as a result of the Treaties of 1851, the Sioux were removed from the Mississippi and Lower Minnesota, to reservations on the Red Wood and Yellow Medicine, and that consequently the Stations at Red Wing, Little Crow's Village, Oak Grove, Prairieville and Traverse des Sioux were abandoned, all the missionaries connected with these Stations, except Dr. Williamson, electing to remain and labor among the white people. It was also noted that Dr. Williamson had, in the autumn of 1852, occupied a new Station a few miles above the Yellow Medicine. Also that in the next year Mr. Adams had received a call to take charge of the Church at Traverse des Sioux, which he had accepted. Mr. and Mrs. Pettijohn had also left Lac qui Parle and taken a homestead in the neighborhood of Traverse des Sioux, so that there were but the two families left, Dr. Williamson's and my own. Jane P. Williamson resided with her brother at Pay-zhe-hoo-ta-zee, and taught the school; while in my own family, we were fortunate to have Miss Lucy Spooner, afterwards Mrs. Drake, for two years after our return in the summer of 1852. Thus the work was carried on at the Yellow Medicine and Lac qui Parle. At the latter place, on the 3d of March, 1854, our Mission buildings took fire and were burned to ashes, including almost their entire contents. This event brought out largely the sympathy of our Dakota friends and others, near and far off.

After this event, and while we were preparing to rebuild at Lac qui Parle, Rev. S. B. Treat, of Boston, visited our Mission, and, after due consideration, it was decided that our strength was now in a greater consolidation. We were only two families, and it was wisely judged that we could be more helpful to each other, as well as carry on the Mission work to greater advantage, if we were nearer together. The annuities would now be paid at the Yellow Medicine, and our Christian Indians were quite willing to begin anew nearer to the Agency, and so in the summer of 1854, we built within two miles of Dr. Williamson, calling our station, at first, New Hope, but afterwards changing it to Hazelwood.

The plan was now, to commence a boarding school at the new station, as soon as possible, and to gather around the two stations as many as were willing to come under the arrangements of a civilized and Christianized community. This plan was eminently successful. To meet the requirements for building, a circular saw mill was put in operation by the Mission. This furnished the lumber to put up a building, the next year (1855), for the boarding school, and also a neat chapel. Of the $700 required for this last object, $500 was raised by the Indians and their white friends. Also, in the course of a few years, the Dakota and half blood families were helped to good frame buildings. The government soon commenced to erect for them dwellings of brick. The community here was soon organized into a civilized band called the Hazelwood Republic, and was the pattern for the government at the Lower Sioux Agency. The boarding school went into operation early in 1856, conducted for the first two years

or more, by Miss Ruth Pettijohn and Mrs. Anna B. Ackley. In 1859, Mr. Hugh D. Cunningham became steward of the boarding school, and continued in this position until the outbreak of 1862. It accommodated from sixteen to twenty scholars. Besides Mrs. Ackley, Misses Eliza W. Huggins and Isabella B. Riggs, were at different times employed as teachers.

In the early spring of 1857, occurred the Spirit Lake massacre, which proved a disturbing element in our Mission work during the whole summer. Of the four female captives taken by Inkpa-doota's party, two perished and two were brought in by Indians who had learned humanity from the Bible. Agent Flandrau found efficient help in executing summary justice upon one of Inkpa-doota's sons, who had the temerity to come into the Yellow Medicine settlement during that summer. Of the disturbances and dangers of the season, Dr. Williamson, in the November following, wrote a very full and graphic account, which was published in the *Missionary Herald* for February, 1858. It may said that all these things turned out for the furtherance of the gospel. Year by year some additions were made to each of the churches, so that our aggregate membership was now more than sixty. Since this new departure we had a new Dakota hymn book prepared with the tunes. Also, the first part of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, which I had translated into Dakota, was printed and became an inspiration to our people.

At St. Paul, on September 8, 1858, the Synod of Minnesota was organized, consisting of the Presbyterians of Dakota, Minnesota and Blue Earth. Dr. Williamson, as the oldest minister, preached the sermon, in which he gave

a minute account of the trials, toils and sacrifices, as well as encouragements, attendant on planting the gospel among the Dakotas. But I refer to this organization of the synod (which will have its proper place in a paper by another hand), simply to say, that of the twenty-one ministers which constituted it, exactly one-third had been, or were, missionaries among the Sioux.

The Indians, who removed from the Mississippi, located at the Red Wood or Lower Sioux Agency. Of them, eight or ten persons had been members of the Kaposia and Oak Grove churches. These were counted as a part of Dr. Williamson's church, and in 1861, were organized separately. In the spring of 1860, John P. Williamson, the Doctor's eldest son, finished his theological studies at Lane Seminary, and, after preaching a few months in Indiana, came and took charge of this little church at the Lower Sioux Agency. The next summer he erected a nice little frame chapel, which was dedicated in the last days of the year 1861. Before he had completed his dwelling house, the outbreak of August, 1862, came on, when Mr. William son was providentially absent on a visit to Ohio.

The causes of this outbreak were not difficult to see. The Republican administration, as it came in, managed matters unwisely in several particulars—notably in an attempt to change the money annuities into goods, and in the consequent failure to meet their engagements at the proper time in the summer of 1862. By this course of the government, as well as by a knowledge of the defeats of our armies in the Southern war, the Sioux of the Minnesota were kept in a state of dissatisfaction and unrest, ever since the autumn of 1861. At the Lower Sioux

Agency a *Tee-go-tee-pee*, or Soldier's Lodge, was organized, which always had been done, either for the protection of the Buffalo hunt or for war. This was the evidence of their disaffection and excitement. Lying still deeper than the causes before mentioned was an extensive opposition to the adoption of the forms of civilization which had been pressed upon them. The administration had held out strong inducements to Indian men to have their hair cut off and adopt a civilized dress; and this had been attended by a large measure of success. This, to the so-called medicine men, represented a change of religion, and, naturally enough, provoked a strong opposition.

The outbreak itself, with its horrors and devastation, with its deaths and deliverances, may be mainly passed over. as not germane to the object of this paper. But the world has a right to know what part our Christian Indians took in this emeute. Bishop Whipple testifies: "Every Christian Indian was faithful during this terrible war. The lives of the white captives were saved by the members of the Presbyterian and Episcopal churches. They rescued more than one hundred women and children from captivity. The story of their heroism reads like the tales of the early church." Let us see how far this statement is true. Taopi, Good Thunder, Owanca-maza and others breasted the storm of the outbreak at the Lower Sioux Agency. The next morning, John Otherday, started with the company of white people, sixty-two in numbers, from the Yellow Medicine and brought them safely to St. Paul. Our missionary company of forty odd persons, were materially assisted in making our escape by more than a dozen of our Christian men. Peter-Big-Fire went with a war

party, which was likely to follow *our trail*, until they had passed over it, and then returned, having accomplished his object. While Gen. Sibley's force still lay at Fort Ridgely, Lorenzo Lawrence brought down two canoe loads in one of which was Mrs. DeCamp and her children. About the same time, Simon Anawangmane brought to our camp, in his one-horse wagon, Mrs. Newman and her children. In the meantime, Paul Mazakootamane, backed by John B. Renville and his noble wife and others, worked in the hostile camp, to bring about a counter revolution, got into their possession the white captives, and were ready to deliver them up, after the battle of Wood Lake. This was done at Camp Release. These were all prominent men in our Mission churches. Surely Christianity is sufficiently vindicated. True, Peter-Big-Fire and Robert Hopkins, and one or two other members of our churches, were condemned and imprisoned, *because they had carried their guns* and had *been present at some of the battles.* But this imprisonment, like the Apostle Paul's at Cæsarea, and at Rome, was for the furtherance of the gospel.

SECTION X.

MISSION OF THE AMERICAN BOARD WITH THE OJIBWAS, 1854 TO 1880.

The attempt to establish the government school at Crow Wing having proved a failure, and Rev. Thomas Hall having retired to Sauk Rapids where he made himself a home, Mr. Pulsifer and his wife with Henry Blatchford, native catechist, returned to Lake Superior and were thence-

forward a part of the Mission at Red River with Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler. This was now the only station of the American Board with the Ojibwas. The government at Washington had now become satisfied of the bad policy of attempting to remove the Lake Superior Indians to the interior of Minnesota, and had abandoned it. In the fall of 1853 a payment had been made on the lake, and now in the autumn of 1854, a commission, consisting of Agents Gilbert and Harriman, was authorized to treat with those Ojibwas on and near the lake in Minnesota and Wisconsin for a cession of their land. This treaty was made and ratified, and was regarded as fair and honorable to both parties — six reservations being allotted to the Indians, one of which was on Bad River. By this treaty it was arranged that the Indians could secure in severalty eighty acres of land for a homestead. This proved quite an incentive to industry, and in the course of a few years many of these Indians had built cabins and made homes for themselves on their eighty acre lots. The *metawa*, their sacred dance, was allowed to go into disuse; their children attended the Mission school, and many of the principal families ranged themselves on the side of the "praying Indians," and pretty much the whole band exerted themselves to keep whisky away from the reserve. A half-breed who was known to be a liquor seller, applied for permission to come and be their teacher. The chief men said, "No; it is true we like a drop once in a while ourselves, but we are afraid to have whisky come here among our people." That was a brave stand to take.

In addition to the workers mentioned above, Miss Spooner was there as the school teacher. The school prospered, having an average attendance of thirty scholars. A school

at La Pointe was also maintained for a part of the time, as Indians still resided there for the purpose of fishing. The hearers of the Word were more numerous than heretofore; and a few showed an honest desire to obey the gospel. This appears to have been the condition of Mission work at this station for several years — that of slow but manifest progress in the line of civilization and evangelization. In the summer of 1856, Secretary S. B. Treat from Boston visited this mission, when the plan was adopted for the establishment of a mission boarding school. For the erection of buildings needful to carry out this plan the government of the United States afterwards granted the sum of $3,000. In the report of the board it was noted that D. Irenæus Miner and wife had joined this Mission, "to take charge of the boarding school." In the meantime, Mr. Wheeler places this upon the record: "Many things look like substantial progress among our people. They are much more industrious, temperate and enterprising than formerly. There is evidently a growing desire to own individual property and make homes for themselves and their children. Personal religion, too, is becoming more a matter of independent individual inquiry. And they seem to have, also, more discernment of what spiritual religion is." This was written in the first days of the year 1860.

The boarding school, spoken of above, went into effect in the October preceding with fifteen scholars, which number had been increased to twenty-four a year afterwards, and a large day school was also carried on in connection with the boarding scholars. The steward of the boarding school was David B. Spencer, and Mr. Miner and Miss Rhoda W. Spicer were the teachers, and Henry Blatchford was the

native preacher. After the first year or so Mr. Miner and his wife appear to have retired from the Mission.

On March 6, 1862, Mr. Wheeler wrote very encouragingly of the winter's work and of the prospects generally. From 80 to 100 persons had attended their Sabbath services pretty regularly. And they were greatly encouraged by "the best schools they had ever had." Thus at Odanah, which was now the name of the station on Bad River, the work of Education went on prosperously for several years, and the people made "decided progress in the arts and comforts of life." But the church remained in numbers about what it had been. The report of the Board for 1863 says, "no additions; and there is great need of the reviving influences of the Spirit." It must then have been a matter of joy, when Mr. Wheeler could write on the 23d of February, 1864, "The Holy Spirit seems to be present, convincing of sin, especially among the youth in the boarding school and in Christian families."

As the result of this religious awakening, it was believed that "a few were renewed by the Holy Spirit, and the moral condition of the communicants had improved." In 1865, Dr. Ellis took charge of the boarding school, and it is spoken of as continuously doing a good work. But on other accounts the condition of things was far from satisfactory. The Indians became distrustful of the government, and did not feel secure in their homes. This led them to go back somewhat to their *metawa* and other pagan customs. The Indian Department at Washington did not support the boarding school as it should have done. And the spiritual blessing so long hoped for, did not come. And the committee said in their report on this

Mission, "It is painful to learn that the prospects of this tribe are becoming less rather than more hopeful."

In the year following (1866), only Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler and Henry Blatchford are mentioned as occupying the Odanah station; and the report says: "The prospects of the Ojibwa Mission have not improved; and it has become quite obvious that there should be a large reduction in the annual disbursements for its support, if nothing more." Mr. Wheeler's health has not been good for some time, and the next year the family removed to Beloit, Wis., where only a few years of life are added to him. But he had made his mark upon the civilization and Christianization of the Ojibwas of Lake Superior. Henry Blatchford was still retained at Odanah as the native preacher. In the year 1870, this Mission was transferred to the Presbyterian Board.

In the month of September, 1874, it was my privilege to visit this station, as also other agencies among the Ojibwas. The Odanah station was then occupied by Rev. Isaac Baird, assisted by Mrs. Baird, Miss Phillips, Miss Verbeck, Miss Dougherty and Miss Walker. The boarding school had been revived and was in prosperity. I was obliged to confess that I had not seen anywhere, twenty-five boys and girls better looking and more manly and womanly in their appearance, than those Ojibwas. And the whole community gave evidence of the good work done by the school in past years. Since that time, the native church has greatly increased in numbers, and Henry Blatchford has become the native pastor. Finally the government has made arrangements which are supposed to be satisfactory to those Indians in regard to the own-

ership of land. *The fifty years missionary work has been a success.*

SECTION XI.

MISSION OF THE AMERICAN BOARD AMONG THE SIOUX — CONTINUED — 1862 TO 1880.

The outbreak of August, 1862, came upon us like an avalanche. The day before it commenced, the Mission church at Hazelwood had a grand gathering at the remembrance of the death and resurrection of Christ the Lord. But now it seemed to us as if the very foundations were destroyed, and our work of more than a quarter of a century had come to naught. What could be the moral meaning of the events, and what would be its results, we could not tell. During the days and nights spent on the prairie in making our escape these questions often came up; but the whole was an enigma — dark, doubtful.

Step by step the way was made plain. The first thing to be done was the delivery of the white captives. The next was to see that justice should be done in punishing the guilty and shielding the innocent. Then there opened up a work in the prison at Mankato and in the camp at Fort Snelling that we little dreamed of. In both places during winter there grew up an enthusiasm for education and a hunger for hearing the words of life. Rev. John P. Williamson returned from Ohio immediately on hearing of the outbreak, joined our camp at Red Wood, went with the Indian families — about 1,500 persons — in their journey to Snelling, and thence in the next spring to Crow Creek, and was their spiritual Moses during all the years of their separation and affliction. Dr. Williamson, locating his family at Saint

Peter, was ready to enter the open door of the prison at Mankato. The opposition to education, and the gospel of Christ, had vanished. The prison became a school of letters and religion, and the camp at Fort Snelling was not much behind. In midwinter Dr. Williamson summoned to his aid Rev. G. H. Pond, and they two baptised 300 prisoners in one day. At the camp John P. Williamson was indefatiguable in his labors, and more than 100 hopeful conversions took place. Many adults and children were baptised. It was my privilege to work somewhat at both places, and to witness the marvels which God was working in their dark minds and hearts.

It is matter of history that the condemned men were taken in the spring of 1863 to Camp McClellan at Davenport, Iowa, where they were kept for three years. The families of these men were taken around by the mouth of the Missouri and landed at Fort Thompson or Crow Creek, in Dakota. Something more than a score of Dakota men were selected by Gen. Sibley as scouts, and they and their families were retained in Minnesota.

By the removals of the inmates of the prison and the camp, the main part of our Mission work among the Sioux was removed beyond the range of this paper. But I cannot forbear saying that the educational and religious work went on in both communities. Of the three winters that followed, Dr. Williamson spent two, and I spent one with the prisoners at Davenport. While J. P. Williamson, summoning to his aid Edward R. Pond and H. D. Cunningham, for a part of the time cared for the intellectual and spiritual wants of the women and children at Crow Creek. These were years of great mortality. At least one-tenth

died every year. But when, in the summer of 1866, the *reunion* of the families took place at Niobrara, in the north east corner of Nebraska, the consolidated church numbered over 400. So had the word of God taken root among them.

In the meantime it had been a part of my duty and privilege to revise and complete the translation of the entire New Testament into the language of the Dakotas, which, together with a revised Genesis and Proverbs, by Dr. Williamson, was printed for us by the American Bible Society, in the first days of 1865. This met a great and increasing want among these Christian Sioux. In the summer that followed, more than $100 were paid by the imprisoned men at Davenport, for Dakota Bibles.

After Gen. Sibley's campaign of 1863, the Sioux men who had been employed as scouts on the expedition, joined their families, and were stationed on the frontier as a guard against the incursions of the hostiles. For several years they were retained under the direction of the military, and formed what we called the Scouts' camp. Among them a church was organized. With John B. Renville, who for some years after the outbreak resided in St. Anthony, I visited this camp in the summer of 1864, at the Yellow Medicine, and in 1865, at the head of the Red Wood. When Mr. Renville was licensed and ordained as an Evangelist, he was for some time in special charge of this scattered flock. A part of them stopped at Lac qui Parle and made claims. But when in the summer of 1866, Dr. Williamson and myself, taking with us Mr. Renville, went on a tour of visitation, we found the majority of the scouts encamped on the shores of Lake Traverse and at Buffalo Lake, within the limits of this present reserve.

We had now reached that point in our Mission work where it became necessary to employ native helpers, more than we had hitherto done. John B. Renville had been licensed the year before by the Dakota Presbytery meeting at Mankato. This summer of 1866, we approbated four other men to preach the gospel among their people—two on the Couteau and two on the Missouri. This work of inducting Dakota men into the office of the ministry was continued from year to year, as our Christian communities demanded. Putting the work mainly upon others, Dr. Williamson and I spent our summers in the field and our winters at our homes in St. Peter and Beloit, in carrying forward the translation of the Bible, and in doing other needed work.

In 1867, those Indians made a treaty with the government, by which the present reservation was set apart for their occupation, and a promise made them of help in their efforts to become civilized. From that time they began to scatter and settle down in various parts of the reserve. Each summer we held a camp meeting with them, when new members were added to the church rolls. In the summer of 1868, the number added on profession of faith was more than three-score. Indians came on to the reserve from the Missouri, from the north and from the white settlements. Thus the community in a few years numbered a thousand—then 1500 and more. It was now necessary to organize them into separate churches. The first of these to have native pastors were the Ascension and Long Hollow churches, which were in charge of Rev. J. B. Renville and Rev. Solomon Toonkanshaecheya. The other Dakota churches in this region were Lac qui Parle, Dry Wood Lake

and Kettle Lakes. The latter was with the scouts in Fort Wadsworth. We had several licentiates, as Daniel Renville, Peter, Simon and Louis.

In the summer of 1870, I erected Mission buildings on this reserve near the agency, which station we called Good Will. This gave to our occupation more of permanence, and it became the center of our work for that part of the country. The two winters following I spent there myself, but the Mission school was placed in charge of Mr. W. K. Morris. In 1872, Rev. M. N. Adams became agent, and during nearly four years pushed forward the work of education, erecting several district school houses, and one large building for a boarding school. In all the years since that time, this boarding school has been in operation, and has done good work. Under every agent from Dr. J. W. Daniels to the present one, Charles Crissey, civilization has progressed on this reservation. Under the exceedingly difficult arrangements of the treaty of 1867, a few individuals have obtained patents for the land they occupy. All are anxious to become land owners. This was very strongly manifested by two colonies going off from the reservations and taking homesteads. The first company went out from the Santee agency a dozen years ago, and commenced the homestead settlement at Flandrau on the Big Sioux, a few miles west of the Minnesota line. Now it numbers about four-score families, and is a prosperous settlement, with both a Presbyterian and an Episcopal church. The other colony went from the Sisseton reserve about six years ago. It consists of about thirty families, who have, largely of their own resources, built a good house of worship, and have a church of seventy members. Thus it has become

apparent that Indians are capable of becoming civilized and Christianized, and thus pass from the anomolous position of dependence into that of citizenship. We claim that the Indian problem is being worked out. That the Bible is the great civilizer of the nations—Indians as well as others.

The present number of native churches on this Sisseton reservation, including the Brown Earth homestead settlement, is six, with an aggregate membership of about 400. Another step in the religious progress of this people is indexed by the existence of a Native Missionary Society, which raises and uses in employing missionaries to the wilder Sioux, between three and four hundred dollars annually. The Ascension church—Rev. John B. Renville, pastor, has a house of worship which cost them about $1500. Mayasan church, at the other end of the reserve, has a house which cost about $500. Long Hollow church has a log-house which is comfortable if not attractive. Buffalo Lake and Good Will churches have buildings in process of erection.

Three years ago the Missionary Society of Canada called one of our native pastors, Rev. Solomon Toonkansharcheya, to do Mission work among the dispersed Sioux in Manitoba, which is proving a successful undertaking. Thus with the whole Bible in the language of the Sioux, and with churches and native pastors in working order, I may close this paper by recognizing the divine hand and the divine help in all the forty odd years of our Mission work among the Sioux. Dr. T. S. Williamson, the father of our Mission, has gone to the upper world; and so has the younger of the brothers

Pond. But both lived to see the gospel working out the uplift of the Dakotas beyond their highest anticipations. It is indeed marvelous in our eyes.

Beloit, Wis., May 1880.

MEMOIR OF REV. STEPHEN R. RIGGS, D. D.

[This issue of our collections, being the first one published since the death of Dr. Riggs, makes it proper to give a brief memoir of this devoted missionary, in connection with his valuable paper, as above.]

Stephen Return Riggs, was the descendant of Miles Riggs, a native of Wales, who settled in Plymouth, Mass., soon after the arrival of the first pilgrims. His parents were Stephen Riggs and Annie Baird. He was born in Steubenville, O., March 12, 1812., one of eleven children. In 1829, the family removed to Ripley, O., where, in the August following, his mother died. Sixteen years later his father died. Stephen Riggs commenced his academic education in Ripley, and in the spring of 1833, went to Jefferson College, Pa., where he was graduated in 1834. He studied theology partly at the Western Theological Seminary at Allegheny, Pa., and was licensed to preach by the Chillicothe Presbytery, in the autumn of 1836. The following winter he spent in Hawley, Mass., and preached to the West Parish people. During the winter, he was accepted by the Prudential Committee of the American Board as a missionary, and designated to join the Dakota Mission. Returning to Ohio in the spring, he was ordained as a missionary to the Dakotas, by the Chillicothe Presbytery, at West Union, O., in April, 1837. On Feb. 16, 1837, he was married to Miss Mary Ann Clark Longley, in Hawley, Mass., an estimable and devoted woman, who bravely bore all the hardships and dangers of missionary life, for over quarter of a century. They started for their field of work in March, and reached the Lake Harriet Mission, near the Falls of St. Anthony, in June, 1837, where Dr. Riggs began his life-long labors for the Dakota Indians, going to Lac qui Parle in September of the same year. Dr. Williamson and the Pond brothers had already begun the work in this region. He gave diligent study to the Dakota tongue, soon speaking it with fluency, and translating the scriptures, hymns, and other works into it; besides laboring faithfully for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the natives. In 1840, he made a journey to Ft. Pierre. In 1842, while on a visit east, he supervised the printing of a considerable portion of the Bible, in Dakota, also a hymn book and some school books, of which he had performed most of the author-

ship. In the spring of 1843, he returned to his mission field, and established a new station at Traverse de Sioux, but in 1846 was sent again to Lac qui Parle, where he continued to labor until 1854, in the meantime spending a winter (1851–52) east, supervising the printing of the "Grammar and Dictionary of the Dakota Language," compiled by himself and his associates in the mission work, Dr. Thomas S. Williamson and Revs. Gideon H. and Samuel W. Pond, after many years of patient labor and study. This great work, one of the most important contributions to Indian philology produced in America, owed its publication largely to a fund contributed by members of the Minnesota Historical Society.

On March 3, 1854, the Mission houses at Lac qui Parle were consumed by fire, and they were compelled to remove to Hazel Wood or "Oomahoo," where he resided until the massacre, Aug. 18, 1862, when he and his family were in great danger, but providentially escaped to a place of safety. During the winter of 1862-63, Dr. Riggs labored hard for the conversion of the Indian prisoners confined at Mankato and elsewhere. In the Sibley expedition of 1863 to the Missouri, he served as chaplain and interpreter. He continued his missionary work after the termination of the Indian war, visiting in the summers, Missions in Nebraska and Dakota, and meantime working during winters on his translation of the Bible into Dakota, which was completed and published just before his death, in 1883. He lived during these latter years at Beloit, Wis., in which city Mrs. Mary Riggs, his devoted wife, died.

Dr. Riggs was subsequently remarried. The end of his long and eventful career came to him at Beloit, Aug. 24, 1883, in his 71st year. Dr. Riggs was a man of small stature, but of much endurance and courage. Many times during his stay on the frontier, his life was in danger, but he always faced peril with calmness. He was an industrious scholar, and an observant author. His works are numerous, and all evince ability. The degree of D. D. was conferred upon him in 1873 by Beloit College, and of LL. D., by Jefferson College. An interesting account of his long and faithful labors is given in his work, "Mary and I," published in 1880. Eight children had been born to them, several of whom also engaged in the missionary work among the Dakotas. W.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY

OF

MAJ. LAWRENCE TALIAFERRO.

WRITTEN IN 1864.

PRELIMINARY NOTE.

Lawrence Taliaferro, whose characteristic account of his career as Indian Agent at Fort Snelling, from April, 1819, to January, 1840, accompanies this, was prominently identified with Minnesota history during that period. The Saint Paul Daily Pioneer, a few days after Maj. Taliaferro's death, gave the following sketch of him:

Maj. Taliaferro remained as Indian Agent at Fort Snelling a period of almost twenty-one years, being re-appointed six times by different Presidents, and resigning at last. His was a long incumbency for such an office as that, and shows that Major Taliaferro was active and faithful in the discharge of his duties. And such he certainly was, while in a position which many have used for their own aggrandisement. Maj. T. was scrupulously honest. No charge was ever made against him of malversation in office, for his own benefit. He labored to impress the tribes under his supervision with proper respect for the government, and by gratifying their penchant for "big talks," and ceremonies, kept them in pretty good order and obedience. He was sometimes ridiculed for his egotism, of which he had a good share, but he was careful, correct, and methodical in his business matters, and prided himself on his successful performance of them. With the Indian traders he generally managed to keep up a standing quarrel, however, and his official correspondence with the department was ponderous, but generally related to trivial matters. During his incumbency he maintained a wide correspondence with many eminent men in official and military life in the west. Their letters, hundreds in number, he afterwards gave to the Minnesota Historical Society, with a quantity of other valuable manuscripts. A careful and minute diary of events which he kept during his official career at Fort Snelling, has been used by Rev. E. D. Neill, in the preparation of his historical writings. After his resignation in 1840, he was out of service until 1857, when he was appointed military storekeeper at Bedford, Pa. In 1863 he was placed on the retired list, with the pay of his grade. He died at Bedford, January 22, 1871, aged 77 years. A half-breed daughter of his, subsequently married a discharged soldier at Fort Snelling, named Warren Woodbury and resided in West St. Paul a number of years.

The name of Taliaferro is both ancient and honorable. Some miles distant from Williamsburg, Virginia, near an old brick church may be seen the resting place of the old Colonial family of the Taliaferro's, Lawrence Taliaferro, deceased 1748, John Taliaferro, of Snow Creek, 1744. But to go further back in date, we come to the year 1637, when four brothers, John, Lawrence, James and Francis Taliaferro emigrated from Genoa, Italy, to England, and after five years in London, crossed the Atlantic and landed with other emigrants at Jamestown, about the year 1637 or shortly thereafter. From these brothers sprang a large connection. Some were officers and privates in the Revolutionary war; also in the war of 1812, the Mexican war and finally in the war for the Union, of 1861. Their descendants filled the highest stations in the gift of a free people. We now approach the name of one of this connection of whom we desire to take a brief notice: Major Lawrence Taliaferro, born at Whitehall, King George county, Virginia, February 28, 1794. He was the fourth son of James Garnett Taliaferro and Wilhilmena Wishart, an only daughter of the Rev. John Wishart, of Perth, Scotland, a lineal descendant of George Wishart, the last of the Martyrs for conscience sake. Of his early youth but little of interest can be recorded; with the best tutors, Hon. Samuel L. Southard, Samuel C. Lewis and others of New Jersey, he would play truant from school. His venerable mother knowing his habits and propensities, decided to let the wayward youth alone to his farming inclinations, knowing her own child best.

At the age of eighteen, the war with England demanded volunteers and soon found himself with four other grown

brothers duly enrolled, by the act of his patriotic mother, on the 5th of August, 1812, in a volunteer company of light infantry under Captain Meriwether Taliaferro, subsequently appointed to the 35th regular infantry. During his three months service, his animosity to England become so fixed and apparent, that his friends promised if he would go to a famous grammar school at Tusculum, in charge of Doctor Valentine Peyton, late of the U. S. Navy, for eight months, he should have a commission in the regular army. This proposition was cheerfully acceded to, and carried into im mediate effect by his parents. At the close of the period indicated, his preceptor stated officially his English education to be perfectly satisfactory, and he was duly appointed an ensign in the first regiment United States Infantry, on the 2nd of June, 1813, and ordered to Belle Fontaine, in Missouri. On being promoted to a second lieutenancy on the 13th of August following, was directed to proceed to, and report to Colonel John Campbell, at Chillicothe, Ohio, for the recruiting service. This order was as promptly obeyed as a six hnndred miles ride on horse back would allow. Here an order was given to repair to Cincinnati and open a rendezvous for recruits for his regiment. He met old officers of rifles already in this field before him. Nevertheless, nothing daunted, he applied to General Harrison for funds to go to work on. The general eyed the rough youth closely for a moment, saying, "you look young, sir, but I think you have spirit and energy." O'Fallon give the lieutenant a check on Pay Master Hunt, for five hundred dollars. In ten days another five hundred was estimated for, which seemed to surprise no one as much as the careful pay master, who said, "you use money fast, and I don't see

your name on the register." Perhaps not, was the reply; but you know surely the commanding general's signature. This ended further suspicion doubtless, as nothing more was heard from the gentleman.

There arose a jealous feeling and rivalry, between the infantry and rifles; the boy officer was going ahead too rapidly for the old veterans. The citizens enjoyed this rivalry in securing men, and the boy met great encouragement.

There arrived in Cincinnati in March, 1814, thirty-seven British officers, prisoners of war, destined for close confinement in the penitentiary, at Frankfort, Kentucky. Lieut. Taliaferro was detailed to guard these prisoners until they could be forwarded under a proper guard. This responsible and delicate duty was discharged to the satisfaction of General Harrison.

Early in March, the venerable John Cleves Symms died, the father-in-law of General Harrison, and his remains escorted to North Bend, in a keel boat prepared for that purpose, and there interred in the family cemetery.

About this period, a court martial had sentenced a soldier to be shot for desertion. On the day indicated for his execution, the troops were paraded at Newport, the Frenchman escorted by the guard to the place indicated and placed on his coffin. Things looked serious and solemn, but at the moment of "ready," the reprieve came and all breathed free again; none more so than the pardoned deserter from his colors.

On the 4th of April, 1814, he received an order to turn over his recruits to Captain Bryson, and repair to Carlisle, Penn., and report to Major Clemson. On arriving at this point, found an order to proceeed at once to Brunswick,

New Jersey, the headquarters of the first infantry. The journey from Cincinnati to this latter point of destination was performed by him and Lieut. Christy on horse back. Reporting to Capt. H. Johnson, superintending the recruiting service, was speedily ordered to proceed to Monmouth Court House (the old battle field of the Revolution) for the recruiting service. Here he unexpectedly met with violent opposition from the anti-war federalists, but he persevered manfully obtaining a few men. Immediately after the 4th of July was ordered back to head-quarters, and assigned to a company under Capt. Helm, with Lieutenants Stansbury and Harberger, and marched to Fort Erie, upper Canada, and joined Brown's second division of the army. After the siege was raised, caused by the sortie of the 17th of September, 1814, upon the enemy, and the battle of Cook Mills, on Lion Creek, fought and won under General Bissell. General Izard of the first division with fresh troops, relieved the second division, which crossed the Niagara and was marched to winter quarters at Sackett's Harbor, New York.

In November he was again detailed for the recruiting service and ordered to Brunswick, New Jersey, a few days after reporting again to Captain Johnson. The U. S. Commissioners at Ghent had been heard from, and in due season the news of peace reached the government, when our young soldier returned on furlough to his family home in Virginia. Stopping at Trenton to see his old friend and tutor, the Hon. Samuel L. Southard; he was urged by him to remain to witness the trial of the great steamboat question between Ogden and Fulton, before the legislature of the state. Here he saw and heard men of profound intellect—Thomas Addis Emmet, Sampson, Hopkin-

son, Ogden, Fulton and Southard. He saw Emmet take Southard by the hand with a most cordial shake, saying: "Sir, I congratulate you on having made the best speech in a bad cause that it ever was my pleasure to hear; you are a rising man." After this short delay he reached his home in safety but in impaired health from long and severe exposure in the line of his duty, yet with the high commendation of his superiors. The war having ceased, and the reduction of the army from 65 to 10 regiments effected, he found himself nevertheless retained with his full rank of First Lieut. in the 3d Regiment of Infantry, with orders to repair to Detroit, Michigan, where he joined his regiment under Colonel John Miller. While in camp at Spring Wells below Detroit, was selected for a separate command on Gross Isle, opposite Malden. While exercising this command, the frequent desertion of the Royal Scots to his Post during the winter of 1815–16, induced the British town mayors to impugn the conduct of his command, asserting that his Majesty's soldiers were enticed to desert by the American soldiers; which statement on his own responsibility induced this officer (Lieut. Taliaferro) to cross over to Malden and call on the town mayor in command of the British forces. He found several officers present, and at once made his visit known, and that was to say to his Britannic Majesty's officers in command that he found a number of the soldiers deserters from the American army in Malden, and some of these employed as mechanics in the shops of the town. He hoped that British officers did not connive at conduct so unworthy the enjoined observance of the two nations. Here was a poser. The Yankee officer had struck the

first blow, and "John Bull" had not a word in reply as to the desertion of a large number of the Royal Scots, His report of this ruse to Gen. McComb, in command of the department at Detroit, was much commended at the time. The approach of spring caused a disposition of the troops comprising the 3d and 5th Regiments of Infantry, in order to garrison the several posts on the upper lakes. Companies A and B, 3d Infantry, were ordered to Chicago to rebuild Ft. Dearborn, attached to B, Light Infantry, Capt. Bradley. He reached Chicago and landed with the command July 4th, 1816, and went into tents, throwing up precautionary breastworks, planting cannon, &c. Here as Asst. Quartermaster and Ordnance officer he superintended the reconstruction of the post which had been destroyed by the Potawatamies and other Indians in August, 1812, and nearly all the garrison massacred. So hostile were the Winnebagos and others that the Quartermaster had to move daily with an armed party for the security of the men engaged in felling and hewing timber for the post. By the spring of 1817 the troops were on half rations, but there was no complaint. In August of this year the Asst. Quartermaster (Taliaferro) was ordered to Chillicothe, Ohio, to recruit under Major Larrabee; but not long after complying with the orders was directed to march 130 men, in company with Lieuts. C. L. Cass and Evans, to fill up the 3d Regiment at Fort Howard, Green Bay. On the march to Sandusky, Lieut. Cass in command, the President of the United States being then on his tour through the West was met in the "Long Woods" beyond Mansfield. A consultation as to how the President should be received by the troops,

was called by Mr. Cass in command. Lieuts. Taliaferro and Evans said it was not a knotty point; all that was requisite was to form the men in line at shouldered arms, and as the President approached cause the music to play "Hail to the Chief" or "Hail Columbia," and present arms. This opinion seemed not to suit the pompous and self-conceited commander, who said he had no notice of the approach of the President and should not act in the matter. The rear guard being a separate command for the day under Lieut. Taliaferro, Cass consented to let him use his pleasure with the same, and the President, as he should have been, was duly honored with a prompt and hearty salute which caused his steed to shy, but the old Cocked Hat of the days of Trenton and Princeton was doffed with a low bow. Just following in the rear came General McComb and Governor Cass, when Lieut. Cass was made to feel his own inferiority in point of military etiquette. The detachment continued its march to Detroit. Here to the surprise of Lieut. Taliaferro Lieut. Cass turned over the command to him with orders to hire transportation and report to regimental headquarters at Green Bay. As the season was far advanced and no time to be lost in useless delay, the detachment was taken to Mackinac in the schooner Monroe, and later in the Jackson to Green Bay and Chicago, reaching the latter post on the 17th of November after a storm of three days in which the vessel was near being lost on the coast of Lake Michigan.

Lieut. Taliaferro was noted for his proficiency in military tactics in the battalion and evolutions of the line, and so reported on the confidential inspection reports by Inspector

General Wood, in July, 1818, when he left his post on a four months sick leave for the Bedford Springs, in Pennsylvania. On his recovery, he passed on to Washington city, where he paid his respects to the President, his patron friend and connection. Here the President was pleased to say: "He wished Lieut. Taliaferro to resign his position in the army; he had heard a good report of him; he was above his rank; promotion was too slow; that he wanted his services in a responsible civil capacity, where he would have more command of his time; go home to your mother, and remain until you hear from me." He was gratefully and politely thanked. On the 27th of March, following, the Secretary of War, John C. Calhoun, forwarded to his address at Fredericksburg the appointment of Agent of Indian Affairs at St. Peter's near the Falls of St. Anthony. The office was duly accepted, and he, after filing his bonds, left to join the expedition under Colonel Leavenworth, already ordered with his regiment, the Fifth Infantry, to lake post at the junction of the St. Peter and Mississippi. The Agent, however, repaired to St. Louis, and reported to Governor William Clark, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and late companion of Lewis to the Columbia River. From St. Louis he keel-boated with the Winnebago Agent, N. Boilvin, as far as Prairie du Chien. Here falling in with a government boat, proceeded on this slow mode of conveyance, in company with an escort of Indians, headed by Tah-ma-ha—or, The Pike—sometimes called the "Burn," a one-eyed Indian, a great friend of the Americans in the war of 1812, who described many interesting scenes on the Mississippi, and on board the American gun boats. He possessed both cunning and much intelligence. His re-

marks upon the conduct of the Indians, and British traders who instigated them to acts of hostility against the United States, which confirmed the truth of much that had been previously stated in the public prints.

It may be remarked in this connection, that the new agent was not only apparently well received by the agents and traders, and citizens of Prairie du Chien, but rather obsequiously so by the former — in fact these felt their guilt being in the main yet British subjects. Among these was Joseph Rolette, agent of the American Fur Com pany, who seemed most desirous of feeling the pulse of the agent by many proffered acts of kindness and civilities, all of which was understood and properly appreciated.

The agent proceeded onward to his post — visiting the villages of Wabasha, Red Wing, at the head of Lake Pepin and Petite Corbeau or Little Crow, addressing the chiefs of each town as to the nature of his appointment and the reasons why the President had sent troops to erect a fort at St. Peters, and location of an agent to conduct the affairs of the Dakota nation, in connection with the chiefs of the "Seven fires;" that apparently their new father might seem to them young, but that he had an old soldier's head, and an honest heart, determined to cause the Indian trade to be well conducted for their benefit on principles of equal justice to all.

Jean Baptiste Faribault and family, had gone through by land, in charge of Colonel Leavenworth's horses and cows—an old trader licensed as far back as 1810, by General Wilkinson, in command at Mackinac. It was to this Canadian of Colonel Leavenworth, in August, 1820, in the name of his wife, Pelagie Faribault, Ritter's Island was

conveyed in an unauthorized convention, as was 400 acres, including Mendota, to Duncan Campbell, and 400 acres to Margaret Campbell, opposite Fountain Cave. This convention, a truly unfortunate one, was clandestinely convened and held at camp "Coldwater," while the proper agent was in the quarters of the old cantonment west of the Minnesota. So injurious to the future tranquility of the post was this treaty viewed by the company officers of the army present and the agent, that he addressed the Secretary of War on the subject, and the result was, the President declined to lay the paper before the Senate, and the agent directed (in consequence of the President's decision), to notify those persons claiming reservation under the Leavenworth convention, that these would not be considered. Official notice was at once served by Scott Campbell on Pelagie Faribault, Duncan Campbell and Margaret Campbell. General Cass, in his tour through the Upper Mississippi, in August, 1820, seemed, after one council with the Indians, convened by the agent at his request, to understand the weakness of Colonel Leavenworth in desiring to be considered both commanding officer and Indian Agent, who stated to the agent that his, Leavenworth's, course would spoil the Indians. The reply of the Agent was: The Colonel will be soon relieved, when his self-conceited vanity will be at an end, which was effected by the arrival of that excellent officer, Colonel Josiah Snelling, who, on being presented to the chiefs and head men of the Sioux, said: "I am pleased to take you by the hand. I shall have much to do. You have an excellent agent sent you by the President, your Great Father. He is paramount in all things touching your nation. I

shall support him when he needs it. You may feel secure in his friendship and my friendship as long as your conduct shall merit it. My troops are all friendly to your people, tell them so." From this time forward there was great harmony of action and concert between the civil and military.

The agent went to work to neutralize British influence and to give efficient organization to the fur trade, and secure the confidence of the surrounding tribes of Sioux and Chippewas. A truce to their continued wars had also to be met in a manner least calculated to wound their martial pride. In conforming to the laws and regulations to which the attention of all persons then engaged or might be engaged in commerce with the Indians, it was apparent that the instructions of the President of 1818 to General Cass, *ex officio* Superintendent of Indian affairs at Detroit, were found to admit of a latitude of construction as well as misconception which caused the executive officers to feel the need of more stringent laws and more clearly defined powers. Yet, through all this mist of uncertainty, the agent moved on steadily in the performance of his arduous, responsible and delicate duties. The conduct of the Indians of Wabasha's band, in forcing a trader from Green Bay, (Augustin Grignon), from his trading post near Black River, was so gross an outrage that the agent, then at Prairie du Chien on a visit, Agent Boilvin being absent, engaged Thomas McNair with his horse and sled, and at once proceeded to the scene of difficulty to watch the movements of the agent. Alexis Bailly, a clerk, and a half-breed Ottawa, of Canada, was dispatched by Rolette, agent of the Sun Fur Company, to apprise J. B. Maynard

of his approach, and to *cache* any article contraband, and finally to be in all readines for the visit of the agents. Bailly had obtained a passport from Major Fowle, in command at Fort Crawford, but the agent paid no respect to this authority, but revoked it and ordered the clerk back to Prairie du Chien. It was evident that Joseph Rolette first instigated the chief Wabasha to acts of hostility against M. Grignon, an independent trader. It was at this date, February, 1822, that the agent was enabled to sound the depths of the true policy of the agents of the so-called American Fur Company.

The promptness of the agent on the expedition referred to, brought down the yelping of Tray, Sweetheart and Blanche upon his devoted head. He was called nothing but a foolish boy, hot-headed, and not fit to govern old Indians; it was a shame to send such a man to the country. This was British bile and British spleen, all for want of the monopoly of the fur trade, which the agents of the company were determined to have if it could be accomplished by the acts of intimidation; but within a few months it was found that their threats and falsifications had no effect on the agent, but he went on honestly and perseveringly in the discharge of every public duty. Again it was seen and felt that he was gaining the ears of all Indians most rapidly. It was objected that the detention of the traders at the entry of Minnesota, in the disturbed state of the upper country, was wrong, and suits would be brought for this unjust detention of their outfits. The main object of the agents and traders of the Fur Company meant more than this. The agent must be bribed to their views, or forced to it. The former was tried and failed; the latter

fell with it. The organization of the Columbia Fur Company by Tilton & Co., produced a flood of vituperation of the Agent, and of the views and acts of this Company in their commercial views and citizenship. Old British traders declared that the agent was licensing foreigners to trade for this new concern, that trading posts were secretly or clandestinely established for them, that forts were called by various names and traders forced to build in square stockades. All this, and more, was said than it is prudent to record. Junior officers of the army were appealed to at Prairie du Chien, feasted on fat things, with wine on the lees, until it was asserted by I. R., of John Jacob Astor's company, that any American officer could be bought up for less than a quarter cask of wine. Charges were preferred against the agent, the Government supposing where there was so much smoke there surely must be some fire. These charges, numerous as they were, were promptly met, and the designing knaves most signally defeated. Previous to these interested assaults, Gen. Cass was appealed to, to use his influence to have the agent removed or sent to some other station. The reply was: "Major Taliaferro has powerful friends at the head of the Government who have great confidence in his incorruptible integrity, and full faith in all his acts."

It is true the agent, while he did nothing as a man of honor to militate against the interest of any individual or company in the trade, he determined to put a stop to the introduction of ardent spirits into the Indian country, and hence the many seizures made and destruction of this contraband article. He had witnessed the barrels rolled out on various occasions at Prairie du Chien, and the conse-

quent murders of many of its citizens as well as of the poor Indian. After a lapse of years the intercourse laws became more stringent, and the officers of the Indian Department found themselves in possession of more power for coercion than was needful to suppress the introduction of whiskey. Traders were furnished printed copies of these new powers, yet Alexis Bailly determined, contrary to advice, to try the nerve of the agent to see if he dare seize his outfit of $20,000 worth of goods and six barrels of whiskey□ for his outfits from New Hope then, (now Mendota). The seizure was made, and Mr. Bailly, though a good trader, refused a renewal of his license, the agent being made satisfied of the non-approval of Bailly's perverseness. The goods were subsequently released and the whiskey returned to the company's agent at Prairie du Chien. This action brought Ramsey Crooks up to the Agency, who could not but approve the agent's decisions, and he proposed to supply Bailly's Post by the appointment of Henry H. Sibley Esq. to the vacancy. This the agent acceded to at once, and cheerfully, as he knew the family formerly at Detroit. Mr. Sibley soon arrived and entered upon his duties at Mendota. After this there was no more questioning of the acts of the agent, at least by Mr. Sibley. It should have been before noted that as the war had not entirely ceased between the Chippewas and Sioux, and the Sacs and Foxes and Sioux, the agent obtained the sanction of the President in 1824 to take a delegation of Sioux, Chippewas and Menomonees to the seat of Government, led by the Chief Little Crow, a man of good mind and intelligence; the object being to cause a convocation of all the tribes at Prairie du Chien in order

to define more fully their respective boundary lines. Two of the delegation, Wabasha, Chief first of all the Sioux, and Wanata, of the Yanctons of Big Stone Lake, were prevailed on by the traders at Prairie du Chien to go no farther, that they would get sick and die. Then Little Crow, in a short pointed speech, said: "My friends, you can do as you please; I am no coward, nor can my ears be pulled about by evil counsels. We are here, and should go on and do some good for our nation. I have taken our father here by the coat-tail and will follow him into his great nation to see and take by the hand our Great American Father. My mind is made up, live or die." This Chief then turned to the agent, taking his hand in his, said: "Rise, let us be off to join the 'Red Head Parshasha' (General William Clark). The Mississippi being out of its banks and swift, St. Louis was soon reached, where the Superintendent had already convened the Sacs and Foxes, Iowas and Piankeshaws, and the whole departed for Washington. Below Louisville and near Salt River, Marcpee, or The Cloud, one of the Sioux delegation (who had a bad dream, as reported) let himself down from the stern of the boat and dropped into the river, was supposed to be drowned, but, to the surprise of all, made his way back to St. Louis, but only to be murdered at Bay Charles, Missouri, by some of the Sac Indians there encamped. This very unfortunate occurrence did for a moment impede the progress of the delegation. Washington was soon reached and a speedy interview with the President and Secretary of War had, and business put in train. It was here that a treaty with the Sacs and Foxes confirmed the grant of land in the fork of the

Mississippi and Des Moines Rivers to the half breeds of their nation. This grant was only to begin at the head of Des Moines Rapids, but cupidity with a latitude of construction, sets this line on point of beginning as high up as old Fort Madison. The delegation having speedily accomplished their business satisfactorily, the Sioux left for home by way of New York. Here the Chiefs wished to pay a visit with their interpreter, William Dickson, a son of the celebrated Colonel Robert Dickson, who headed the Indians against the United States in 1812. This was not objected to, but on the route homeward by way of the lakes, the Crow, on being asked how he had procured a fine double barrel gun and other nice things, said to the agent unreservedly that the Medicine Man (Peters), he went to see in New York, got him to sign a paper, gave him the articles he saw and further promised him a keel boat load of goods to be sent the next summer, 1825. That boat did arrive just as the preparations were being made for the great assembly of the tribes at Prairie du Chien, but only a box was left for Colonel Robert Dickson. The old Chief called on the agent expressing great disappointment, even mortification. The agent assumed the responsibility and opened the Colonel's box. There were a few pieces of goods, calicos, etc., sent as a present to the Colonel's highly esteemed lady (an old squaw), by a Mr. Peters. Looking further, his lengthy letter was discovered, also a parchment copy of the grant to Capt. Carver by the Snake and Turtle; no witnesses. The goods were forwarded to Mrs. Dickson, but the letter and grant held for future use. This letter of the Rev. Mr. Peters is still

among the official papers of the agent, but the parchment grant was sent to the Hon. James Barbour, then Secretary of War, for file in his department.

The year 1825 was one to be long remembered, as it was one of trial and of incidents. The Chippewas, assembled too early by the traders of the North under the authority of Agent Schoolcraft, would not proceed under Chapman, and Cole or Dingley, for twenty days. until the agent at St. Peter's had to furnish a safeguard down the river, which was done by sending confidential Sioux with each detachment. Noel, a half-breed Chippewa, was dispatched for the Flat-mouth on the Otter Tail lake. Others had men from Sandy Lake. Noel returned with other Indians, but the Flat-mouth, though weighing some 220 lbs., reported sick, and unable to perform the journey. The Sioux from lakes Qui Parle and Big Stone on the St. Peter's having arrived at the entry, the agent organized his delegation of three hundred and eighty-five Sioux and Chippewas, including the interpreters and attendants. This large body reached Prairie du Chien without the slightest accident or difficulty with the Chippewas, their old enemies, each remembering the pointed counsels of their agent. There was a halt before entering the town, at the "Painted Rock," where, after attending to their toilet and appointment of soldiers to dress the columns of boats, the grand entry was made with drums beating, many flags flying, with incessant discharges of small arms. All Prairie du Chien was drawn out, with other delegations already arrived, to witness the display and landing of this ferocious looking body of true savages.

Gov. Cass and Mr. Schoolcraft had arrived. The agent reported to the only Commissioner present, Mr. Cass, and was informed where he should encamp, that position had already been selected, and the Indians directed to pitch their tents near that of the agent and his interpreters.

Agent Schoolcraft, trusting to the traders, and not on his own personal exertions as above his dignity, found himself with only *one* hundred and fifty Chippewas, some hundred having returned home. General Clark and his staff soon joined, and after a consultation between the Commissioners, the place of meeting of the tribes in council designated, the work in hand began in earnest.

It was during this treaty the agent for the Sioux felt the inveterate hostility of the American Fur Company's traders from the North and elsewhere. The Chippewas especially—those who had known their friend from 1820, yearly visiting the post at Fort Snelling, kept the agent constantly informed of the secret councils called to detach them from his camp and join their friends, but all in vain—they would not be detached. Hence the unseemly and foolish attempt to control men who would not be controlled. Holiday, a drunken Scotch trader. was selected to *bully* and annoy the agent. He soon found the Sioux agent would neither be bullied nor annoyed by him nor any one of his associates.

General Cass was induced to summons the Sioux Agent before the Commissioners on the plea that a young Sioux had brandished his war club over the head of a young Chippewa near the Fort Crawford gate, and that one rash act might produce at once a scene of blood shed and you had better send the Chippewas of your camp to that of

Agent Schoolcraft. The agent summoned thus suavely, said in reply, "who is the man that brought this report, and where is the Indian threatened?" Response, "Mr. Holiday, and here or there is the Indian." In a moment the agent saw the ruse, and said, "Gentlemen of the Commission, you are here to treat with the several tribes present—that is the duty assigned you. My duty is to see the Sioux present on the treaty ground, morning and evening at the sound of the cannon. You shall not be disappointed, but as for changing the location of the twenty-eight Chippewa chiefs and braves from one encampment to another at the behest of Mr. Holiday—through his pliant tool—a sheer false pretense, set on foot, doubtless, by Agent Schoolcraft, for whom the Chippewas have no respect, for they seldom see him from his remoteness at Sault Ste Marie, and the Sioux Agent respecfully declines the change proposed and holds himself responsible for all consequences resulting from his decision."

The Commissioners on reflection found the Sioux Agent too well booked up on Indian affairs; that he knew what he was doing as a point of duty and self respect. So Mr. Holiday was foiled, both he and his falsifying tool.

Before the close of the treaty there were several natural deaths. The Sioux Agents expenses for his large delegation of 385 souls was $812.00. That of Agent Schoolcraft with only 150 or 70 Indians was $4,700—even canoes and paddles were charged for in which the Chippewas transported themselves to the treaty. Holiday, Cole, Chapman and Dingley, fur traders, well understood account—making against the United States, and Mr. Schoolcraft knew how to certify, etc.

Representations after this treaty to the department at Washington, very plausible. doubtless induced the Secretary of War, a new hand, to direct Thos. L. McKenney, Chief Clerk in the Indian office to instruct the agent at St. Peters, to have nothing to do with the Chippewas of the upper Mississippi and its tributaries, and to direct them to cease all visits to Fort Snelling, and adhere to the agency of Mr. Schoolcraft. The agent as in duty bound, informed the Chippewas in June, 1826, but these Indians said "yes," seemingly quiescent but still continued to dip their canoes in the Mississippi and drift down to the agency on the St. Peters; other mere positive instructions, and on the 27th of May, 1827, after a full explanation of department orders from Washington in council, many Sioux present, the Devil entered the latter and nine of the Chippewas were killed and wounded. So much for the thoughtless and unwise decision on a matter which had better have been left to the foresight and discretion of the Indians' best friend. It was known and frequently reported to Washington by disinterested military commanders of Fort Snelling, that the agent, however hostile the two tribes, held their entire confidence; a word from him to kill or let live was law with them. Indians like white men, will consult their own ease and convenience. The post of Ft. Snelling was located at a very important as well as convenient point in the Indian country for all the tribes. The Chippewas refused to visit the Sault St. Mary, because of its great distance from their homes; furthermore starvation stared them in the face going and returning with their families, whereas, 30, 40, 60, 80, 100 and 200 miles, mostly by water, landed them, passing good

fishing and hunting, speedily at the American Fort, for many were British frontier Indians.

Obequelle, the friend of Pike, on Red Lake, and Brusha, of Sandy Lake, often spoke of his having told them that the Americans would some day build a fort high up the Mississippi, and he told the truth, for they had lived to see it, in order to secure some degree of safety to the South Yancton and Wappacoota Sioux and others on the plains. The agent was directed to form a proper delegation of these people in 1830, to meet their tormentors, the Sacs and Foxes again at Prairie du Chien, in order to a more formal and definite line between their respective claims to ownership of soil, as a young Chippewa had been recently shot near Lamont's Trading Post, on the St. Peters. The Sioux were made by their traders, quite reluctant to accept the invitation of Colonel Taylor, deputed one of the commissioners; but as the agent, who was never known to make a promise, tell a lie or deceive his children in all his past eleven years with them, Col. Taylor was informed that he might expect the Indians and their agent within a few days. On reaching Prairie du Chien, the Colonel had left, substituting Colonel Willoughby Morgan, leaving with that officer a letter for the agent on his arrival, in which he said that which the agent was sorry he had known for years back, viz; "take the American Fur Company, in the aggregate, and they were the ——— greatest scoundrels the world ever knew.', They were not only at war with all independent traders, but set their faces sternly against all missionary effort to civilize, instruct and evangelize the benighted Indian, or the formation of agricultural farms for the poor, as game rapidly decreased. No, the Indians must hunt for their gain, and

their gain alone. The president of the American Fur Company, John Jacob Astor, had his medals struck similar to those of the respective President of the United States, for circulation among the Indian tribes with which the agents of his company were supplied to make, and recognize chiefs of their own, the object which the agent was at no loss to conjecture. He obtained one of these after seeing one suspended from the neck of Wah-ma-de-sapa, a sub chief of the Wah-pa-coo-ta Sioux. A remark from the agent caused him to take it from the side of the American medal, saying Alexander Faribault had obtained it for him. It might have been stated before that the Treaty of 1830, ceded the neutral ground on the Iowa from the Mississippi, twenty miles wide to the second upper fork on the river Desmoines; also a tract of land for the permanent home of the half-breed relations of the Medawa Kanton Sioux, extending from the "Basin" at Red Wing, below head of Lake Pepin, down the course of the Mississippi to Root river, thirty-two miles, and back in the country a distance of fifteen miles.

The agents of the company American at Prairie du Chien, with their usual pertinacity, pressed the Commissions to incorporate an article in this treaty for their benefit. Wabasha was the tool put forth to serve their cupidity, but they signally failed. The commissioners, honest men, could not recognize a palpable wrong.

A British officer, Captain Patterson, accompanied the agent from this Treaty to Fort Snelling; he had come from South America on his way to England, and desired to see what he could of our wild Indians of the northwest, that might enlarge his report to Lord Hill, Chief Commander of of the British army. This officer did not tarry long but left

after a few weeks, seemingly gratified with his reception by Captain Gale, commanding, and attentions of officers and citizens of the Post. In 1831, the agent visited the upper Minnesota, holding a convention at Traverse des Sioux, at a very small cost, explanatory of the Treaty of 1830, which was without a word of dissent formally approved and ratified.

It was here that the services of Joseph Renville, of Lac qui Parle, and Colin Campbell, proved of inestimable value to the success of the expedition. A similar one and for a similar purpose had gone under Colonel Thomas L. McKenny, and Governor Cass to the Sault Ste Marie, which expended $26,000 uselessly, as the result never proved beneficial beyond laborious verbose reports. The Indian country was more or less agitated east of the Mississippi, but west all was tranquil. In the midst of many perplexities, single-handed and alone, the Agent was consoled by many testimonials of well-done, good and faithful servant. He was secure in the confidence of all honest men. Jackson was at the head of the government and the agent had been one of his old soldiers. His Eagle eye saw all things, small, and great. His written message to the Little Crow, chief second of all the Sioux, showed he perfectly understood Indian wants and Indian character. "My Son, I have received your talk at the hands of your agent, Mr. Taliaferro. When he speaks, open your ears and listen, for you hear my words. You say truly 'we have both been warriors.' The war club is again buried deep in the ground. I am again your friend and the friend of your Nation—let us smoke the same pipe and eat out of the same dish. War is hurtful

to any Nation. Keep the 'Seven fires' of your Nation in peace and good order, and I will try and do the same with the twenty-seven fires of my Nation. Make your wants known to your faithful agent and you will hear from your true friend speedily."

Doctor John Gale, of the army, writing from Council Bluffs, on the Missouri, says: "The whole army on this frontier unite in the belief that the government has for once an honest, efficient agent for Indian affairs. You know, my dear fellow, that I am too proud to flatter any man—yet it is refreshing to see the Indian department rapidly brought out of chaos and made a highly respectable branch of the government. You need not be surprised ere long to see ex-Ministers, ex-Governors, ex-Judges and Members of Congress, seeking for admission into it. I tell you, my old messmate and friend, you are a most fortunate civil appointment for the government, though I was one among many that regretted the resignation of one whose turn of mind seemed so well adapted to the army. Colonel Kearney and other officers now en route for your Post, can give you an account of Indian affairs in this quarter—much *gas* but nothing real as to results."

Previous to 1835 the agent importuned the President to assign a sub-agent for the Chippewas of the Upper Mississippi and its tributaries, urging as a reason the remoteness of the Sault Ste Marie and the difficulties of the route. After some time a Mr. George Peterson, a Chippewa half-blood and brother-in-law of Henry R. Schoolcraft and agent for the Chippewas, was appointed and unfortunately located at Lapointe, Lake Superior. He

proved of unsteady habits, consequently his people had no respect for him. After him a Mr. Symon or Simon, a discharged soldier, secured the situation and he, like his predecessor, drank more whiskey than the Indians. Maj. Dallam was offered the appointment, but after an investigation of the general condition of the Indians and the character of their traders, declined to serve. Finally Miles Vineyard, of Illinois, accepted and entered on his duties. Notwithstanding these efforts to be relieved from the visits of these people they still kept up (at all risks) their habits of seeing their friend the agent and the Military Post at Fort Snelling.

In 1837 the agent was instructed on the basis of a special report by him made in 1836 to the War office touching the purchase of all the lands owned by the Sioux east of the Mississippi, was directed to organize a full and well authorized delegation to be led by him to the seat of government, at any moment, to be indicated by General Henry Dodge, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs. Subsequent Miles Vineyard was despatched up the Mississippi to invite the Chippewas to a council near Fort Snelling, and the agent requested to see that a full delegation from all points should be present, and further, that he propose a site for the treaty, and be in readiness to receive the Commissioners, General William R. Smith, of Pennsylvania, and General Dodge, of Illinois. There was a busy time, for soon we had 1,200 Chippewas, and in the vicinity of the Post some 395 Sioux, the greater part being still out on the spring hunt. This unexpected convocation of Red Men brought also a host of expectants in anticipation of some benefit from the Indians, interested fur traders and

agents not a few. The Commissioner arriving with his staff, were quartered at the Agency, and a general table provided by the family of the agent. The treaty opened, and was closed, but not without some stirring incidents, and considerable excitement. The agent had business at his office, some seventy yards from the treaty grounds, when Hercules L. Dousman and a Sioux trader, entered the Agency office in seemingly great haste, asked for a sheet or two of letter paper on which to make an account. Dousman was pensman. The agent left, having taken his pistols, when in a few minutes Dousman came and laid the account before the Secretary, Mr. Van Antwerp. (It should be duly noted that the treaty had been written out *in extenso*, and ready for the signatures of the parties). Commissioner Dodge looked at this after-thought account of five thousand dollars, and told interpreter Peter Quinn to ask the Indians if that claim was just for the mills on Chippewa. The response was, No, we had no good of this mill—that the Sioux had had all the benefits of it, but the chief from the Chippewa River said, for peace, and to satisfy the men making the claim, he, the Commissioner, might give five hundred dollars. Hole-in-the-Day and others objected even to this sum, and asked if they were to pay the whites for the erection of a mill for their benefit. Nevertheless the $5,000 was *interlined* in their treaty, and a plain fraud traded on the helpless Indians, for the same parties in the name of Bruner, who brought the mill iron from Cincinnati, held the mill and other improvements on a preemption right and pocketed $5,000 in addition. Honest people seemed astonished at such palpable affrontery; but this was not all. After $58,000 had been

embodied in the treaty to pay the indebtedness of the Chippewas to their traders, we heard loud shouts and yells in the direction of the Chippewa camp, near Baker's trading post at "Cold Spring." Word soon reached us that Warren, a trader, had marshaled a large body of the Pillagers, and were coming down like so many black devils to force the Commissioner to give to said Warren $20,000. The weather was warm, the Sioux agent standing near the table on the Commissioner's right hand, Warren rushed in the arbor and seated himself by one of the supporters, fanning himself with his hat, when the Indians soon followed, rushing around and through the arbor. The agent drew one of his pistols, pointing it at Warren. Hole-in-the-Day said, "Shoot, my father!" "Hold," says General Dodge "wait a moment." "Very well, sir, I only hold for the first overt act of hostility, then I sell my life, if need be, after the fall of the dastard who has attempted to intimidate this Commission." But worse and more of it. Warren got this special sum of $20,000 for himself, entered into the Dodge Treaty, much to the chagrin of the sensible thinking Indians and surprise of intelligent lookers-on, a sufficient sum having already been set apart for the payment of all just debts of the tribe to their traders.

This treaty over, the agent was directed by Gov. Dodge to select a proper delegation of Sioux, and conduct them to Washington City as soon as practicable. The agent had first to get clear of some 1,200 Chippewas without bloodshed, and though there were but 80 men for duty under Capt. Martin Scott, and many Sioux present, the Chippewas were sent off without much difficulty to their homes. After this happy result the agent was left to talk

freely with his own people on the invitation given by the President. Opposition was spoken of as coming from the agents of the Fur Company, and others in their employ, but the agent organized his party, a powerful one, to counteract the designs of these officiously interested men who eat of their dainties, wipe their mouths and say, "I have committed no sin." But the hour of trial was approaching. No Indians were to leave the Nation until a guarantee was given for the payment of their indebtedness to the traders.

The agent was firm, made no promises, but said the delegation will be formed and taken to Washington. The path was open for all interested claimants; he had nothing to do with the traders or their claims.

The agent had written and engaged a steamboat to be at the public landing on a certain day, when he would be in readiness with one-half of the delegation to take passage. Captain Lafferty was prompt, the traders and others astonished at the *coup de etat.* My interpreters and employes conducted their friends on board, and with steam up off glided the steamer down stream. Stopped for Big Thunder and his pipe bearers at Crow's Village, passed to the old village of Red Wing for Wah-koo-ta and his war chief, thence to the village of Wabasha for this chief and his friend Etuz-e-pah. Thus was the delegation of twenty-six trustworthy men and firm of purpose, secured, and the influence of the agent shown to be more solid than that of the fur traders, who had said the Government could not enter into any treaty with the Indian tribes without they used their influence. Gov. Dodge was met at Galena, with funds as before indicated while at St. Peter.

Here the Governor was told of the premature movement of the agent altogether too soon—true, much too soon for the wily expectants of great things. The Superintendent was asked to give the delegation a physician in the person of Doctor A. T. Crow. The agent flatly refused, saying the delegation from a combination was larger than was desirable, being composed of some thirty-five Indians, interpreters and attendants; that the action of the agent would in the sequel be fully sustained by the authorities at Washington; on this Governor Dodge might safely rely, who admitted the agent to be firm, brave, determined in the face of danger; he had observed it and his influence no man could doubt. So the delegation proceeded prosperously on their voyage, arriving in the city of Washington without accident. Mr. Secretary Poinsett was duly waited upon by the agent with his children, who were speedily introduced to the President, and on presenting to the Secretary a synopsis of such a treaty as might be acceptable to all parties, business was commenced. At Pittsburgh Dr. R. A. Wilson was added, as some of the Indians had become indisposed from change of diet and water. The Indians taking a particular fancy to Dr. Wilson, a gentleman of intelligence and high Christian principles, the agent put him forward together with their red friends, to settle all matters with Commissioner Poinsett, relative to the provisions of the treaty then going on. The interests of the Fur Company were represented by Henry H. Sibley, Alexis Bailly, Laframboise Rocque, Francois Labathe, Alexander Faribault and Oliver Faribault.

The treaty was signed on the 29th of September, 1837, the most liberal—yes, the most safe and beneficial act

they were ever permitted to subscribe to since—a most liberal provision being made for their indebtedness and for their half-breed relations, for agricultural schools, etc. Yet, at the moment of signing, Alexander Faribault and others left, hoping to stop the Chiefs from making their marks; but a word from the agent set them to thinking, and their treaty was promptly authenticated in presence of some four hundred spectators in Doctor Laurie's church. It was here and at this era that Samuel C. Stambaugh and Alexis Bailly pressed Secretary Poinsett to confirm to Pelagie Faribault, Pike's Island--or pay her $10,000 for that which was not worth $500, and to which she had no earthly claim. The Secretary was so informed by the agent, as was his duty, and this done he said nothing more, but the truth gave great offense to the fictitious claim agents. It has been said that Jean B. Faribault had been treated with severity. Not so. After Leavenworth's folly he went on to Pike's Island and erected his cabins, but the next spring found him washed off the island by the freshets. He crossed east of the Mississippi and again built his habitation on flat boats, and was again inundated for his want of a proper foresight—two hundred yards back from the river would have left him a permanent home with none to molest or make him afraid.

Mr. Faribault was the first to give the true signification of the name of the agent—*Mah-sa-busca*—Iron Cutter, to the Indians, by which he was ever after recognized throughout the tribes. Having said this much of the old Canadian traders, it is well to follow our delegation homeward. On reaching St. Louis the agent expended $6,000 with Chouteau & Co., the goods for each assorted, packed

and plainly marked. After attending to this duty, a steamer, Rolla, was chartered, and we commenced our voyage north; all well, and in fine spirits. There was but one accident of note, and that at Pine River. In stopping and starting, a flue in one of the boilers collapsed, with a terrible report, killing one man and a horse, with other slight damage. It was most Providential that the boilers' head passed out in front; had it been the rear the whole delegation might have been scalded to death. After a little delay we ran up to Fort Snelling, with *one* wheel, the flanges of the other having been broken at the time of the explosion, and landed safely on the 10th day of November, 1837. Not a day too soon, for the ice made a few days thereafter. Major Plympton being in command, gave us a hearty welcome, saying: "I feared for you, and you were wise in all your plans."

In 1838, the agent left for St. Louis, in order to facilitate the fulfillment of the treaty. Stipulations—contracts for horses, oxen, cows, and farming utensils were made. Returning, blacksmiths were engaged and locations designated, as well as the farmers, seven in number, for the respective villages—promptness in action in all that concerned his responsible charge—gave assurance to the Indians that they had a friend. Commissioners W. L. D. Ewing and Colonel T. L. Pease, with Colonel Sperin, arrived, and found $240,000 ready for their disbursement. The agent advised the payment of the several bands of Sioux at once, the traders and half-bloods thereafter, for the reason that the Indians seeing such a large amount of their money going into the hands of others would create an unpleasant feeling in the minds of those who did not understand its meaning; but

other interested counsels prevailed, and there was, as had been predicted, uneasiness, which caused the agent daily and almost hourly explanations, until the Commissioners completed their duties after a fashion, having made a palpably partial disposition of the $110,000, *one hundred and ten thousand* to the half-bloods, under the treaty of September 29th, 1837. The agent, as soon as the annuities arrived, speedily paid off all the Indians in goods and cash, some $20,000. Colonels Pease and Sperring were disgusted with the drunken, dictatorial conduct of their associate, General William L. D. Ewing, of Illinois. The Fur Company had tampered with this pliant gentleman successfully. When the agent declined his and Sam. C. Stambaugh's appeal to locate at the mills, at the Falls of St. Anthony, on the United States Reserve, west of the Mississippi (now Minneapolis), they became the agent's bitter enemies. So much so, that the said Ewing addressed a letter of charges against him to the President direct, saying: "Major Taliaferro had often talked of resigning his station as agent at St. Peters, and now, no matter what he had been, was wholly unqualified for the performance of duties satisfactorily to the Indians or the Government—asking at the same time the appointment of Samuel C. Stambaugh to the vacancy."

The agent having been called to Virginia on important private business, was at Washington, and on visiting the office of Indian Affairs on official business, was warned by a "worthy brother" of the fact of Ewing's communication to Mr. Van Buren, and that it had been by him referred to that office. The President was called on forthwith and

upon inquiry as to his reception and reference of such a missile, was very frankly told yes, but as there was a *design* in it, the paper had been referred to the Secretary of War, where it could be seen, but that the agent's character as an officer, in the department, was too well known, and avouched for integrity of purpose, a successful government of his charge for more than twenty years, hence, it would afford him, the President, pleasure to again send my name to the Senate for confirmation. This was done, and the agent received his *sixth* commission to the utter defeat of the machinations of his enemies and the astonishment of knowing traders, but to the joy and evident satisfaction of the Indians generally.

The system of Indian trade had been for years and still was more oppressive apparently than seemed needful. The price of goods of all kinds suited to the wants of the Indians were enormous, and when a hunter could not pay up his credit in full during the fall and winter months, in the spring his guns, traps, kettles, rat spears, and even his hatchets, were demanded of him. Of this hardship the Indians complained to the agent of these traders, and no wonder, for their unfeeling, heartless course of oppression deprived them of the means of supporting their families on their spring hunt. We do not think this course of action was general among the traders, for there were a few honorable exceptions. Francois Labathe and Jean B. Faribault both suffered from their harsh treatment of the Indians, both having had severe stabs in their broils with their hunters.

An incident occurred between the soldiers of the garrison and Mr. Faribault, while on the island, which affected the

standing of the latter for a time. There was not a drop of whisky at the post, the 22d of February was approaching; it was hinted by some one that Mr. F. had a little. Sergeant Mann was sent over to feel the way as negotiator. He succeeded in getting all there was—*one gallon*, and for which *eighty* dollars was paid on promise of inviolable secrecy. The 22d arrived, the whisky produced, and, lo! it had been diluted with water. This the soldiers could not tolerate, and Mr. F., at all risks, was reported to the officer in command. It was in the power of the agent, however, to put matters at ease in Mr. F.'s dilemma—he had his *smiter* temporarily employed for the Indian department at Mendota, where Mr. F. finally built a permanent residence.

After many efforts of moral suasion, the agent was enabled to find himself at the head of the best organized agency under the Government, and this effected with much toil and but little support from any quarter, except such as was accorded by the military, when sought, which was seldom deemed expedient. Substantial and sufficient quarters for all purposes had been secured by the agent at his own cost, and thousands of his own private means expended in many an emergency, for want of sufficient public funds. At no time from 1819 to 1840, was the allotment for his agency over the average of $800. Not a square inch of stroud cloth to each Indian in the nation. No wonder the agent was accused of great mystery in his management of Indian affairs, but in this apparent mystery, in the providence of an all-wise Creator, reposed his queer powers of control of the *heart* of the children of his care; he was protected amid dangers seen and unseen. In two

instances his life was preserved by an Indian woman, and at another period by Duncan Campbell, a brother of Scott Campbell, the United States interpreter, a man of great worth and efficiency, a true friend to the Americans, but badly served in the strange decision made in the treaty of September 29th, 1837—his family is justly entitled to $8,000, granted by his nation in that treaty. It was necessary to visit the Presbyterian Mission at Lake Harriet in company with Philander Prescott.

Towards evening we left in our wagon for the agency; on the way met the Rev. Samuel William Pond on the prairie, who seemed agitated, saying to us: "You had better hurry on as the Sioux intend mischief to the Chippewas at Baker's Trading Post." Whip was put on the horse at once and speed made; met some females running who said: "Hurry on, Father, or you will be too late." We wanted no urging, for the horse was dull at his best speed. We reached the scene of trouble just as the sun went down. On jumping down from the wagon the firing on the Chippewas commenced, and so vice versa. The flashes from the guns were so rapid that for a moment the agent closed his eyes; but soon seized the Red Bird by the hair, saying: "You dog, be off." My voice was soon heard and the Sioux made off in all haste, leaving one Chippewa killed and two young Sioux mortally wounded; these fell from exhaustion in Capt. Boon's dragoon camp, just beyond Minnehaha, the soldiers conveying them to their temporary encampment a little further on. Dr. I. I. B. Wright, surgeon of the army being present, was requested to ask for a detail of soldiers to convey the body of the unfortunate Chippewa

to the Fort, which request Major Plympton in command, promptly complied with. The next day the instigators of this outrage on the Chippewas. (old Hole-in-the-Day, whom the agent had instructed in the office of chief at the request of his people, being present), were delivered, upon demand of the agent, and confined in the Fort to await future action. The murdered Indian was decently interred in the public burying ground near the remains of "Little Crow" and "White Buzzard," Sioux chiefs. The agent had satisfactorily shown not only on this occasion, but in 1827, clearly to all men that he required not the use of military aid in enforcing his authority, the military interference doing more harm than good. Could the military authority bring in offenders five hundred miles off on the plains? No, but the agent could, and did effect this, when it was asserted that the Indians would laugh at the demands of their Father.

We now come to the year 1839. The murder of Ne-ka or Badger, near the Mission of Lake Harriet, by three of the pillagers of Leech Lake—such was the popularity of this Sioux—that this deed of wanton cruelty set on fire of revenge all the neighboring villages. It proved a most unfortunate murder, as the Indians were off in pursuit of revenge before the agent was apprised of the movement. They pressed rapidly up to Rum river and before the agent's messenger reached the village of Little Crow, the young men crossed overland to the St. Croix, and there were conflicts on the same day. It was a severe retaliation, for the Sioux returned with ninety-five scalps. Human foresight could not have changed this truly unfortunate result. Towards the close of the year the agent

had fulfilled all treaty stipulations and the Indians coincided with and dismissed them. He was asked for another meeting in council. This was conceded, not aware, however, of the object, as the agent had finally arranged in presence of the chief of towns with their approval full estimates for the ensuing year. Several chiefs, at the hour designated, entered the agency office. Shortly thereafter John C. Fremont, Henry H. Sibley, also Alexander Faribault, and others of the American Fur Company. At this moment also a note from Mr. P. Prescott, as to the true object of that council, which was to accuse the agent with authorizing the "Bad-Hail" to cross the Mississippi and drive Henry C. Menck, a British convict, from his whiskey shop and put fire to his cabin. This Indian, a very bad one, whom the agent once confined in the guard house at the Fort for mutinous conduct, was the tool selected by the traders and whiskey sellers to fasten a foul and malicious charge against these long tried, and unwavering friends. The "Bad-Hail," it is true, had consulted the agent as to these pests of the post; asking permission to drive them off before the day of the annuity payments. He was emphatically told to go home to his village; that neither the Indians nor the agent had any business with these bad men. That the chief of the soldiers, Major Plympton, would at the proper time drive those men off and burn their cabins. But he chose, it seems, to take this responsibility upon himself, as one of the soldier's, and run Mr. Menck out of his house; but not by the agent's order, for this was contrary to all his counsels for more than twenty-one years. Nevertheless, a writ was obtained of the sheriff by James R. Clewett, a foreigner,

he deputizing Henry Menck to serve it, another foreigner, who found the agent in a sick room. There was no waiting; a canoe was in readiness and sick or well, —drawing a pistol at the same time—"you shall go to Clayton Court House." The agent coolly said: "Put up your pistol, Mr. Menck, or whatever your name is. I wish only time to send a note to the Fort previous to leaving."

Mr. Menck was greatly astonished in a few minutes to find himself a prisoner in the hands of a military guard and shipped across the Mississippi, and told to keep out of the country or he would be sent to Missouri for entering the Indian country without a passport.

Thus terminated this farce. The officers of the post were greatly incensed at such an infamous violation of law. The agent had asked to withdraw his resignation for a few months in consequence of this attack, and other suits at law brought by Alexis Bailly and others for enforcing the intercourse laws, but his appeal was not granted and Amos J. Bruce was appointed. This was well, for he well knew that the time would come when all his efforts to do good would pass into oblivion and the nationality of the noble Sioux be completely destroyed, and the nation become extinct. The Indian Department had failed to sustain their agent, and were lending a listening ear to the agents of the American Fur Company. Honest men had to return from the Indian service in disgust, as the most faithful, honest and persevering officers of the Department could not convince the general commissioners at the seat of government how necessary it was to give prompt attention to all estimates under treaty

stipulations, and to conform strictly, article by article, to these estimates, the agents alone being held responsible by the Indians for the correct and faithful application of their funds, which should leave no room for comments by interested traders as to the quantity and quality of the goods procured by their money.

The factory system of trade with the Indians was abolished in opposition to the wishes of all the agents, officially expressed. Had the system been continued under a more thorough organization, and losses made up whenever a treaty for cessions of land was made with the Indians, an end would have been put to the wiles of the American Fur Company, no wrongs perpetrated on the ignorant and helpless, no perjury, no bribed commissioners at the making or fulfillment of treaties with the Indians, and the general peace among the tribes more easily enforced and maintained.

All the disgrace for years back, attending our Indian intercourse may and can be traced, not to the agents proper, but to the acts of the commissioners and other persons deputized by the Government to frame treaties with the tribes and returned upon the poor Indians to make a mock fulfillment, calling in the aid of more than willing tools to rob the helpless by forcing their unwilling signatures to base frauds upon them. O, white man, what degradation has your thirst for gold brought upon the poor savage! The curse of God and the finger of scorn pointed at you by all Christian men, and unless ye repent ye shall all likewise perish, for the wicked now walk on every side while the vilest of men are exalted. Nevertheless, man being in honor abideth not; he is like

the beasts that perish. Such were the reflections and experience in Indian affairs of the agent at St. Peter's, who had always tried, faithfully and honestly, to do his duty fearless of consequences.

In the early occupancy, by the civil and military, of the Indian country on the Upper Mississippi, it was found indispensible to peace and good order, to keep a tight rein over a wild and mixed population, composing those not subject to law and order, but self-willed and arrogant. A controlling influence became necessary, and was mildly but firmly enforced.

Murder, theft, purchase of soldier's clothing, introduction of whiskey, fraud and drunkenness, met with prompt punishment, but few examples were found expedient. Emigration from Pembina to the interior of the United States did not commence for some years after the establishment of Fort Snelling, but the failure of crops by the inundations of rivers and myriads of locusts, compelled the settlers to petition for passports to a large amount, which were at once granted by the agent. Many arrived at various times at the entry, were fed by the government and sent onward to Iowa and Wisconsin, the Scotch founding a settlement near Dubuque called New Scotland. Among them the agent recognized the name of Wishart, and purchased his carts, cattle, etc., and gave him a boat to descend the river with his family. A Frenchman, by name Perry, with his family remained, and became a great cattle raiser; so much so that the commandant requested him to change his location to Carver's old cave, six miles below the Fort, east of the Mississippi, which he cheerfully did. Here, it may be said, small things often

decide our locality for us. Mrs. Perry was a celebrated accoucheur, and this fact coming to the knowledge of the ladies of the post, there was no withstanding their appeal by the commanding officer, Col. Snelling, hence the Perry family became a permanent fixture. When any of his large herd of cattle were killed by the Indians, the agent had him promptly paid.

The military sometimes brought charges against the Indians. One of those complaints, being officially made by Lieut. Eastman, will only be noted. It was for the killing of his pointer dog by a young Indian while out on the prairie. The case was soon investigated. The Indian at once acknowledged the fact of killing the dog, but disclaimed any hostility to the complainant. The dog came up to him as he lay on the prairie. He seemed a good mark; he raised his pistol and fired, and the dog fell. Had he seen the officer, knowing him well, he would not have fired. He was ready to settle the difficulty by giving Mr. Eastman his horse, and hoped he would not be hard with him as they were relation. Mr. Eastman was officially informed of the result, and that the horse was in readiness should he accept the indemnity proffered. There was no response, but the hostility of this gentleman to the agent, of which he took no notice, as he had performed his duty as far as any honorable man could reasonably expect, was plainly visible.

Officers had familiarized themselves with the Indians after the fashion of the traders, and there were many living evidences of the fact. Orders had to be issued by the respective commanding officers of the post excluding *Indian ladies* from daily and nightly visits to their friends in the

Fort. The traders would make a detective of the agent if practicable. All thefts on each other were reported to the agent for justice. Deserting boatmen (fed on corn and tallow) must be forced to proceed up the St. Peter's with their outfits for the trade, right or wrong. Every ox, cow, calf or hog lost by persons on the Indian lands, the agents were expected to find the culprits or pay for these often fictitious losses. Droves of cattle passing the plains, including sheep to Red River Colony, were deserted on the head waters of the Minnesota. Gibson, the contractor, appealed to the agent, and, after much trouble, being fully authorized, some $900 of the loss was transmitted to Gen. Clark, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and paid over to the claimants.

The winters were generally severe. That of 1824–5 was more mild, the steamer "Rufus Putnam," Captain Bates, passing Lake Pepin and reaching the fort April 5, 1825, and returned again on the 5th of May with goods for the Columbia Fur Company, passed up the Minnesota to their post at "Land End." This was the first boat passing through its waters, as the steamer "Virginia" was the first to land with government stores at Fort Snelling.

To show how very unfortunate the government was in the selection of commissioners to close the Winnebago treaty of 1837, the funds for the payment of the half-breeds, some $85,000, was so long delayed that Mr. Broadhead, of Pennsylvania, and others bought up the claims of these poor ignorant creatures for one fourth and one-half. After this the commission, finding the money still not arriving, left by steam for St. Louis (the agent at St. Peter's being in company), met some forty miles be-

low Prairie du Chien a steamboat with the long-expected funds, which Quartermaster McKissac immediately, in person, returned with to St. Louis. Here application was made by Commissioners Murry and Cameron for the cash. Military District Agent Hitchcock, on consultation with the St. Peters agent, refused to pay it over, very properly. An appeal was taken from the military disbursing agent's decision to the War Department, and afterwards to Senator Buchanan, of Pennsylvania.

An able pamphlet was written by Major Hitchcock, and published; the St. Peter's agent's certificate embodied in it. So plainly was gross fraud shown, that the War Department sent another agent with funds to see the half-breeds and settle with them, allowing said Broadhead and others, the sum of fifteen per cent. only for the outlay of money. This transaction only went to confirm the official reports to the office of Indians of the disgrace which these temporary appointments entailed upon the agents proper in the Indian country. It seemed as if the department had no confidence in commanders, officers of posts, and their agents near the same, to settle and adjust all treaty stipulations. Had this policy been adopted, full satisfaction would have been secured at a trifling expense to the government. Being a man of simple habits, looking at things as he found them, the idea of politics or political aims controlling men and traders had not been for a moment his study. He was a child in such matters, he believed himself honest in all things; deeming every other man whatever his station equally so. But a lapse of time after a close intimacy with all descriptions of people, the human heart seemed deceitful above

all things and desperately wicked. Eagerness for gold and places of honor in the councils of the nation being fully inaugurated, and unblushingly pursued as trade, it became plain to his mind, painful as the bare idea was, that the final rulers of this great and growing nation would destroy it, as all ancient history in the early ages of the world had shown.

> Spurning the common wish of help,
> I loved my country for itself.

The winters of Minnesota have been merely touched upon. The severity of these was often fatal to both whites and Indians on the plains. Martin Macleod * lost two companions beyond Lac qui Parle, in passing from the Red River settlement to Fort Snelling; this is not the only occurrence of the kind. On one particular occasion, in the winter of 1826–7, a band of thirty lodges of the Sisseton, and other Sioux, in passing from one hunting district to another more favorable for game, were overtaken by a snow storm, and encamped on a large prairie some ten miles from wood land, supposing the storm would not prove of long continuance. Yet the storm continued to rage for three days and nights, until the snow fell over three feet deep, with intense cold. Here were seventy-five men, women and children, soon without wood or food of any kind. This party had but seven pair of snow-shoes, and the strongest men left for the nearest trading post, one hundred miles off. Days were lost in going to and returning with assistance to their doomed friends. The traders sent four Canadians with what provisions they, and the Indians could carry. After great

*Macleod spelled his name thus in his own signatures. On our state map, and statistics, it is spelled *McLeod*. W.

toil these reached the scene of distress and woe, for the greater portion of the Indians were dead. The most revolting of all this calamity was, the living were subsisting on the dead. A mother had eaten her deceased offspring and a portion of her father's arms. A very few were rescued, among them the poor unfortunate woman that had been forced to subsist on her own child. She made her way to the agency in early Spring, but was a lunatic. At lucid intervals the agent tried delicately to get what information he could of the disaster, but the heart of stone could not have witnessed her ravings without the shedding of tears. Poor Tash-u-no-ta, so young and lovely in person. She asked Capt. Foote, on visiting the Fort, in the presence of several persons, if he knew which was the best portion of a man to eat, taking him by the collar of his coat at the time. His astonishment was so great at the bare idea, that for a time he could not speak, after a while he said, no. She said, the arms. All was done for her that sympathy could suggest, but a few days thereafter she was found above the entry of St. Peters, dead from the act of drowning, and she was decently buried. Poor Tash-u-no-ta, she has gone to the "spirit-land." The first murder of one Indian by another, was caused by the giving of a bottle of whiskey to the old "White Buzzard," by Colonel Leavenworth at Cold Water Camp, which was productive of some very sharp correspondence between the commanding officer and the Indian agent.

In order to enforce morality as far as practicable, being the highest officer at the post, he induced many traders with growing Indian families to legitimize their children

by marriage. There being no minister in the country, he officiated as a justice of the peace, and united many, among them was Oliver Cratte to Miss Graham, James Wells to Miss Graham, daughters of Duncan Graham: Alpheus R. French to Mary Henry, of Ohio, closing with the union of Dred Scott with Harriet Robinson—my servant girl, which I gave him. The only colored woman purchased was by Alexis Bailly of Major Garland. The agent in after years gave freedom to all his slaves. If estimated by others it would be a gift of twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars; but there was no outside influences touching the decision of the liberators; it was a solemn act not influenced by any earthly powers.

Indians thought much of negroes—called them black men, or black Frenchmen, Wah-she-che-sappo—would place their hands on the agent's boy's head, and laugh heartily. The agent at Traverse des Sioux found it expedient to punish his servant for giving too much whisky to several young men, which placed the agent for a time in an uncomfortable position. When brought up for castigation, and a blow or two had been inflicted, the Indians prayed the agent to forbear. "Well," said the agent, "if you will all hit him with your pipe-stems for his bad conduct he may go." This was acceded to at once, but it was not known if they had inflicted any blows on William.

The war with England had been the means of dividing the largely populated villages into small communities—these having medals, flags and silver gorgets, presented by Colonel Robert Dickson, to each war chief sending a squad of Indian allies for the British service, induced these young men at the close of the war to assume the

station and prerogatives of chiefs — the authority of the old chiefs put at defiance. This was the status of things when their new agent assumed the direction of their affairs; hence it required time and prudence to consolidate these off-shoots and give confidence and more authority to the hereditary chiefs. It was necessary in aid of this effort to secure as fast as possible a delivery up of all these foreign marks — so much esteemed by their possessors Success attended the efforts of the policy silently adopted, and the agent, in two years, received thirty-six medals of George III; twenty-eight flags and eighteen gorgets. Of American medals and flags, he replaced only such as might enhance his own influence with his people.

It was some length of time before he could induce the Indians to respect the Sabbath-day — all days being alike to them. It so happened that hundreds of important peace conventions were made and confirmed by the hostile tribes on the Lord's day. But time and patience brought them to reason, and for years they respected the white man's great "medicine day." The sign given for the day of rest was the agency flag floating from the flag-staff, at the agency council house.

For a time it was deemed pardonable to apparently give in to their various superstitious ceremonies—appear to be interested in all their dogmas of religious ceremonies—initiations into the medicine family, dances, songs, etc. The agent in the winter, February, 1846, witnessed the initiation ceremony on Pike's Island, when Little Crow's grandson—Little Crow, and two young women became members of the medicine family. The Grand Master, Little Crow, a venerable chief, officiated. He advanced to

the inclosure, asking the agent how he liked the ceremony. "I would invite you within, but it is against our rules." Of course he was told that it was grand and sublime, for I was a mason and could comprehend much that the uninitiated could not. He said: "at this time we could not make you a brother member of our order, but at another time if you wish it, though no white was ever permitted to unite with us; but if you were to apply it would be hard to refuse you; you are as good as an Indian in our minds."

The agent was at the height of his usefulness at this period, with not only the Sioux—his special charge—but the Chippewas, from Chippewa river to the Pillagers of Otter Tail lake. When chiefs died, and others were to be installed, the parties were uniformly compelled to designate their choice by a simple process. The committee were given a full suit of American uniform, and told that the chief selected in council by the band, on reporting to the agent with that uniform on would at once be recognized, and respected by him. This course of action uniformly gave entire satisfaction—if not, it was no fault of their friend. As to displacing or making chiefs of towns, the agent well knew would prove an unpopular assumption of power and affect his standing with all the tribes. Not one man in five thousand understands the savage heart; to soften this and control it for good, his power must be given him from on high. That power enables an humble instrument to face all dangers, to stop war parties, often from three hundred to eight hundred strong, to bring offenders to justice hundreds of miles off—all by the aid of a moral

influence, which they did not resist. All evil influences brought to bear on the minds of the Indians by the traders and others, were promptly met, and foiled in a manner that they could not comprehend. As the agent had his spies upon their conduct as well as theirs upon his.

Messrs. Samuel and Gideon Pond, two young christian men from Connecticut, and to whom the agent gave his quarters and encouragement, were of inestimable service. So was the Rev Dr. Williamson, Dr. Riggs, Mr. Stevens, Gavin, and others of their respective missions; also the Rev. Alvan Coe, who suffered much in the Chippewa country. We would gladly pass over the name of the Rev. A. Brunson of the Methodist Mission, without comment, but it must in truth be said, he gave both the Indians and the agent trouble with his complaints and demands the most unreasonable. The Government could not be induced to permit the agent to use funds applicable under the treaty of 1837, to schools and missions—in this his hands were tied, after an expenditure for these important objects, of only $1,500. But few unbiased living men know of the fiery ordeals through which he had to pass, from 1819 to 1840. Volumes of official and other correspondence shows more than the world will, perhaps, ever know; and, finally becoming satisfied that serving to the close of his sixth term would not only endanger his reputation, but his life, from the influx of bad men into the country, and this for his incorruptible devotion to his charge and the true interest of the government, he left with sorrow his doomed people, with the hearty concurrence of his friend, I. N. Nicollet, who said: "You have

done your best fearlessly, devotedly, nobly; you are among thieves and murderers; the Indians are a doomed race; save your reputation."

Thus closed the life of the agent among the several tribes of Minnesota. In 1856 he was in Minnesota, and present at the laying of the corner stone of the St. Paul Historical Society. He found none to know him—not an invitation did he get to "break bread" with any of the poor, made quickly rich, nor could he get the agents of the American Fur Company on their bond indemnifying and forthcoming, drawn by Joseph Rolette and witnessed by Henry H. Sibley, to free him from the cost of a suit brought by Alexis Bailly, their agent, for six barrels of whiskey, seized in 1834—was referred to Hercules Dous man as a put off—no redress, hence the remark of General Z. Taylor becomes applicable: "Take the American Fur Company in the aggregate, and they are the greatest set of scoundrels the world ever knew." After a lapse of years the late agent re-entered the army of the United States in March, 1857, was ordered to San Antonio, Texas, then to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, thence to Pittsburgh, Penn., where he lived some four years. At the opening of the rebellion, with the approbation and approval of his superiors, the President was pleased, on the 27th of August, 1863, to have his name placed on the retired list of the army, with his pay proper. Republics have been pronounced ungrateful, but now, at the full age of seventy, he is an exception.

The upper Mississippi became a place of considerable resort during the spring and summer months, after steam navigation became fairly to be safe and expeditious. No

only our citizens from the States, but from foreign countries, England, France, Italy, Russia, Switzerland, visited the Falls of St. Anthony, Minnehaha and beautiful surrounding country. Among the latter was Capt. Marryatt, of the Royal Navy, a famous author, a rough, self-conceited John Bull. He visited the nearest trading post to see the Indians, announced himself an Englishman to them, through quite willing interpreters; spoke of their great nation; that he was going through their country as their friend; that their great British father had never forgotten them. This interview of the sailor was of course at once made known to the agent, and it was delicately intimated to the captain that his exploration of the country closed at Fort Snelling. And "Snarleyyow or the Dog Fiend," or rather, its author, left soon for the lower Mississippi.

C. G. Beltrami, was an Italian passenger with the agent from Pittsburgh to Fort Snelling, in the steamer Virginia, Captain Pemberton, with stores for the army contractor, and this was the first boat that had had the temerity to make the effort. On the route up the Father of waters, the agent and a fireman were on the hurricane deck, one fair day, firing with a rifle at a mark, 25 cents per shot. western frontier fashion, when friend Beltrami arrived at the scene, and soon a scene followed. The Italian, while my opponent the fireman was adjusting the target for my shot in turn, picked up the rifle, struck the breech suddenly on the deck and off it went, the ball cutting through his right whisker. No further damage. but his rage was terrible. He was about to hit my friend the fireman, but my arm interposed. "Man-ny," said Jones, "If you had

hit me with that gun I would have given you the worst beating you ever had in all your born days." This brought the exclamation "Too much king in America! too much king!" The response was, "Yes, sir, we are all kings here, no distinction." The Count's better nature soon prevailed, when he apologized to the fireman for his rashness, who said, "Stranger, it's all well, but if you had of hit me with that gun you would have wished you never had." After this episode we passed to our destination through a brilliant light many miles of the way, for the bordering hills were all on fire.

Shortly after Beltrami domiciled at the fort, Col. Long with his scientific expedition arrived, composed of Mr. Calhoun, Prof. Saye and Mr. Seymour. Mr. B. asked and obtained leave to accompany the expedition to Pembina. I gave him my noble steed "Cadmus" with full equipments and provisions for the journey overland. He left in good spirits but finally quarreled with Colonel Long, separated from his party, and alone started in quest of the sources of the Mississippi. He has in his letters to his "dear Countess" given some facts of his tour, interspersed with ideal egotistical fiction: Yet he was a man of talent and deserves credit for the information imparted to the country as far as it goes. He knew but little of Indian habits or character. His temper could not brook the tardy movements of this people. He could not let patience have its perfect work, and so he and *Cloudy Weather*, a Pillager sub-chief well known to the agent, and under whose safe guard he then was, hundreds of miles off, had a falling out, so that the Cloud had to *strike* the Count with his *pipe stem* to keep him quiet, and

our Italian had sense enough to take the hint. After this Cloudy Weather with a few young men escorted their charge in safety to Fort Snelling.

Beltrami speaks truly of his ardent reception on his return, but he kept dark as to his troubles with the Cloud. But the old man gave the agent all the particulars. "When I met him," said the Cloud, "and he mentioned your name—pointing down the Mississippi—I determined to see him safe to your house." The chief was thanked and rewarded for his fidelity.

The most interesting explorer to the upper Mississippi was I. N. Nicollet, a distinguished French astronomer, a gentleman of general scientific information. He had landed at New Orleans from France and while there fell through the observatory breaking two of his ribs. He was known to Chief Justice Catron, and kindly taken into his family and cared for until able to move without pain, when he, with letters from the Judge, wended his way to St. Louis. Here he was given letters of introduction to the agent at St. Peter and his lady, who invited him to their residence, furnished him with pleasant quarters and a place at their table, Virginia fashion, a call six months, a visit one year.

Soon many questions were put as to the probable accomplishment of the object of his visit to St. Peter's. Could he go to the settlement of Selkirk? Yes. Could he go to the source of the Mississippi? Yes, sir. "Well," said he, with a pleasant smile, "you American beat de dev. Suppose I say can I go to h—ell, you say yes." Here his friend Mrs. T. remarked, "None of us will send you that route if we can prevent it." "Well, then,

madam, change my route to the upper Mississippi." And with the aid of Benj. F. Baker, a teacher at the post, and the agent, he soon had his bark boat, crew and proper stores and left us in good spirits, with his load of scientific instruments for his tedious exploration. He succeeded well and returned with a map of the country, and though drawn with a pen, presented a beautiful picture of lakes, land and rivers. This original map was presented to Mrs. Taliaferro after he had finished it at the agency in the fall and winter of 1836–7.

It was deemed of great importance after this, by the agent, that we should get Mr. Nicollet to explore the country generally to the north and west in Minnesota, and the Missouri. The Indian agents sounded Mr. N. on this idea. He responded quickly: "I have received so much unexpected kindness and hospitality from the people of the United States thus far, that if requested he would not say no. This was enough and Maj. Taliaferro at once addressed the Secretary of War, Mr. Poinsett, on the vast importance of a more perfect knowledge of one of the finest and most productive portions of our vast territories. The proposition was met in due season and Mr. N. with his associate John C. Fremont, entered upon the great exploration and survey, and the result of their labors was a large and correct map of Minnesota, Dakota, &c.

The long and dreary winters spent by Mr. Nicollet in the family of Maj. Taliaferro at the agency were relieved in the long nights of some 16 hours duration, by music, (Mr. N. was an accomplished violinist, Mrs. T. on the piano,) for hours each night. On closing them came his

last supper of wild rice, mush and milk, then to his rest in the storehouse.

When Mrs. T. left for her home in Bedford, Pennsylvania, Mr. Nicollet and Mr. Fremont were entertained by Mr. Sibley at Mendota, his trading post, near the entry of the Minnesota River. Mr. N., when low spirited, did not forget his sister, as he called her, Mrs. Taliaferro, as he found her at Bedford and passed the winter with us; and it was well he did, for he had to be carefully nursed and had the best medical attendance, Mrs. T. dressing his blisters and acting faithfully the good Samaritan.

On the opening of spring we all went on in company to Washington city, there to renew his official labors. The small map presented to Mrs. T. was found indispensable to the completion of his large map, and this was promptly given him, but after his death was never recovered. This map I desired, of all things, to put in the archives of the Historical Society, at St. Paul, as also a copy of the grant, on parchment, of Carver's claim, signedby Snake and Turtle.

We visited Mr. N. at St. Mary's College, Baltimore, where all his geographical specimens and other specimens were stored; also at Dr. Ducatel's, in the same city, where he found in the person of the doctor's lady another sister. Never was any foreign gentleman more esteemed than was Mr. N. by all who ever knew him. He was a man of fine heart, congenial, winning companion. When last in Washington we visited, at his request, the French Minister, M. Pontiva, and on being introduced by Mr. N. was forced to sit in his chair of office. The minister was very profuse in thanks for the many kind

attentions to his esteemed countryman's wants. He was informed that I had done nothing more than was my duty. "And nobly did you perform that duty," said the minister. "Well," said I to the minister, "I can this night say what no other man can say." "What is that?" said several voices, for the room was full by this time. "I have been Secretary of State of the United States and Minister Plenipotentiary from France to the United States." "How is that?" "Easily explained, gentlemen. When I was a green second lieutenant in the army my father gave me a letter to James Monroe, Secretary of State. On delivering this letter I was asked to take a seat, and, ass like, I found myself in my confusion in a large red morocco chair, his state chair; now I pay my respects to the Minister from France and he forces me to take his chair of office." The point was seen, and produced some merriment. Nicollet said, "You are a bad boy; you will pass, however."

It was the earnest hope of Mr. N., often expressed as his health failed him, that he could live to finish his great work, and out of gratitude dedicate it to the people of the United States. Into whose hands his papers fell I know not, though application was made to the office of topographical engineers. Of mementoes of this distinguished man, more than one remain in the family of Major Taliaferro, and whose memory is affectionately cherished and will continue as long as they live.

Of Mr. Featherstonhaugh—a long name—but little can be said as to his explorations of the Minnesota. His report does not give evidence of a master mind, as it was made up mostly from construction and not from actual

observation or geological research. He was obviously not flattered with his reception at Fort Snelling, or in the Indian country. He attempted to pass current for that which he possessed not—superior talent and modesty in his profession. Lieut. Mather, of the army, his associate, was of a different stamp. Solid, clear-headed, scientific, with a modest, unassuming gentlemanly bearing, he should have led the English gentleman into one of the finest fields for topographical research in any portion of the world. The notes of Lieut. Mather on this expedition were filed in the office of the topographical engineer at the seat of government.

APOLOGY.

My age is now — April, 1864 — over three score years and ten. So afflicted and nervous, attended with severe pains at times and general debility, that I fear these seventy-five pages, so full of omissions, mistakes and bad chirography and worse orthography — this portion, for it is only a portion—will prove of but little interest to my kind friend and brother in Christ.

LAWRENCE TALIAFERRO,
M. S. K., United States Army.

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P. S.—Should a large number of autograph letters of distinguished persons bearing on Indian affairs be needed as reference for authority, you can have them.

OMISSIONS NOT BEFORE NOTED ON INDIAN AFFAIRS, MILITARY OFFICERS, INDIAN TRADE AND TRADERS, LAWS OF CONGRESS, FOREIGN POPULATION, HABITS, ETC.

Fresh from the army, the school of honor, and thrown at once into a new sphere of action, a young man of acknowledged military tact and firmness, it became his duty in his important, delicate and dangerous position as agent for Indian affairs at the Falls of St. Anthony, for the northern and western tribes of Indians, to learn their habits, manners and customs practically by a full and free intercourse with all that could be reached. He found the old Indian department without form or councilings, but chaotic, rotten to the core. British influence had kept for years the minds and bodies of the poor Indian, by evil councils, in entire subjection, hence the officials of the United States, especially before and during the war of 1812, found their efforts for good worse than useless to the government. It was left for the year 1819, to stay the tide of "John Bull's" supremacy over the various tribes, not only within the new territories, but also throughout our entire Indian country.

Joseph Rolette, Col. Robert Dickson, Duncan Graham and others active in marshaling the Indians to join with England, had been proscribed the country. Congress had passed laws too tame for the times; arrogance and presumption of old British traders had not been sufficiently checked. Agents had granted at Mackinac, a general license to the American Fur Company, under which sub-licenses were signed in blank by George Boyd, and these were filled

up in the Indian country by traders, for trade at any point selected by them. This completely neutralized the law which designated points at which the trade should be conducted. Hence, the agent at St. Peter's for a time had to respect the action of the agent at Mackinac as to the granting indiscriminately licenses for trade on the Mississippi and River St. Peter's. All this had to be met and corrected however, censured by the fur traders. All the acts of the new agent were carefully considered and faithfully and truly reported to the government. As early as 1820, the officers of Fort Snelling, in an official form, unanimously approved the action of the Indian agent, and their entire confidence in his ability to continue, not only the Indian tribes, but the fur trade and traders. Subsequently, the fact that British influence had received a heavy blow.

In due course of time it was found that the persons proscribed at an early day, might be permitted to join their families in the Indian country. The War Department was consulted. The agent gave a letter to Col. Robert Dickson for the Secretary of War, and a note also to the British minister, Mr. Canning, as to Col. D.'s honor and faithfulness, the minister paid him his pension of £300 sterling, the last he ever received, and the president after an interview with Dickson, directed the Secretary of War, J. C. Calhoun, to leave the case of the old Scotchman entirely to the direction of the agent at St. Peter's, as he alone was responsible for the conduct of his agency. Of course the old offender had full permission to join his family at Lac qui Parle. This act of the agent gave some offence to his venerable superintendent of Indian affairs, General Wm. Clark, but the agent not only assumed this responsibility but he recalled Duncan

Graham, and others, admonishing Mr. Rolette, who seemed astonished at the decision made so speedily after the former decisions of the government. It was fortunate for the official harmony of the country, as the agent by his decided action made hosts of friends speedily. It was at this period that he received an additional name, Chunta-topah, or the Four hearts, French, Scotch, Sioux, American; also Muscoe G. Taliaferro, sub-agent, a younger brother, was named Mah-za-su-tah, or "Strong Iron," and quite popular with Indians generally, being an M. D. Medicine man. After Colonel Leavenworth came Colonel Snelling, Colonel Morgan, Major Fowle, Colonel Case, Colonel Bliss, Captain Gale, Captain Vail, Captain Martin Scott, Colonel Taylor, Major Jouett, Major Plympton; of traders licensed from 1819 to 1840, these were Alexis Bailly, J. B. Faribault, Philander Prescott, Wright Prescott, Jos. Renville, Louis Provincaille, Daniel Lamont, Benjamin F. Baker, Duncan Campbell, Alexander Faribault, Hazen Mooers, Alexander Culbertson, A. Ryzane, Laframboise Rocque, Ezekiel Lockwood, Jean Baptiste Mayrand, H. H. Sibley, Rix Robinson, Duncan Graham, Joseph R. Brown, James Wells, Joseph Laframboise, Joseph Snelling, Francois Labathe, Augustin Grignon, J. P. Tilton and others. Most of these traders, and many of their hands, had the use of Indian women as long as it suited their convenience, and children were born to them. In purchasing women from their parents, a price more or less had to be paid by the clerks of the respective companies. Their women must be dressed, and most of this extravagance charged on a per cent. of their hunters, as lost credits on making their returns to their agents.

The traders licensed at Mackinac by George Boyd and

Henry R. Schoolcraft for the Chippewas on the upper Mississippi lakes and rivers, were Wm. A. Aitkin, the father of twenty-five Indian children, Morrison, Holiday, Chapman, Cotee, Dingley and Warren. It was in this section that traders from below met the most strenuous opposition, decreed all goods as dirty, thin American goods, blankets, only fit to dart straws through; theirs were British goods from England, heavy, strong and cheap, their guns would not burst. This was only one of a hundred devices to prevent Indians from obtaining credit from their competitors. Stealing each other's credit was a common occurrence, deemed no discredit in the nature of their business, only sharp practice overreaching cunning. The British naturalized traders let loose their venom on the presumption of the authorities at Fort Snelling; the vilest abuse being of the innocent agent at St. Peter's. He was called all sorts of names by Aitkin and others, in their councils with the Chippewas, all of which was yearly made known to him by the chiefs, and had men visiting annually at his agency. All this folly made no difference in the line of his duty, but he pursued a fearless and independent course of action both public and private which put to shame his maligners. One great difficulty in the way of an honest adjustment of Indian claims under special treaties from beginning to end, was the treaty making power in the superintendency of General Cass. A precedent was established, the most fatal and dishonest, that of granting Indians and whites, reservations of land under treaty stipulations and recognizing the claims of traders for lost credits. In their dealings with the Indian tribes, no commercial in-

terest on earth was so recognized or guarded. It seems wonderful to honest men that the President, and Congress could not, or would not at once reject such palpable bare faced frauds, but so it was, and so it continued to be the rule under several successive administrations of the government. The efforts of several agents to correct these palpable acts of injustice to both the United States, and the Indians proved powerless. Political advancement of certain ordinary men in the west, proved finally sufficient to become identified with the cupidity of the fur traders and land speculators. This was made their pecuniary interest. Hence the interest of the government, and the Indian tribes had, as it were to go to the wall. Indian agents that could be influenced proved recreant to their several charges. The Indians finally lost confidence in all white men, and well they might, in reference to Indian treaties, and their fulfilment. Under solemn stipulations the heart of the honest man is made sick. However, there lies in all wrong a germ of retribution, that will punish the wrong deed sooner or later.

But for the treaty of 1857, the Sioux bands of the Dakota nation would have been a peaceable, and thriving people, but the wrongs perpetuated by white men under that treaty, mainly caused the murder of many innocent people in 1862. The Crow, and his Indians realized their fate in 1858, at Washington, at the last treaty with the government; they were as children led to the slaughter, no man seemed to care for them, and they became desperate. The young men could no longer be controlled, their lands were sold and the traders got the proceeds through the connivance of men called respect

able citizens by evil doers. Contracts for the removal of Indians was among the number of stupendous frauds practiced on the government. Some commissioners of Indian affairs, either knaves or fools, entered into the wildest contracts, one as a sample of the rest. Commissioner Brown, contracted with some one. for the removal of the Winnebagoes from Iowa reservation to the Crow River, beyond the Falls of St. Anthony, for one hundred and five thousand (105,000) dollars. H. H. Sibley, said he would perform that duty for twenty-five thousand (25,000) dollars. Commissioner Brown resigned his office because of being overreached, or with a well lined pocket. A proposal was also made after the treaty of Sept. 29th, 1837, to remove the Sioux from the east of the Mississippi to the west, for the sum of $50,000. Fortunately the agent was in Washington, he called at the Indian office, and prevailed on the secretary of war to postpone action in this case until he could return to his agency and make to the department his report. The agent lost no time, and on the 15th of June, 1838, reported that he had called the few Sioux east of the Mississippi, to a council west of "Olive Grove," and for less than $500, secured their full consent to remain west, and they faithfully adhered to our agreement. The department could not but commend this prompt action of their resident agent, but he gained no friends by thus summarily thwarting designing knaves.

At a later period had the government used the experience and influence of their first old agent, either as a commissioner or council, Minnesota would have had long peace and prosperity; the Dakotas said as much more

than once. Not until after the year 1840, did the government become unfortunate in the selection of their agents for Indian affairs. Previous to this date, men of distinction had sought perseveringly a position in it; ex-ministers, governors, members of congress, and other citizens of high standing. The office of Indian affairs had grown from two rooms to thirty, so rapid was the increase of official intercourse with the various Indian tribes.

It may be as well here at the close of this sketch of the experience of Major Taliaferro during some twenty-two years as agent for Indian affairs in Minnesota, and after he had returned to the army in 1857, March 14th, to record the remarks of Little Crow, and confirmed by Wabasha and Shakopee, *The Six*, in June, 1858, at Washington City. These chiefs and the boys with them, called at the quarters of their old friend and Father, at the corner of 112 E street, with their interpreter, Joseph Campbell, eldest son of Scott Campbell, the faithful interpreter of the United States, at the agency at St. Peters, from 1822 to 1840. The Little Crow said: "My old Father, we have called upon you; we love you; we respect you; we are here none but children; our old chiefs are all gone; we don't know what to do; they want us to divide our lands and live like white people. Since you left us a dark cloud has hung over our nation. We have lost confidence in the promises of our Great Father, and his people; bad men have nearly destroyed us. You took my grandfather with you to this great city in 1824; you took my father also to this city in 1837; he did good for our people; he made a good treaty, because you stood by him; he told me so, and that I must always mind your talk

for it was good and true. 'No sugar in your mouth;' the nation had no better friend. My grandfather repeated the same words to us—in my ears. I loved you from my youth, and my nation will never forget you. If ever we act foolish and do wrong, it is because you are not with us. How is it. You counciled our nation for more than twenty-one years, and since you left we have had five agents as our Fathers; a man took your place, A. I. Bruce, he was a *fool*, and had to leave soon; then came another. and so on. We failed to get a friend in any one like you; they all joined the traders. We know your heart, it feels for your old children." Wabasha followed, confirmatory of the Crow's remarks, and asked, saying: "My Father, I am, as you know, a man of few words. My friend has spoken my mind, the mind of all present here this day. How is it that J. R. Brown. an old trader, is in your place? We are Indians, but we have no confidence in Mr. Brown. I hold your hand for the last time." My poor, helpless friends were advised to make the best treaty possible, and try to live in peace with the whites near them, for their own sakes, and more especially for the peace and security of their wives and helpless children. To go to war with the whites was of no use in redressing supposed or real wrongs; that war would surely destroy their nation forever; on this they now had the solemn word of their old friend—one that had never deceived them, and never would; bear all things, hope all things, and the Great Spirit will never leave you in the hands of bad men long.

The Crow, in a speech at Redwood, in sparing the lives of one or two families, Mrs. Woodbury and children being

of the number, said: "I did not wish to go to war; but my young men forced me to it; we have begun and must do the best we can. I spare the lives of some of you for the sake of our good old Father, *Mah-sa-busca:* his words are this day in my ears; had he been here this war would not have been." Mrs. Woodbury is our authority for the Crow's remarks, when all supposed that they would be murdered.

We bring this imperfect sketch of one that uniformly tried to do his duty to God and his fellow man, to a close, only adding that neither in war nor peace had he a serious personal difficulty with his mess mates; is a member of the order of F. and A. Masons; a Deacon in the "Old School Presbyterian Church," of Bedford, Pa.; in good standing; and now in his seventy-first year, placed by the President, in August, 1863, on the retired list of the army, for long and faithful service to the Republic.

HENRY HASTINGS SIBLEY.

A MEMOIR.

By J. Fletcher Williams, Secretary of the Minnesota Historical Society.

Henry Hastings Sibley, the oldest living pioneer of our state at the time of his death, died at his residence, 417 Woodward avenue, St. Paul, on February 18th, at 4:30 o'clock a. m., in the eightieth year of his age.

Many just and eloquent eulogies to the memory of the deceased have been pronounced since his death, in the various bodies and societies of which he was a member. The object of this paper is not to add to these, but simply to give a plain, unvarnished narrative of his public and private life.*

ANCESTRY.

The Sibley family came from England with the early settlers of New England. The name is undoubtedly Saxon, signifying, according to Arthur, in his "Derivation of Names," Sib, peaceful or quiet; ley, lea, legh or leigh, signifying a pasture, field or commons. Lle, in Welsh, signifies "a place." This, says Burke, in his "Landed

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Gentry," is one of that large class of Saxon names derived from localities or places. Lower, in his "Patronymica Britannica," traces the name back to the twelfth century, and quoted one Sibaldus (the Latinized name) as a tenant-in-chief in Northamptonshire, given in the "Domesday Book," which was written eight centuries ago. Savage, in his "Genealogical Dictionary of the First Settlers of New England," states that John Sibley (spelled also Sebley and Sybley in early records) came over in 1629, and settled at Salem. From this ancestor all the Sibley family in America have sprung. The name, however, is not a common one, either in this country or in England. A genealogy of the family in America is in preparation. Solomon Sibley (father of H. H.) was born at Sutton, Mass. Oct. 7, 1769. He studied law and removed to Ohio in 1795, establishing himself first at Marietta and subsequently at Cincinnati in the practice of his profession. He removed to Detroit in 1797, and in 1799 was elected to the first Territorial Legislature of the Northwestern Territory at Cincinnati. Judge Burnet, in his work, "Notes on the Northwestern Territory," says:

"Mr. Sibley was a man of high standing, and was considered one of the most talented men of the House. He possessed a sound mind, improved by liberal education, and a stability and firmness of character which commanded general respect, and secured to him the confidence and the esteem of his fellow-members."

He was elected to Congress in 1820, and in 1824 was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court, which post he held until 1836, when he resigned on account of increas-

ing deafness. He was also United States Commissioner, and in company with Lewis Cass, made a treaty with the Indians for most of the territory which was included in the peninsular portion of Michigan. He was also, for a time, United States District Attorney. He died at Detroit, April 4, 1840, universally respected for his talents and virtues.

The mother of General Sibley was a Miss Sarah W. Sproat, daughter of Colonel Ebenezer Sproat, a revolutionary soldier, and of his wife, formerly Miss Catherine Whipple, daughter of Commodore Abraham Whipple, of the revolutionary navy. She was born at Providence, R. I., Jan. 28, 1782. In 1788 her parents removed to Marietta, Ohio, so that her whole life, almost, was spent on the frontier. Colonel Sproat, her father, was a man of great bravery and commanding stature. Hildreth, in his "Lives of the Pioneers of Ohio," states that he "was six feet four inches in height, with limbs formed in nature's most perfect model. His social habits, pleasant, agreeable manners and cheerful disposition rendered him a general favorite with the officers as well as with the private soldiers." After he settled at Marietta he held the office of sheriff fourteen years, and opened, as such, the first court ever held in Ohio. His experience in military matters was of great advantage during the border warfare with the Indians in those days, and he bore a full share of danger and hardship. He died of apoplexy in 1805, aged fifty-two years, being still in the prime of life. Mrs. Sibley (mother of H. H.) is described by Miss Ellet, in her "Pioneer Women of the West," as a lady of unusual personal

beauty and commanding figure. She had "a vigorous and cultivated intellect, undaunted courage, and an intuitive and clear perception of right and wrong. Affectionate in disposition, frank in manner, and truly just as well as benevolent, she was during her whole married life the center of an admiring circle of devoted friends. She died, as she had always lived, without one to cast a reproach upon her elevated and beautiful character." Her death took place at Detroit, Jan. 22, 1851. Nine children were born to Judge and Mrs. Sibley—four sons and five daughters.

BIRTH AND EARLY YEARS.

Henry Hastings Sibley was born at Detroit, Mich., Feb. 20, 1811. The history of the Northwest at that time, the perilous condition of the frontier, the savage warfare which desolated the region, the siege and surrender of Detroit, etc., are too well known to need recounting. When the subject of this memoir was only eighteen months old, the capture of Detroit by the British and Indians took place. Judge Sibley, his father, with his mother, were compelled to abandon their home, taking with them only a few necessaries, and escaped to Ohio, where they remained a year. Thus the Sibley family bore their full share in the trials of frontier life. Three times Mrs. Sibley rode on horseback, by a dim trail through the forests from Detroit to Marietta, camping out most of the way. It would thus seem that the subject of this sketch was launched into a career destined from the start to be one of adventure and stirring incidents, repeating the eventful pioneer life of his ancestors. Thus hereditarily predis-

posed, as it might be said, to a life of close contact with the strange and romantic elements that have always given such a charm to frontier life in the eyes of the courageous and active, his innate disposition received a still further bent from the very condition of society in his boyhood. It was passed in a region favorable for field sports, and the hardy exploits of the hunter and pioneer, where every one of the old inhabitants was a fireside bard, reciting those wonderful epics of hair-breadth escapes and "accidents by flood and field," perils and feats of the half mythical heroes of the frontier, legends full of poetry and romance, well calculated to stir the blood and excite the ambition of the youthful listener. This largely accounts for the life he subsequently led. During his boyhood he received such academical education as could be obtained in Detroit at that time, and subsequently enjoyed two years' private tuition in the classics from Rev. R. F. Cadle, a fine scholar. Judge Sibley had destined him for his own profession, and about the age of sixteen, in obedience to that wish, he commenced its study in his father's office. After about a year's delving into the dry details of the law, young Sibley became convinced that his natural inclinations and tastes would lead him to a more active and stirring life, and so informed his father. Judge Sibley very wisely told him if such was the case, to pursue his own wishes as regarded his occupation.

GOES TO MACKINAC.

In 1828 he consequently went to Sault. Ste. Marie and engaged in mercantile operations for about a year. In 1829 he went to Mackinac, an important point at

that date, as regarded the Northwest trade, and entered the service of the American Fur Company as clerk. He remained at that post five years, having a variety of adventures and becoming acquainted with most of the leading traders and prominent frontiersmen and pioneers—names now historical—and with the principal Indian chiefs and head men. He listened to their stories of life in the great wilderness of the Northwest (so he once stated to the writer) like some tale of romance, filling him with a keen desire to see and traverse this wonderful land of lake, prairie and forest. During this period he made his entrance into official life, being commissioned by Gov. Geo. B. Porter of Michigan Territory, a justice of peace of Michimackinac county in 1831. His commission was, in fact, received before he was quite of age, and he was subsequently qualified before Michael Dousman, father of the late Hercules L. Dousman, Prairie du Chien.

COMES TO MINNESOTA.

It was mainly owing to the latter person that Gen. Sibley was induced to come to Minnesota. In a memoir of Col. Dousman, read before the Historical Society several years ago, Gen. Sibley said:

"My personal acquaintance with the subject of this memoir dates back to the year 1829, more than forty years ago. I was then a mere boy, employed as a clerk by the American Fur Company at their central agency at Mackinac. Col. Dousman and others in charge of important districts were to report in person during the summer of each year at that point, whither they went in charge of the Mackinac boats that contained the furs

and skins collected during the previous year. I became quite intimate with him, although he was many years my senior, and at each of his annual visits he depicted the beauties of this wild Western land in such glowing colors, and the abundance and variety of game, animals and birds it contained, that my youthful imagination was captivated, and my love of adventure aroused, so that in 1834, at his earnest solicitation I formed with him and the late Joseph Rolette, Sr., a copartnership with the American Fur Company, of New York, which passed in that year under the direction of Ramsey Crooks as president. By the terms of the agreement I was to be placed in control of all the country above Lake Pepin, to the head waters of the streams emptying into the Missouri and north of the British line, with my headquarters at St. Peter's, now the village of Mendota. Col. Dousman was, therefore, under providence, chiefly instrumental in linking my destinies with those of Minnesota."

Gen. Sibley stated to the writer that it was his love of field sports, more perhaps than any other motive, which induced him to come to Minnesota.

"At that time," he states in his article above quoted, "the bear, the deer, the fisher, the martin, the raccoon were the tenants of the woods; the beaver, the otter and other amphibia, such as the mink and the muskrat, were to be found in the streams and lakes, while the prairies were dotted with countless herds of bison and the elk, accompanied by their usual attendants, wolves and foxes, which scarcely deigned to seek concealment from the eye of the traveler. The numerous lakes and marshes were the breeding places of myriads of wild fowl, including

swan, geese and ducks. Many of the younger men who sought employment with the fur companies were, like myself, more attached to this wild region by a love of adventure and of the chase than by any prospect of pecuniary gain. There was always enough of danger also, to give zest to extreme frontier life, and to counteract any tendency to *ennui*. There were the perils of prairie fires and of flood, from evil-disposed savages, and those inseparable from the hunt of ferocious wild beasts, such as the bear, the panther and the buffalo. War was the normal condition of the powerful bands of Dakotas and Chippewas, and white men falling in with a party of these belligerent tribes might deem himself fortunate if he could save his life by a sacrifice of whatever property he possessed. The traveler and hunter, in their peregrinations, were compelled to trust to their skill in constructing rafts or swimming for crossing the numerous streams, and to the compass or to the sun and stars to direct their course. Nature, in her primitive luxuriance, unmarred by the labor of man, unveiled her beauties on every side as a reward to those of her infrequent visitors who could appreciate and enjoy them."

Such was Minnesota forty-six years ago, when General Sibley first became a resident of it. In all its vast domain, now the home of 1,200,000 white people, there was then but a mere handful of whites, traders, clerks and voyageurs in the employ of the fur company, and a few soldiers at Fort Snelling.

"When I performed the journey," further wrote Gen. Sibley, "in the autumn of 1834, from Prairie du Chien to St. Peters, now Mendota, a distance of nearly 300

miles, there was but one house between those points, and that was a log house occupied by a trader named Rocque, situated below Lake Pepin, near the site of the present town of Wabasha." * * * "I arrived at the mouth of the Minnesota river on the 7th of November, 1834. The trip from Prairie du Chien was performed on horseback in company with Alexis Bailly, since deceased, and two hired Canadians." * * * * "When I first caught a glimpse of Fort Snelling, and descended the hills to Mendota, then called St. Peter's, I little anticipated that the hamlet was to be my abiding place for twenty-eight years. [In 1862 he removed to St. Paul.] There were a few log houses at St. Peter's, occupied by persons employed in the fur trade."

On Nov. 7, 1884, some of Gen. Sibley's friends in St. Paul gave him an honorary banquet in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his settlement in Minnesota. What had not that half century witnessed, in the mighty changes which had taken place in the Northwest?

Of the few traders who occupied the various posts in this region at that time, not a single one of this band of heroes now survives. The names of Kittson, Faribault, Bailly, Aitkin, Brown, Prescott, Morrison, Borup, Oakes, Renville, etc., have become historical in this state.

GEN. SIBLEY AS A TRADER.

The position now occupied by Gen. Sibley was, for a man of twenty-three, one of great importance and responsibility. He had control of the interests of the American Fur Company over a vast extent of territory, inspecting its posts, supervising the operations of the traders, clerks

and voyageurs, and dictating its policy as regarded the traffic with the Indians. Maj. Lawrence Taliaferro, a splenetic, conceited, opinionated, but honest and incorruptible man, was Indian agent at Fort Snelling from 1820 to 1841. He had generally managed to keep up a standing quarrel with every trader, accusing them of malpractices, and probably with good grounds in many cases. No such occurrence took place after Gen. Sibley assumed control of this district. Maj. Taliaferro always spoke of him and wrote of him in terms indicating the highest respect and confidence. It will not be necessary in a sketch of this kind to detail at length the daily life of an Indian trader. To a majority of readers this must be somewhat familiar. It is, and always was, a peculiar life. It required more than average personal courage, great tact and diplomacy, firmness and patience, and carefulness in petty details, which almost no other occupation made necessary to such a degree. The Indians were a simple-minded race in some respects, but difficult to manage in general, being whimsical and notional. Their "trade" was but a simple exchange of peltries for arms and ammunition, blankets, and ornaments, provisions and other articles of that nature. There were sometimes great profits in the fur trade, but also great hazards and risks and losses. Oftentimes the lives of the traders were in great danger from revengeful and malicious Indians. Mr. Sibley used to travel about from post to post, exposed to all these hazards, and not knowing what moment some fateful danger might overtake him. He soon became acquainted with Indian character and habits, however, and spoke

their language. By his tact, prudence, courage and firmness in dealing with them he acquired, in a brief time, great influence among them, and no one was ever more respected and feared. They trusted him and his word implicitly, and he was careful never to deceive them, or allow any one in his employ to do so. The name they knew him by was Wah-ze-o-man-zee,—Walker-in-the-Pines—a name that had a potent influence among them far and near, as long as the Dakota race dwelt in the state. His post at Mendota was generally thronged, also, with a crowd of Canadian and half-breed retainers in the employ of the fur company as voyageurs and laborers. This was a peculiar class of people, as our old settlers well remember; a class mercurial, undisciplined and of unrestrained passions. To keep them in proper subjection and to prevent crimes among them was a difficult task. Mr. Sibley succeeded in it, nevertheless, with good results, and though for years this region had practically no law, or courts, or officers, or justice, he exercised a wholesome restraint over all the white and mixed bloods. About 1840, after this region was included in the bounds of Iowa Territory, being a part of Clayton county, Mr. Sibley received a commission as justice of the peace.

"As I was the only magistrate in this region (he says in a paper written for the Historical Society), and the county seat was some 300 miles distant, I had matters pretty much under my own control, there being little chance of an appeal from my decisions. In fact, some of the simple-minded people around me firmly believed that I had the power of life and death."

Perhaps something of his influence may have been caused by his own physical prowess and courage. The late John H. Fairbanks of White Earth once narrated an occurrence he witnessed at the Mackinac trading post. A ruffianly fellow, a great bully, and a man of powerful physique, had disputed Sibley's word. Quick as a flash young Sibley sprang over the counter, threw himself on the bully, and seizing him as one would a light bundle of goods, threw him out of the door. The fellow picked himself up and made off in haste. Some of the early settlers used to say that Sibley preserved order and discipline among his rough voyageurs by the actual use of the lash and bludgeon. Doubtless, if so, it was unavoidable. Gen. Sibley once related a case, showing the trouble he had in managing his men. One of them, a powerful and desperate fellow, while intoxicated, insisted on picking a quarrel with Sibley, and defied him. Mr. Sibley said he saw no half-way measure would answer, or his authority would have been gone forever. He knocked the rascal down by a blow of his fist, and then pummeled him until he begged for mercy. Some of the man's pals took him away, unable to move, and it was reported that he was seriously hurt. Some days afterward Sibley sent him word to come back and behave himself, which he did, and he never had any more trouble with the man; nor indeed, with any of the others. Once at Mendota, Mr. Fairbanks further related, a half-breed named George Cornoyer was raising a row with some others. Sibley took him under his arm and dragged him out of the ring. Cornoyer twisted his head around and looked up. Recognizing who had him, he exclaimed; "Oh, is that you, Mis'r

Sib-lee? I'll give up." These incidents will serve to show the nature of his life at Mendota for several years; indeed up to the time of the organization of the territory in 1849. Two very important criminal cases connected with early Minnesota history came before while a justice of the peace. One of these was Phelan, for the murder of Hays at St. Paul in 1838, and the other was the alleged murderers of young Simpson. the explorer, in 1840. The former was held to trial and the latter discharged by Justice Sibley.

BUILDS A RESIDENCE.

In 1835–6 he had constructed for his use the comfortable and commodious residence at Mendota known for so many years as the "Sibley Mansion," and which, in the earlier years of our territory, but especially in the pre-territorial days, was the seat of such generous hospitality to the traveler and the public man. This building was the first permanent residence, strictly speaking, built in Minnesota, not connected with the military post, and is now, undoubtedly, the oldest building in Minnesota, except Fort Snelling. It has recently passed into the posession of the Sisters of the Catholic Church for a female academy. Here Mr. Sibley enjoyed, for many years, the establishment of a "country gentleman," with all the appointments of a manorial mansion or estate. He had his horses and dogs, and retainers to do his bidding. A French cook of the finest skill served his table, and never was one supplied more profusely with the choicest game. A good library, current periodicals, pictures, etc., completed the requirements of a cultivated

life, and the opportunities of the best society were afforded by the officers of the fort and their families.

HIS MARRIAGE.

On May 2, 1843, Gen. Sibley was married at Fort Snelling to Miss Sarah J. Steele (sister of the late Franklin Steele and Dr. John Steele, of St. Paul), a lady of rare virtues and accomplishments and exalted worth, and admirably fitted to adorn the prominent station in society which she occupied for so many years in Washington and St. Paul. After twenty-six years of happy married life, Mrs. Sibley died, May 21, 1869, lamented by a wide circle of friends in various parts of the Union. His domestic establishment at Mendota was now, and for twenty years thereafter, the abode of happiness and enjoyment. An interesting family of children grew up there, five of whom preceded their parents, in infancy, to the other world. Four of their children grew to mature years. One of his daughters, Augusta Sibley, married, in 1867, Capt. Douglas Pope, of Illinois, who died in that state, February, 1880, leaving three children. Mrs. Pope and her daughters reside in St. Paul. Another daughter, Sarah Jane, married, several years since, Mr. E. A. Young, a well-known business man of this city. His sons, Charles Frederick Sibley and Alfred Brush Sibley, both of whom have reached manhood's estate, are in business in this city. For some years, until, indeed, St. Paul became a place large enough to boast a hotel, distinguished travelers and explorers visiting this region were accustomed to sojourn at Gen. Sibley's residence, where they were hospitably entertained. Among the eminent travelers and

scientists who visited him were Jean J. Nicollet, John C. Fremont, George Catlin, G. W. Featherstonhaugh, Frederick Maryatt, Monsieur Picot, the naturalist, Stephen A. Douglas, etc., all of whom, in their works, speak gratefully of the hospitality and aid received from Gen. Sibley, while the early missionaries to our native tribes were also aided as far as possible. Scarcely a steamboat landed at Fort Snelling, without bringing among its tourists, government officials, or military men, one or more guests for Gen. Sibley.

FONDNESS FOR FIELD SPORTS.

Some reference was made previously to Gen. Sibley's fondness for field sports, and that the superiority of this region as a land of game had largely determined him in his choice of residence here. He became, like Nimrod, "a mighty hunter." This taste for field sports probably had much to do in determining his future character. He once stated:

"I believe that my fondness for hunting kept me from becoming demoralized by the temptations which surrounded every man in the Indian trade at that time, and were the ruin of many. With plenty of leisure on their hands during portions of the year, unrestrained by the ties of family or refined society, they were too apt to give up their time to gambling, to the bowl, or to vicious indulgences which the proximity of the wigwam will suggest. But my fondness for shooting kept me out of such temptations. When not actually engaged in business I was out with my gun and dogs in pursuit of game, and this being a sort of passion with me, kept any other inclination from taking hold of me."

He procured from various sources, some of the finest blooded dogs, of various kinds, ever brought to Minnesota. Part of these were setters and pointers, for duck and grouse shooting, but one notable part of his kennel was a pack of fox and wolf hounds. Persons visiting his house within a few years past may remember a large oil painting of one of his most famous wolf hounds, Lion, painted about 1843, by a young artist named Deas, at Fort Snelling. For some years during the period referred to there was stationed at the fort, Capt. Martin Scott, an army officer, whose fame as a hunter is so national (almost every one has heard of "Capt. Scott and the coon") that it need not be mentioned at length. Capt. Scott and Gen. Sibley were continually in the field, each had splendid horses and a full pack of dogs, and the latter, when in full cry after a fox or wolf, must have wakened the echoes of the bluffs and valleys as they never have been, before or since. These two hunters, in their many expeditions, destroyed whole hecatombs of animals and birds. The stories Gen. Sibley used to relate about the abundance of game in those days—for instance, droves of elk, numbering hundreds, etc.,—make our latter day sportsmen envious. Some accounts of his hunting exploits are given in his reminiscences published by the Historical Society. His fondness for hunting lasted until near the close of his life, and his pursuit of it was only prevented by his ill health the last few years. His keen eye and unerring aim were unaffected by age.

GEN. SIBLEY AS A STUDENT AND WRITER.

When not permitted to engage in field sports, Gen. Sibley spent his leisure hours in study and writing. It

might be supposed that one isolated as he was, on the frontier, with scanty mail service, far separated from the cities of the country where books, and newspapers, and libraries, and other sources of information are found, would lose step with the progress of the age, and lapse into an indifferent knowledge of the world's events. But these impediments had no such effect. He supplied himself with the best journals of the country, and the best works of the day, of which he was a close and faithful student. Thus no gentleman in any of the cities of the country had a more intelligent view of the progress of political events and the literature of the times. Political economy, history, social science, natural history, geography and statistics, and a few other branches were especially studied by him, and he accumulated a large and valuable library on these subjects. Those acquainted with Gen. Sibley knew what a great fund of information on current topics of the day he possessed He was a close thinker and a diligent student, and the books in his library were for use, not show. He was always fond of writing. During the pre-territorial days he kept up a large correspondence with persons in various parts of the country, and wrote articles for literary and political journals. He was a regular contributor of The Spirit of the Times, New York, and for many years (from 1846 to 1852) wrote valuable papers descriptive of life on the frontier, Indian character and warfare, and sporting incidents and adventures. His *nom de plume* in this journal was "Hal, a Dakota." Through these papers he became known to writers all over the country, and in England. Henry William Herbert (Frank Forester), the eminent writer on

field sports, said that Gen. Sibley's sketches were among the finest articles of the kind he had ever read, and valuable contributions to sporting literature. By reading them he conceived a warm admiration for the writer, and when the latter became a member of congress in 1848, Herbert called on him, and made his acquaintance, commencing then a friendship which was broken only by the sad death of the gifted but unfortunate author several years afterwards.

Several years ago, when the sportsmen of America raised a fund for a monument to Herbert, Gen. Sibley made a generous donation towards it, and wrote a beautiful and touching sketch of his acquaintance with the brilliant "Frank Forester." In the American edition of Col. Hawker's famous work on "Games and Shooting" (1853), the editor, William T. Porter, Esq., of the New York *Spirit of the Times*, includes some forty or fifty pages of Gen. Sibley's sketches of hunting adventures in what is now Minnesota. In 1866 or '67, at a period when his time was amply engrossed with business cares, and public and social duties, he contributed to the St. Paul *Pioneer* a series of sketches of the life and adventures of Joseph Jack Frazer, one of the most singular characters connected with the early history of our state. These papers have been pronounced by competent judges to be among the most candid, faithful and minute pictures of Indian life and character ever written, and are penned (like all Gen. Sibley's writings) in an easy, graceful and unaffected style. Indeed, it may be said that as a writer he deserves a high rank. He had been in his younger days a close student of classical English com-

position, studying analytically some of the finest models in our language, and based his style on them. He always used terse, plain Saxon, as carrying more unadorned force with it. All his letters, articles, messages and papers are models of smooth, concise and graceful expression. During the last few years his pen seemed never to rest, but was engaged several hours each day on every species of composition His penmanship was remarkably neat, clear and regular, and he had a very methodical and neat way of keeping his papers, accounts, etc. In the Executive Department of the state are a multitude of evidences of this, in the documents neatly folded, arranged and labeled in his handwriting, while all who have ever had any business with him, know how careful and precise he was in all details.

It is a matter of great regret, to those interested in early Minnesota history, that Gen. Sibley did not write more of his entertaining reminiscences. His memory was stored with a multitude of the most interesting facts regarding pioneer days, and the pioneers themselves. It was a treat for any one who felt any interest in such subjects, to listen to his narration of the incidents and adventures of early times, which were recounted in a graphic and impressive style. But he had no time in latter years to write much of that kind. I have, on many occasions, got from him partial accounts of occurrences of the long ago, which I reduced to writing, but all these, together, were but a fraction of what might have been written down from his dictation, had there been any one interested in pioneer history with the leisure to have done it.

Gen. Sibley bore as prominent a part as if actually a resident. All its first settlers, as well as those at "Pig's Eye," were, or had recently been, his employes. The first actual claim made and white man's tenement erected on its site, as every body knows, was by one Pierre Parrant, in the summer of 1838. Parrant that fall borrowed $90 of William Beaumette of Mendota, and gave as security a "mortgage" on the aforesaid historical claim. The note and mortgage (now in the possession of our Historical Society) are in Gen. Sibley's handwriting—the first document connected with St. Paul real estate, or with its history in any shape. Reference was made above to the examination before Justice Sibley of Edward Phelan, for the murder of John Hayes in 1839. In the fall of 1847 the owners of the townsite of St. Paul caused it to be surveyed and recorded. Gen. Sibley was owner of some real estate at that time, and was thus one of the proprietors of the original town of St. Paul. The following year (Aug. 14, 1848) the first government sale of lands in Minnesota occurred at St. Croix Falls. Gen. Sibley had been selected by the settlers to bid in for them the sections of land covered by the townsite. Fears had been entertained that speculators might overbid the bona fide settlers.

"When the hour for business had arrived," says General Sibley in one of his published articles, "my seat was surrounded by a number of men with huge bludgeons. What was meant by the proceedings, I could, of course, only surmise, but I would not have envied the fate of the individual who would have ventured to bid against me."

The land being thus entered by Gen. Sibley in trust, himself, with two other owners, were selected as trustees to re-deed the various lots, blocks and fractions to the rightful owners. This was a very difficult task, as the claim lines and the surveyors' lot and block lines "straddled" each other in every conceivable way. It required much time and endless patience to adjust every title and satisfy all, but it was finally accomplished. Some of the simple Canadians suffered their title to remain in Gen. Sibley for years, and it required much persuasion on his part to get them to receive and record their deeds. So great confidence did they have in him, they preferred their titles to rest in him. This accounts for the name of Gen. Sibley being found in so many abstracts of title to lots in "St. Paul Proper."

MOVEMENT FOR A TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENT.

Meantime Wisconsin Territory had been admitted as a state, leaving that portion west of the St. Croix and Mississippi rivers "out in the cold" without any government, and a strong effort was being put forth by the residents of this locality—a mere handful—to secure a territorial organization. The famous "Stillwater convention" of August 5th was held pursuant to notice circulated. Sixty-one persons were present. Gen. Sibley took a prominent part in the proceedings. A memorial to congress was prepared and signed by all present, praying for a territorial organization, under the name "Minnesota," and Gen. Sibley was elected a delegate, to proceed to Washington (at his own expense), at the approaching session of congress, and urge the same. He accepted the trust, and pledged himself to go. Soon after, John H. Tweedy, of Wisconsin, who had been delegate

from Wisconsin Territory, resigned, and Hon. John Catlin, claiming to be acting governor of Wisconsin Territory, issued a proclamation for a special election of delegate on October 30th. Gen. Sibley and H. M. Rice were both named for the position by their friends. Neither made any effort to secure it, although some little show of a contest was made by their adherents, but there was no regularly defined election precincts, and but a sparse population, scattered in hamlets here and there. When the election occurred, Gen. Sibley was chosen.

ENTRANCE ON PUBLIC LIFE.

This was an important step for General Sibley, as it brought him into public life, where for the remaining thirty years or more of his career, he was kept, in some station or other, prominently before the people of his state. The call to official life found him prepared for its duties and responsibilities. He had been a diligent student of social and political science and economy, and of our government history, theory and polity. With a mind well stored with geographical and statistical information, a close thinker on all the political problems of the day and with a well balanced judgment in weighing men and measures, he was prepared to take his place, not as a novice, but one well equipped for his duties in the national congress. The only doubt in his mind as he journeyed to Washington was, whether he would be admitted to a seat, claiming to represent a territory which had no legal existence. Of his struggle to secure a seat he afterward wrote:

"I arrived in Washington two days before congress convened, and I soon became convinced that my admission as

a delegate was extremely uncertain, in fact I may say, absolutely improbable. My credentials were presented on the first day of the session, by Hon. James Wilson of New Hampshire, yet though the case was by him set forth in a clear and strong light and no objection was made to my admission, my claim was referred to the committee on elections, with instructions to examine and report thereon. I will not enter into a detail of the mortifications and vexatious delays to which I was subjected from that time until the question was decided, six weeks later. Meanwhile, my claim was resisted with bitter pertinacity by certain individuals of the committee, particularly by the Hon. Mr. Boyden of North Carolina, who made a long and labored argument against my right to a seat, and ridiculed the pretension that a territorial organization still existed in the country north and west of the state of Wisconsin. I made a reply before the committee, etc."

[The reply mentioned by him was printed in the house documents of that session, and is an able and convincing argument on his right to a seat.]

"Finally the majority of the committee reported in my favor and the minority presented a strong counter protest. On Jan. 15, 1849, the subject was brought before the house, and the resolution introduced by the majority of the committee was adopted by a strong vote, which admitted me to the full enjoyment of the privileges of a delegate."

Some of the members who advocated and voted for the admission of Gen. Sibley to a seat, admitted that they did so largely out of courtesy to him, and because, having become acquainted with him during the pendency of the question, they entertained such a warm personal regard for him on

account of his bearing, high character and attainments; so that it is probable that the prompt organization of our territory was largely due to the selection by the people here of one who was calculated to make such a good impression abroad. When his claim to a seat was first presented, it is probable that some of the Eastern members thought that our delegate was some "border ruffian," in buckskin hunting shirt and moccasins. Gen. Sibley, in one of his reminiscential papers, says:

"I was told by a New England member, with whom I became subsequently quite intimate, that there was some disappointment felt when I made my appearance, for it was expected that the delegate from this remote region would make his debut, if not in full Indian costume, at least with some peculiarities of dress and manners characteristic of the rude and semi-civilized people who had sent him to the capital."

Gen. Sibley at once set about securing the passage of a bill to organize Minnesota Territory. The bill was reported by Senator Douglas, chairman of the committee on territories. He preferred Mendota as the capital, and had that name placed in the bill, thinking the confluence of our two principal rivers a proper place, geographically, for the seat of government. At the earnest request of Gen. Sibley he changed it to St. Paul, the point fixed on by the Stillwater Convention, and on the last day of the session, after a hard struggle by our delegate and a few friends, whose sympathy and aid he had enlisted by his personal influence and high character, the bill became a law.

Gen. Sibley was re-elected delegate in the fall of 1849, for a full term of two years, without opposition, and again in

1851, serving four years in all, and they were four years of faithful service to his constituents, too. At the beginning of his term he had many difficulties to contend with to secure the requisite appropriations for our territory, and matters connected with it. Some of the members characterized it as a hyperborean region, inhabited only by Indians and a few lumbermen, and of no account for agriculture, and there was much prejudice against the territory. Gen. Sibley prepared and published a paper, giving an account of this region and its resources, which was one of the first articles ever published in the East properly representing our capabilities. Still, during his term, the liberal appropriations made by congress, and other acts for our advantage, were largely owing to the personal influence wielded by our delegate, and the warm friendship and respect felt for him by his fellow members, on account of his uprightness of character, ability and refined manners. During his term, he made the acquaintance of hundreds of the prominent men of the country, in civil and military life, and thus became known personally and intimately to persons all over the Union. As a representative man of Minnesota, our people felt proud of their delegate. His courtly bearing, purity of character, fine physical appearance and his mental ability, would have given him influence and standing at any court, and our state gained many firm friends through his presence at our national capital.

RETIREMENT FROM CONGRESS, ETC.

In 1853 Gen. Sibley declined to run for delegate again. Hitherto he had served on a non-party basis, and had either been elected without opposition or by the people

irrespective of party, as he contended that a delegate so elected would be better able to do good service to the territory. Meantime parties had become well organized here, and political lines strongly drawn. Such a contest being unpleasant, although always a firm Democrat, he declined to have his name come before the convention of 1853, and retired to private life. About this time, also, the fur trading house of P. Chouteau & Co. of St. Louis, which had in 1842 succeeded the old American Fur Company, of which Gen. Sibley was a partner, wound up its business, and he retired from the fur trade, the seat of which had become changed by the rapid settlement of the territory. From this time on, when not in official life, he devoted himself to the management of his property interests. As a business man he was always successful, and the investments made by him in the early days of our city and elsewhere proved his foresight by their growth in value. He was elected a member from Dakota county of the House of Representatives, session of 1855, but after this was not again brought into public life until the Constitutional Convention of 1857, of which he was elected a member from the same county. The assembling of the convention, the inexcusable disagreement between the members of different politics regarding the hour of assembly, the resultant organizing of each into a convention, each claiming to be the legal convention, etc., are too well known to need repeating. General Sibley was elected president of the "Democratic wing," and took a prominent and useful part in the proceedings.

ELECTION AS GOVERNOR.

When the state Democratic convention assembled in the fall of the same year, Gen. Sibley was nominated for governor, and, at the solicitation of friends, made quite an active canvass for the office. The election took place on October 13. The result was not announced for some weeks thereafter, however, as the returns from some of the frontier counties caused considerable delay and contest in the canvassing board. The absence of any clearly defined election law providing how returns should be made, by whom, etc., and how canvassed, and whether Indians could vote, and similar questions, probably added to the disagreement. The labors of the canvassing board resulted in declaring the entire Democratic state ticket elected by a very small majority. Those who examine the files of Republican papers of this period will notice that the decision of the board was not acquiesced in with much resignation by them. Notably this was the case with the Minnesotian, the principal organ of the party, whose editor at that time wielded a pen fairly dipped in gall and vitriol. During the entire term of Gov. Sibley, he assaulted that gentleman with the vilest abuse, the coarsest epithets and the most vindictive and bitter calumny. While no notice whatever was ever taken by Gov. Sibley of these attacks, and if referred to at all was without any feeling of resentment, it is possible they may have injured him in the estimation of those who did not personally know him. This is inferred from an incident which occurred some years afterward. A leading Republican living in the southern part of the state, then holding a high position, said:

"In 1858-59, I was a reader of the Minnesotian, and never having seen Gov. Sibley, imagined him, from those articles, to be a coarse, mean, ruffianly person. When I came here and met him personally, I was agreeably surprised to find him a courtly and polished gentleman, of irreproachable character and conduct."

Through the delay in congress to admit the state, which admission did not take place till May 11, 1858, Gov. Sibley was not inaugurated until May 24. He entered on his office at a time when the people of the state were suffering from the disastrous financial revulsion of 1857. There was but limited agriculture, little reserve wealth, no established industries, a want of any system of finances in either state or county government, and not a cent of funds in the state treasury. To build up a prosperous commonwealth out of such a condition as this, seemed hopeless. The state government could only be carried on by a loan, which was effected, and the machinery of the administration was soon organized and running smoothly. Nearly everything connected with the state government—its laws, courts, institutions and departments—had to be created and built up during his term. During Gov. Sibley's administration, several very important measures were enacted, and events occurred which have affected the interests of the state more or less ever since. One of these was the loan of state credit to land grant railroad companies already organized. The act was passed and voted on by the people prior to the commencement of Gov. Sibley's term. He had been opposed to it, and voted against it. When some months later the railroad companies applied to him as governor to issue

bonds to them, he insisted upon receiving first mortgage bonds from them in return for those of the state. The companies procured from the supreme court a writ of peremptory mandamus, ordering him to issue the bonds without this condition of priority of lien, and it was accordingly done. Some time after the bonds were issued, Gov. Sibley was requested to proceed to New York and aid in negotiating the bonds. If this could not be done, the whole plan of the state loan would fail, and both the people and the companies suffer loss. Governor Sibley thereupon went to New York and labored hard to market the bonds. He would probably have succeeded, but unfortunately, even at that early period, the failure of the whole scheme began to be apparent to the people, and threats that the bonds so issued would be repudiated, were so broadly and plainly made in some of the state journals, that capitalists were afraid to touch them. Thus the whole loan measure proved to be partially a failure. Gov. Sibley could in no way be censured for this, as he did everything he could to protect the state and insure the success of the scheme, so that no loss to any one could occur. Gov. Sibley was always firmly of the opinion that the bonds had been legally issued, and that they should be paid by the people of the state. While serving as a member of the house in 1871 he advocated the adjustment of the outstanding bonds with all his power and earnestness. The plan then proposed did not meet the approval of the people of the state. He also warmly advocated the mode of adjustment proposed by the legislature of 1877, but which was also equally unsuccessful.

Up to the time of the final adjustment, whenever occasion offered, he did not cease to urge that the honor of the state demanded that these obligations should be met, at least on terms which the holders would accept as equitable. It was not until October, 1881, that the legislature, at a special session convened for that purpose by a proclamation of Gov. Pillsbury, passed a measure for the settlement of the outstanding bonds, by the issue of new state bonds to the amount of $4,253,000. No citizen of our state was more delighted at this tardy but honorable measure of justice than Gen. Sibley, who had so long and ardently advocated it.

THE WRIGHT COUNTY WAR

was another of the events of Gov. Sibley's administration, which excited at the time acrimonious strictures on his action, and has been frequently mentioned since as an error of judgment on his part. It resulted from a firm determination on the part of Gov. Sibley that the laws of the state should be obeyed and order enforced. In 1858 a man named Rinehart, who had been arrested in Le Sueur county for murder, was taken out of the jail by a mob of disguised men and hung. One or two other cases of lynch law had also occurred, and the law-abiding people became alarmed at these demonstrations and insisted that an effort should be made to suppress or punish them. In the spring of 1859, a man named Oscar F. Jackson, of Wright county, who had been regularly tried for the murder of a neighbor and acquitted, was seized by a mob at Rockford and hung—a most daring and flagrant outrage. Immediately on learning these facts, Gov. Sibley issued a proclamation, offering a

reward of $500 for the arrest or conviction of any of the perpetrators. He said:

"These deeds of violence must cease, or there will be no safety for life or property in our midst. If necessary, the whole power of the state will be called into action to punish the perpetrators of such crimes against the laws."

Not long after this Mrs. Jackson recognized, in a party at Minnehaha Falls, one Emory Moore, who had been prominent in the lynching of her husband. He was arrested and taken to Wright county for trial. On August 2d an armed mob broke into the building where he was confined and released him. The regular civil authorities of Wright county declared that they were powerless. Gov. Sibley at once saw that he must punish this defiant lawlessness or merit censure for an abject surrender of the rights and protection of the people to a few rebellious ruffians. He was not a man to be daunted or intimidated by such a demonstration. He at once ordered the uniformed and equipped militia of the state (of which there were then several finely organized companies) under arms, and on August 5th dispatched three companies under Col. John S. Prince, to Monticello to arrest the rioters and enforce the law. A few special detectives and civil officers accompanied the troops, and Gov. Sibley in person directed the whole movement. The force proceeded to Monticello, reinforced the civil authorities, arrested eleven lynchers and rescuers, and handed them over to the authorities. The lawless spirit having been effectually overawed, the forces returned, and the "Wright county war" ended, fortunately without bloodshed. The cost of the expedition was necessarily considerable, and was severely commented on by party papers, but

there was no law-abiding citizen at that time who did not heartily sustain Gov. Sibley in his prompt and determined effort to uphold the majesty of the law—as was his sworn duty to do.

HIS FURTHER OFFICIAL CAREER.

It would expand this sketch to too great length to give much of a minute review to the principal events of Gov. Sibley's official career. During the whole term he labored most faithfully and earnestly to protect the interests of the state and its people, and in the aid of good government, good laws and good policy. Whatever may have been said by those politically opposed to him of his administration (and of course he did not escape criticism from such), no one did, nor could, say that he was not honest, scrupulous and incorruptible, and that he strove to secure such men for all positions, where he had the appointing power. His administration, more than any which have succeeded it, was beset with difficulties, owing to the unorganized condition of everything, incident to the initial year of the state government, and it required patient effort and careful tact on his part to adjust all the delicate questions springing up. When his term was nearing a close, he was warmly urged by his political friends to accept the nomination for a second term, but he refused to do so, preferring the peace of quiet private life to the thorny path of public office. When the rebellion of 1861 broke out, Gov. Sibley earnestly advocated the Union cause. He had been, in common with a large class of patriots, strongly in favor of any honorable compromise which would avert the threatened disruption and

the calamity of war, and spoke and wrote in favor of peaceful conciliatory measures. But when the attack was made on Sumter, and President Lincoln called for military forces to suppress rebellion, Gov. Sibley warmly advocated upholding the honor of the nation by arms, as being the only course left us. To those who thought that the struggle would be a brief one, and that the secessionists could be easily subjugated, he said, decidedly, he knew better, that he had mingled with Southern men largely in the army and at Washington, and knew their pride and spirit better. He was satisfied that the contest would be long and bitter. During the war he was always ready to contribute means for aid of the various sanitary and soldiers' relief measures set on foot, and wherever he wrote or spoke on the subject, it was with patriotic and loyal warmth.

THE INDIAN WAR OF 1862.

The Sioux outbreak occurred Aug. 18, 1862, and on Aug. 19, Gov. Sibley was appointed by Gov. Ramsey to the command of the military expedition then moving up the Minnesota River, with the rank of colonel, but really with the powers and duties of a general. At that time the appointment could have been bestowed upon no one better qualified to execute the difficult trust. His intimate acquaintance with the Indian character and their leading men, his knowledge of the country and his acquaintance with military art, as well as the Indian mode of warfare, admirably fitted him for success as a commander-in-chief. Arriving at the frontier, everything was found in a terrible state. New Ulm and other towns

had been partly burned, hundreds of persons massacred, the country laid waste, and numbers of women and children captives in the hands of the brutal savages. Panic and confusion reigned everywhere. The troops who had been hurried to the front were raw recruits, poorly armed, without rations or equipage, and many had never seen an Indian. The enemy were the most numerous and well armed, and thus far victorious at every point. Such were the difficulties which faced him. Gen. Sibley's first object was to protect the most exposed points, until he could be furnished with reinforcements and supplies. He was severely criticised at the time by newspaper fault-finders and military tyros for not throwing his raw troops on the enemy at once, and even some intimated that he was manoeuvering to let the Indians get more plunder and escape unharmed. But such a policy as was urged on him would have been disastrous. His troops would have suffered inevitable defeat and massacre. It would have been the repulse of Braddock or Custer re-enacted. All his plans worked out successfully. The savages were repulsed at New Ulm by the force under Col. Flandrau, at Fort Ridgely and Birch Coolie successively, and finally completely beaten in the decisive battle of Wood Lake, by Gen. Sibley. Soon after Gen. Sibley was enabled, by strategy and diplomatic management, to not only effect the release of the white captives, nearly 250 in number, but to take prisoners about 2,000 men, women and children of the enemy. He then instituted a military commission, with Col. William Crooks as president, and Hon. I. V. D. Heard as judge advocate, by which the Indian warriors, to the number of more than 400, were tried.

Three hundred and three were condemned to death for murder and massacre, and others to various terms of imprisonment, from one to ten years, for pillage and robbery. The execution of the condemned was prevented by the order of President Lincoln, at the earnest solicitation of some pseudo humanitarians at the East, much to the dissatisfaction of the people generally of this state. Finally, Gen. Sibley was ordered to execute thirty-eight of the criminals convicted of massacre and rape, which was done on Dec. 26, 1862, at Mankato. The remainder were taken to Davenport, Iowa, and from thence to Fort Thompson, on the Missouri. On Sept. 29, 1862, President Lincoln commissioned Col. Sibley as a brigadier general for gallant conduct in the field. He established his headquarters in St. Paul, and a new military department was created, embracing Minnesota, Dakota, Iowa and Wisconsin. At this time Gen. Sibley removed his family to St. Paul, and, after a few months, purchased the fine mansion owned by J. W. Bass, which was ever after his residence, and is associated in the minds of people of the state with innumerable acts of hospitality and social occasions. Gen. John Pope was in command of the district above noted, but he was here only a few weeks in person, his headquarters being in Milwaukee, and the management and oversight of the military affairs in this state were left entirely to Gen. Sibley.

The winter of 1862–3 was spent in forming a cordon of posts and garrisons, with a line of scouts and patrols across the frontier, which resulted in securing perfect protection to the people in the western part of the state.

Congress meantime having reduced the number of brigadier generals, it seemed certain that Gen. Sibley's appointment would not be confirmed. In anticipation of this event the legislature on March 3rd passed a joint resolution referring to his successful management of the campaign of 1862 and his fitness for the command, and that the failure to confirm his nomination would be regarded as a misfortune, and asking the president to appoint him a brigadier general of volunteers and assign him to the command of the district of Minnesota, etc. The senate having failed to confirm his nomination, Gen. Sibley was again appointed by the president, as above requested, and, having some scruples about accepting under the circumstances, was urged to do so by a petition, or request, signed by all the prominent business men and firms in the city. To this wish he yielded, and immediately set about preparing for the campaign of 1863. An expedition was at once organized to proceed to Devil's Lake and vicinity, and attack and defeat the hostile Sioux known to be in that region. The expedition was finely equipped and well officered, and was led by Gen. Sibley in person. It left Camp Pope on June 16th, marched into Dakota, had three battles and sundry skirmishes with the hostile Sioux, defeating them at every encounter, and driving them beyond the Missouri river, which was the farthest point reached by the troops. Having accomplished its object, and freed the Minnesota frontier from all apprehensions of Indian raids, it returned to Fort Snelling in September. During the time of the expedition the leading hostile chief, Little Crow, was killed and his son captured. During the absence of Gen. Sibley, also, the sad

news reached him of the death of one of his children at St. Paul. The years 1864 and 1865 were employed in conducting measures for the defense of the frontier, which resulted in completely restoring safety to our Western counties, and depriving the savages of an opportunity to molest them. On Nov. 29th, 1865, Gen. Sibley was appointed brevet major general "for efficient and meritorious services." He was relieved from the command of the district of Minnesota in August, 1866, by order of the president, and detailed with a mixed civil and military commission to negotiate treaties with the hostile Sioux and other disaffected bands on the upper Missouri, which duty was successfully discharged, treaties having been made at Fort Sully with the Sioux and subsequently ratified by the Senate. It might, in this connection, be remarked that Gen. Sibley always had great influence with the Indians at treaties and had attended all the prominent treaties with the various tribes of the Northwest ever since his advent into this region. His advice was always sought, and relied on by the officers of the Indian bureau at Washington, and was of great value to them on numerous critical occasions. Almost to the period of his death, he took a great interest in the Indian question, and frequently gave his views in writing, to the Department, in answer to questions submitted by its officials.

IN CIVIL LIFE AGAIN.

On retiring from military life and cares, Gen. Sibley again assumed the duties of a public-spirited and useful citizen. The business to which he mainly devoted himself during the remainder of his life was the presi-

dency of the St. Paul Gas Company, to which he was elected, he having secured a majority of the capital stock of that company. He retained the presidency of this corporation until his death, a period of just twenty three years. It was at once considerably extended, the works enlarged and the company put on a footing commensurate with the rapid growth of the city about that time, February, 1868. He had, in addition to this, numerous investments in other directions, which required constant care and watchfulness on his part. He was president of two banks at one time, the City bank and the Minnesota Savings Institution, the former of which was subsequently merged into the First National Bank, of which he became a director. At the same period, and for a long time subsequently he was a director in the Sioux City railroad, and possibly of other business corporations in which he was a stockholder. In all these organizations he was continually on the most responsible and laborious committees, and his advice and counsel were continually in request. In 1867 he was largely instrumental in organizing the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce, and in giving it its efficiency and character. He was its president at different periods, for several years, served on its most important committees, and attended its meetings with a punctuality and regularity which shamed younger men and those of more leisure. In 1868 he was by it elected a delegate to the national board of trade, which met that year in Detroit, and in which body he took a leading part. He also served as chairman of the committee on relief of grasshopper sufferers in 1873–4, devoting a large amount of time and labor to the duties

of that trust, collecting and disbursing money, food and clothing, writing letters, relieving special cases of distress, etc. The people of the frontier counties will remember these labors with gratitude.

On Nov. 15, 1867, a very afflicting tragedy occurred at Gen. Sibley's residence. At the close of a social entertainment, a young servant girl was extinguishing an oil lamp, when it exploded, covering her with blazing oil. At her screams, General Sibley ran with a blanket and wrapped it around her, succeeding, at length, in extinguishing the flames, but not until the unlucky young woman had received injuries from which she died in a short time. Gen. S. had his hands very severely burned, as also his daughter, Augusta, and his wife, in their efforts to aid the girl, while his residence narrowly escaped destruction.

In 1871 and '72, Gen. S. was president of the Chamber of Commerce, of which he was also for several years a director, and a perpetual member. He was also (1873-1891) a director in the First National Bank, and (1878-1891) president of Oakland cemetery. From 1885 to his death he was president of the Minnesota Club, and in 1888, commander of the Loyal Legion of Minnesota. In 1883, he was appointed by President Arthur, as president of the commission to settle claims for damages due to the Ojibway Indians from the construction of the national reservoirs. He was also a member of Acker Post No. 21, G. A. R., from May, 1885, until his death.

Other honors were also bestowed on him, by institutions elsewhere. In 1875, he was elected a member of the American Geographical Society, of New York. Al-

most the last year of his life (in 1888), General Sibley, very unexpectedly to himself, received the compliment of his creation as a Doctor of Laws, by the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, and received the diploma in due form. It was a just and well-merited recognition of our foremost citizen, and he always appreciated it highly.

OFFICIAL TRUSTS AND APPOINTMENTS.

He was also appointed delegate to the Cleveland soldiers' convention in 1866, and visitor to the West Point Military Academy in 1867. It is gratifying to remark that wherever he went on such missions as this, he was always recognized as a representative man of our state, and found that he was no stranger to leading men of other sections, having in some degree a national reputation, which was gratifying to his fellow citizens of Minnesota, who always regarded him with a just pride. These years were also crowded with official duties of various responsible kinds. He was elected school inspector from the Fifth ward in 1867, and gave the position faithful and conscientious attention, not escaping criticism, however, for the independent stand he took in regard to sharing the school funds with Catholic schools. In 1870 he was elected a member of the house of representatives, and, in addition to other faithful and conscientious labors for his constituency and the state at large, he labored hard to secure a recognition and adjustment of the outstanding "State railroad bonds." His speech on that question, which was widely circulated, was a masterly argument in favor of good faith to the bondholders.

In 1868 Gen. Sibley was appointed a regent of the State University, and from that date until his death rendered faithful services in aid of that institution, although it sometimes taxed his time, engrossed as he was by numerous other cares, to a great degree. Frequently he urged his resignation, on the plea of age and failing strength, but his associates on the board prized his services and ability too highly, to consent to his withdrawal. In 1874 he was also appointed a member of the state normal board, and for several years did good service in aid of normal education for Minnesota, being president of the board also. In 1875 Gen. Sibley was appointed by the president as a member of the Board of Indian commissioners, an important and difficult post, but one for which his valuable knowledge of the Indian character made him especially valuable. He served on this commission for some months, and rendered services highly esteemed by the department, but finding that it would require his absence from home too much, interfering with other duties, and his health being also precarious, he resigned in 1876, to the regret of his associates on the board. In 1872 Gen. Sibley was created by act of legislature a member of a commission to purchase a park for the city of St. Paul, and aided in securing the valuable tract now known as Como Park, a measure, which, though it was met with much adverse criticism at the time, has since demonstrated the value of the move.

In the fall of 1880 Gen. Sibley was prevailed on to yield to the earnest solicitations of his party friends in the Third congressional district, and became their candidate for congressman. It was wholly unexpected and unde-

sired by him, and his acceptance of the nomination was simply a favor to his friends. He saw at the time that success was impossible, as the opposite party had a large majority in the district, which his friends could not hope to overcome, even by the great popularity of their candidate. He made as little personal canvass as was possible under the circumstances, though his friends did active work for him, and large numbers of the opposite party, even, advocated his election and voted for him. His defeat, therefore. did not disappoint him, and it is probable that he even rejoiced at it, as it is certain that he preferred the quiet of home to the exciting and laborious life of a congressman.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Gen. Sibley was a charter member, and one of the founders, of both the Minnesota Historical Society and the Old Settlers' Association of Minnesota—the former in 1849, the latter in 1858. He was greatly interested in the objects of both, and was president of each, at different times, for several years. He wrote several valuable papers for the historical society, which have been published in their collections. These papers are memoirs of prominent pioneers, accounts of historical occurrences, reminisences of early days, etc. He made the society valuable gifts at various times, and rendered it signal services in many ways. He was twice its president, the last time, for thirteen years continually, and until his death. As the infirmities of age began to affect him, he several times, at the election of officers, begged his associates in the society to relieve him from his duties as president,

but they valued and appreciated his devotion to its success, and the influence of having his name at the head of their roll, too much to yield to his request. It is well known, that some years ago Gen. Sibley had provided in his will for a handsome bequest to the Historical Society, for the purpose of aiding it in the erection of its proposed fire proof building, but towards the period of his death, finding that the society did not appear to have any intention of pushing its project of a building within a reasonable period, he cancelled the bequest, and instead, provided for a gift of books from his private library, which has, since his death, been received. Among them were many books which the society highly prizes.

It may be proper to state here that the society has had the assurance from the heirs of General Sibley that they will donate to it, all the papers and manuscript left by the general at his death. There are many thousands of these, of great historical value. They constitute his business and personal correspondence, reaching back to the time of his engaging in the service of the American Fur Company, at Mackinac, in 1829; all his manuscript records, journals, files of documents, memorandum books, account books, etc., for over sixty years. So careful and methodical was General Sibley in his habits, that it is certain that every scrap of writing which came into his hands during that period, was filed by him. There are many thousand letters from old fur traders, pioneers and explorers, government officials, Indian agents and treaty makers; army officers, early residents and travelers, officials and missionaries, reaching back over half a century. Most of all this long list of the heroes of our

pre-historic period, have been gathered to their fathers, a generation ago, and undoubtedly these precious memorials of their life and times on the northwest frontier, are the only autographs in existence of most of them. They relate to events in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Hudson's Bay, Lake Superior, Red River, and many important events are perhaps recorded in no other form. The value, for historical material, of this mass of manuscript is beyond computation, and constitutes a more valuable legacy from our deceased president, than anything which he could have left to us. When received and properly bound and indexed, they will form one of the most valuable departments of our collections.

A BUSY LIFE

The appointments and official trusts above referred to were really but a small portion of those in which Gen. Sibley served his state or his community. There are a number of other committees, delegations, commissions, etc., in which he served, giving to each careful and conscientious service. Indeed, for some years, scarcely any movement would be inaugurated without getting Gen. Sibley to countenance or head it, and if he could be induced to serve on it, or even give it the sanction of his name, it would secure influence and weight at once. This engrossed his time to a degree which must have been, and certainly was, a severe tax on his health and strength. Sometimes his intimate friends, who feared that he was permitting too many burdens to be laid upon him, remonstrated with him. He felt the justice of their advice, and endeavored to decline some of the appointments urged

on him. But it was difficult, in his proverbial willingness to aid his friends and to help enterprises and objects they were interested in, and which he, as a public-spirited citizen, wished to succeed, to say no to their importunities. He was for some years, perhaps, one of the hardest worked men in St. Paul, and that, too, at times when he was suffering physical pain and debility. He used to jocosely remark to his friends, when these duties were thrust upon him, "I am almost a public pack-horse," but always cheerfully and energetically assumed the duties. During these years, also, his pen was never idle. In addition to his large correspondence, he was continually engaged in writing addresses, lectures, reports of various kinds, papers for the Historical Society, etc. Being so familiar with the history of the state and its people, he was continually resorted to for information, and people would write to him for facts of various kinds, about the state or portions of it, and always received patient and courteous answers. So much was his judgment relied on and valued, that he was continually being selected as arbitrator in various matters. Persons would even resort to him to ask advice about business matters, property investments, and even regarding domestic troubles. One class of persons were his old half-breed and Canadian retainers, or their descendants. They would come to him for advice and aid about property and other business matters. Sometimes he spent considerable time in aiding them, or gave them valuable advice which saved them much expense, and wrote letters, or prepared conveyances and other papers for them. Many of them

came to beg pecuniary aid, and, if worthy, never went away empty handed. The amounts he expended in this way must have been large in the aggregate. Indeed, for several years he almost entirely supported two or three families of former valued serviteurs of his trading period. Gen. Sibley's patience in listening to all these demands—engrossed, as he always was, by business cares—has often surprised his friends. The humblest person that ever called on him to ask a favor was courteously and kindly received, and his request granted, if proper.

His kindness of heart and his feelings of broad charity for all men was one of his most admirable traits. He was never known to speak harshly or disparagingly of any one, no matter what the provocation might be, and when others have done so in his presence, he would seek some way to excuse and palliate the offense of the person so criticised.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

The demands of social life on Gen. Sibley's time were also very large. His prominence in official life, and in the community, necessarily made his list of visitors a very large one, and his hospitable mansion was the point to which a wide circle of friends, as well as casual acquaintances, made frequent visits. Strangers, even, visiting the city were accustomed to visit him—authors, tourists, journalists, artists and others, who wished to see him for either mere curiosity or some other purpose. When distinguished guests visited our city, Gen. Sibley usually served on the committee of reception. Thus his time, even the hours which he would have devoted to

the family circle, were largely engrossed by cares incident to his position. In his family relations he was greatly blessed. A fond wife and dearly beloved children made his home precious to him, and he was a loving husband and tender parent, as those who knew his home life were aware. Several children blessed this union (as mentioned above), some of whom were early called away, and in 1869 the great sorrow of his life, the death of his wife, interrupted the years of quiet domestic enjoyment of his home.* He bore this great loss patiently and resignedly, bearing with him through his remaining years the memory of the quarter-century of married life that had been so happy and blest. Ere long there came grand-children into his home, and it seemed to be a source of intense enjoyment to him to listen to their interesting prattle and receive their affectionate caresses. Visitors to his house have frequently witnessed his intense affection for them and also theirs for their "grandpa." He was by nature one of the most tender and sympathetic of men, as his friends were well aware, and perhaps his own bereavements had made even that kindly nature more softened. Those who had troubles and sorrows or had suffered the loss of dear relatives know how sympathizingly and soothingly he could address them with consoling words.

HIS RELIGIOUS VIEWS.

In this connection perhaps some reference to Gen. Sibley's religious views will not be misplaced. These are

*During the remainder of Gen. Sibley's life his wife's sister, Mrs. Abbie A. Potts (widow of Dr. Thos. R. Potts, a pioneer physician), an estimable and accomplished lady, superintended his household, and dispensed his hospitality in a noteworthy manner.

best expressed in a letter from himself, answering an inquiry on the subject addressed to him by the writer of this sketch, while he was sojourning at the springs in Canada for his health:

ST. CATHERINE'S, April 16, 1877.—My Dear Sir: Your favor of the 4th inst. was duly received. I have no objection to state my views on the subject of religion. I am a believer in the cardinal doctrines of the Christian faith, having been educated in that belief, and never having swerved from it. I am an attendant regularly upon the Episcopal service and a vestryman in St. Paul parish in our city. I am not a communicant, for the reason that I am not a sectarian, and none of the denominations come up to my idea of what the church militant of Jesus Christ should be. Theology has loaded what I regard as a very clear and simple creed, with so much unnecessary mystification and ceremonial, that I shrink from the labor of penetrating the labyrinth and prefer to turn to the pages of sacred writ for guidance. I find there certain well-defined and clearly expressed precepts for the guidance of the seeker after truth. First, love of God is inculcated, and love of our fellow men. "Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with your God," keeping the commandments in their spirit and letter, with entire reliance upon the savior as the mediator between God and man, and upon the Holy Spirit for grace to lead in the straight and narrow path. I regard the ordinance of baptism as mandatory, but no other, and I trust the time will come, sooner or later, when all Christians will cease controversies upon non-essential points, and unite in an unbroken front against infidelity in all its forms. I believe the doctrines of the Bible to be the only safe guide for nations, as well as individuals, and that they are all-sufficient for this life, and for that eternity to which we are hastening. Such, in brief, are my convictions upon this important subject. Truly yours, H. H. SIBLEY.

That such deep, clear, catholic views of religion as Gen. Sibley expresses in his letter were exemplified in his daily life, no one who knew him could doubt. His high moral purity, his conscientious honesty, his delicate sense of honor, his detestation of anything gross and coarse, his lofty abhorrence of deceit or duplicity, his benevolence and sympathy, and his readiness for every good work, were an outgrowth of this religious sentiment. He was in every respect and particular the highest mold of a perfect Christian gentleman. His friends, who visited at his house, must have seen on the table of his sitting room, a well-worn copy of the Scriptures, bearing marks of daily use for years, and daily prayer, also, was undoubtedly his custom. Of this, perhaps his most intimate friend, maybe not even his own family, were ever made acquainted. Nothing could have been further from his nature than anything which savored of affectation, cant or display in religion, and the self-distrust which prevented him from making any public profession of religion, and from parading it before men, arose from a real and admirable Christian humility.

It is proper to remark, in this connection, that though his own self-distrust had long prevented him from formally uniting with the church, he was confirmed in St. Paul's Episcopal church, in which he had been so long an attendant and official, but a few months before his death.

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE, HEALTH, ETC.

Some reference to his physical appearance may not be out of place for those readers of this sketch who never had the pleasure of meeting him in person. Gen. Sibley was a man of striking appearance. He was fully, if not

over, six feet in height, and always very erect in his carriage. In his youth he was quite slender, though very active and muscular; but as he advanced in years became somewhat stouter. At this period he was a man who would have attracted attention and commanded respect anywhere among strangers, from his fine appearance and dignified manners. His complexion was dark; his eyes, with the iris rather small, of a dark, lustrous brown, and of a kind, pleasing expression—which, when animated, as they always were during conversation, became what is usually termed piercing. His hair, until he had attained quite an advanced age, was black, and in his earlier portraits he is represented as wearing a plain, black, closely trimmed moustache. Toward the close of his life, he wore a full beard, afterward quite silvered with gray. Several excellent portraits of him, in various styles, and taken at different periods after his entrance into public life, will perpetuate his features throughout coming years. He was what would be termed by any one a handsome man, while the noble soul which gave a dignified and kindly expression to his features was apparent to even a casual observer, and inspired even strangers with respect and confidence toward him. In his early years, and until perhaps the age of sixty-five, he had enjoyed excellent and uninterrupted health. About 1876, he was attacked by a painful and debilitating disease (thought to be ulceration of the stomach), and suffered severely from it for some weeks. He was often confined to his bed, and his feeble appearance and apparently failing condition excited the apprehensions of his friends that the race might soon terminate. Still, in the intervals of his severer attacks, though still

suffering pain, he resolutely and cheerfully attended to business and to his public duties. In 1877 he spent some time at the medicinal springs in St. Catharine's, Canada, and at a health resort in North Carolina, and experienced much relief. Remedies which his physicians employed about the same time, were fortunately successful in restoring him to a fair state of health, considering his age, and, though looking somewhat more feeble and broken, he actively engaged in his ordinary business and social duties again with something of his old-time vigor and determination, and his useful life, to the great joy of his friends, was prolonged for fully a dozen years more. Indeed, so much was his health improved, that it was this fact which encouraged his friends to prevail on him to accept the nomination for Congress in 1880, spoken of before. But this was the last occasion on which General Sibley came before the public. The remaining term of his life was quietly devoted to his duties as president of the Gas Company, president of the Board of Regents of the State University, and president of the State Historical Society.

THE CLOSING YEARS OF HIS LIFE

were passed in the most complete enjoyment of the esteem and love of the people of his state—a fruition of his long and usefully spent life. By his upright character, his worth as a public spirited man, his prominence as a pioneer of the state, and one of its very oldest inhabitants, his creditable record in both civil and military life, his culture and attainments in mental and social development, his generosity towards every good work and project, he had won a foremost place in the esteem

of the public. It is safe to say that he had no peer in all those elements of moral excellence and personal worth combined, which successfully win and retain the love and warm esteem of the people and endear one to them. His intimate friend, Col. E. S. Goodrich, tersely summed up the popular estimate of his primacy in everything admirable when he said, in one of his articles on our early history, that it was a title universally accorded Gen. Sibley as "the first gentleman of Minnesota." Indeed, his name may be truthfully said to have become almost a "household word" in our state, so closely interwoven it had been with the history of Minnesota for over half a century, and with the social and business life of this city for a generation past. It is also perpetuated on our maps, Sibley county, in Minnesota, the town of Sibley, Iowa, the city of Hastings, Minnesota, and the important commercial street, Sibley, in the capital of our state, bearing the name to future generations.

Inheriting from his ancestors a vigorous constitution, which was strengthened by the free, out door life which he led for some years, and preserved by his pure and temperate habits, his days had been prolonged beyond the ordinary span usually allotted to man. He rounded out four-score years, save two days. But the strong and erect form was beginning to bow under the weight of years. For several months before his death, he declined visibly. His chair in his office was vacant more frequently. The last meeting of the Historical Society at which he was present, was April 14, 1890. Still, when at his post in the gas office, notwithstanding his feebleness, he continued to carry on his duties, conversing cheerfully

with callers, and evincing unabated interest in all public questions and events. But his voice seemed feebler, and his hand moved slower with his pen. Even his familiar signature was growing more tremulous. The last warrants which I took to him to sign as president at his office, was on Sept. 14, 1890. Closely following this date, he was compelled to keep his room, and just five months afterwards, was borne out of it. Even through this period of walking through the "valley of the shadow of death," he was not confined to his bed all the time, but retained his consciousness to the very end, and his interest in current matters. At four o'clock, on the morning of February 18, 1891, surrounded by all his family, rest came to him, calmly and almost imperceptibly.

The intelligence of the death of Gen. Sibley was received by the people of the state with profound and sincere sorrow. A number of bodies, boards, and societies in the state passed resolutions appropriate to the event, and many warm and just eulogies on his character were pronounced. The press of the state, and to a considerable extent, that of the entire country, printed obituary notices of the deceased, and all united in fitting praise of the subject, and in warm encomiums of him as a man, a public official and a citizen. Everywhere, on the streets, in the public marts, were heard heartfelt expressions showing how much the late general was beloved and esteemed.

THE FUNERAL OBSEQUIES

of Gen. Sibley's remains, were held at Saint Paul's church, on Feb. 20. The intention of the family had been to have all the ceremonies as simple and void of

pageantry as possible. There was no military display, or escort. The body was quietly borne from his home to the church, the following gentlemen acting as pall-bearers:

Active: Harvey Officer, J. I. Beaumont, John D. Ludden, J. W. Bishop, Geo. L. Becker, W. W. Folwell, Lewis Baker, Sr., and Charles Nichols.

Honorary: Alex. Ramsey, John S. Pillsbury, Charles H. Berry, Chas. E. Flandrau, Cyrus Northrop, Alex. Wilkin, Russell Blakeley, A. H. Wilder, R. R. Nelson.

In the church were seated the Loyal Legion, Commandery of Minnesota; Acker Post of the Grand Army; the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce; the Regents of the State University; the members of the Minnesota Historical Society, and of the Old Settlers' Association, state officers, and officers and members of the Legislature, and officers of the U. S. Army. Large numbers were unable to obtain admittance.

The services in the church were simply those of the Episcopal church, conducted by Bishop M. N. Gilbert, Rev. John Wright, rector of St. Paul's church, and Revs. Wm. C. Pope and Wm. Wilkinson. Profuse and rich floral offerings covered the casket.

At the conclusion of the services, the body was taken to Oakland Cemetery, followed by a long cortege of carriages, and the remains were deposited in their last resting place.

The flags on all public buildings, and most of the business blocks, were suspended at half mast during the day. The Capitol was draped in black.

Mounds in Dakota, Minnesota and Wisconsin.

By A. J. HILL.

Between 1860 and 1873, I personally visited all the places mentioned in this paper, and surveyed, with more or less accuracy, as circumstances permitted, the aboriginal mounds and groups of mounds now described.

§ 1. In the vicinity of Sioux Falls, Dakota.

About a dozen miles westward from the southwestern corner of Minnesota, are the well-known Falls of the Big Sioux river. The river here makes a very singular bend in the form of an irregular letter ∽ so that any one leaving the river at that point and traveling in a direct line on any one of the eight points of the compass—except due north or south—would soon come to it again. This peculiarity of shape has caused the stream to be known to the Sioux Indians as Ipakshan Watpa, or River of the Bend. There are no mounds immediately at the Falls, but several groups are found not far off above and below them. All the mounds, however, that the handful of people living there in 1860 seemed to know about, were the two groups now to be described.

The first group surveyed was situated on the left bank of the river, about three miles south of west from the

Falls, somewhere on S. 19, T. 101, R. 49. It consisted of seven round mounds varying in heights from two to five feet. The view from their site of the extensive plains westward beyond the river, was a glorious one.

The other group visited lay between the Big Sioux and Imneezha rivers, about six miles a little north of east from the Falls, on Ss. 9 and 10, T. 101, R. 48, probably. The site was a narrow neck of land or plateau, which sloped gently towards the west and south, but bordered abruptly on the latter or eastern stream. The mounds surveyed, extended for about a quarter of a mile north and south, and were twenty-six in number, varying in height from two to twelve feet. To the S. SE. an eighth of a mile, were two isolated ones of but little height, and across a wide swarth to the N. NW. about the same distance, was the beginning of a series of other mounds, stretching indefinitely in a northerly direction on the eastern bank of the Big Sioux river. Unfortunately this new group had to be left untouched, for the sun was too near the horizon.

There were no trees growing either on or near these Big Sioux river mounds, except those on the immediate banks of the stream.

§ 2. AT ST. PAUL, RAMSEY COUNTY, MINNESOTA.

There were formerly two groups of mounds on the bluffs of the left bank of the Mississippi river, in the lower part of the city of St. Paul. An accurate location survey of them was made by Mr. William Wallace and myself May 7 and 8, 1862.

The lower group, which was the finest by far, was in that addition of lots known as Suburban Hills, laid out in 1856, and distant in an air line about a mile and a half due east of the present Union Depot, on Sibley street. These mounds were irregularly placed along the edge of the bluff, occupying a distance of about one seventh of a mile from the lower to the upper end of the group. The lowest down, or first numbered mound, was perched at the angle where the highest river bluff terminates, or rather trends back from the river to the northward, near the point where commences the extensive meadow land, known in old times as Grand Marais, but more recently as Pig's Eye. From such a site, one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet above the river, it can well be imagined that the view is a superb one. Fortunately these fine tumuli have a good chance of being preserved for the benefit of posterity, as it is proposed to lay out a public park on the bluff there, which will include most of the mounds, together with the adjacent hillside slopes. We found twelve undoubtedly artificial mounds in the group, the largest of which, the one at the street angle, though somewhat mutilated by a hasty excavation made a few years before, was fully fifteen feet high. The elliptical mound next to it was only four and a half feet high.

The upper group lay just one half mile W. NW. of the preceeding, across the (then) city limits, in Lyman Dayton's addition. Like the others the mounds were strung along the edge of the river bluff, which is there lower, being about one hundred and fifty feet in height.

What, with the unavoidable extension of the quarrying of the limestone on which they stood, the grading of the streets, the erection of dwelling houses, and the establishing of gardens, but one mound of this group remains in existence. They were, however, on the whole, much smaller than those of the lower group, as the highest did not exceed six feet. In examining the map one would naturally suppose that there were mounds between Short and Cherry streets, but, if so, they must have been very insignificant, as Mr. Dayton, the owner of the addition, when asked about the matter, on the ground itself, said that he did not know of any having formerly existed along the edge of the bluff where cut away.

The *Wakan-teebe*, or cave described by Captain Carver, 1766-7, lies between the site of the upper group and the river bank. Whether he meant these mounds by certain expressions of his, or not, is an unsettled question. He says, on his first visit: "A little distance from this dreary cavern is the burying place of several bands of the Naudowessie Indians * * * they always bring the bones of the dead to this place;" and on his second visit: "When we arrived at the great cave, and the Indians had deposited the remains of their deceased friends in the burial place that stands adjacent to it——"

It was the intention of Mr. Wallace and myself to complete the survey of these two groups by making measurements for the outline and height of each mound, but the civil war interfered with the execution of that design, as it did with many more important projects of other people.

§ 3. OTHER MOUNDS IN RAMSEY COUNTY, MINNESOTA.

At the lower end of the Pig's Eye marsh already mentioned, there stood (April, 1868) an isolated mound, not situated on the bluffs, but below them, near their foot, at the highest part of the river bottom on the sloping ground half-way between the military road and the road-bed of the St. P. & C. R. R., then in course of construction, and distant about three hundred and fifty feet southward from the culvert on the former. It was in a cultivated field, and had itself been plowed over for years; yet it had still a mean height of six and a half feet; its diameter was sixty-five feet. The top of it was only thirty-one feet above the highwater of the Mississippi, according to the levels taken by the railroad engineers. The location of the mound, according to U. S. surveys, was on the N. ½ of SE. ¼ of Sec. 23, T. 28, R. 22, and about one mile north of Red Rock landing. Mr. J. Ford, one of the old settlers of the neighborhood, said that a man named Odell had, some years previously, dug into it far enough to satisfy his curiosity, as the discovery of human bones clearly proved it to have been built for sepulchral purposes.

Near the southwestern corner of White Bear Lake, on the SE. ¼ of Sec. 14, T. 30, R. 22, was, and fortunately still is, a fine tumulus, which has been gazed upon by many thousands of people, for it is near the most frequented part of that popular lake, and the county road ran by it, even graded a little way into its base. Indeed, the mound narrowly escaped being graded away altogether in order to allow a sufficient width for the road between

the Murray property (afterwards Markoe), and the edge of the bluff back of the lake on which the former stood. The height was twelve feet and diameter about forty-five feet, and on the side nearest the water it stood close to, or rather merged into the natural bank and sloped with it to the edge of the lake. Other, but much lower, mounds were afterwards found in the dense brush back from the lake not far off, but they were not thought of at the time the L. S. & M. R. R. was being built, a few rods to the west of them.

§ 4. MOUNDS AROUND LAKE MINNETONKA, MINNESOTA.

At the eastern or lower end of Lake Minnetonka, back of the hotel and railroad station at Wayzata, was, and still is, on the low bluff there, a rather conspicuous round mound. It was situated on the public square, though its southern side encroached on the street. The mean diameter was found to be sixty feet, and the height five feet. It had been higher originally, but excavation had taken away the top part and defaced it. Measured June 22, 1869.

Westward from the same village was a similar mound, known as Harrington's, situated on SE ¼ of Sec. 1. T. 117,. R 23. Its diameter was sixty-two feet and height eight feet. It was built on top of a high bluff, and. like the one at Wayzata, had the lower lake and its promontories and islands in full view. Measured June 22, 1869.

The peninsula formerly known as Starvation Point, now called Orono, was evidently a favorite place of the mound builders, and the mounds there were well known to the modern settlers. On September 25, 1867, the State His-

torical Society held a field meeting on the ground for the purpose of opening one or more of these mounds. Taking advantage of the opportunity I surveyed all of the group which were in open ground, eight in number. The largest of them was sixty-five feet in diameter and six feet high, and was the one most dug into. There were undoubtedly other mounds concealed in the thickets, together with some sort of an embankment.

In the Upper Lake Minnetonka, is what was known as Nobles' or Mound Island (now Phelps'), stretching from NE to SW, about two miles. On its eastern shore, near the south end, was a group of ten mounds, of which I made the best survey I could under the circumstances, on October 6, 1872. The mounds were situated on ground about —— feet above the water, and were quite small, being only fourteen to twenty-five feet in diameter, and two to three feet high.

On the same shore of this island, a quarter of a mile or more to the west of the preceding, were two circular mounds lying thirty-six feet apart. The eastern one was twenty feet in diameter by three-and-a-half feet in height, and the other thirty feet by five. This latter I opened the same day, assisted by John Eastlake.

About half a mile to the southwest of Cook's hotel was a spot by the lake then known as the picnic grounds, near where now is the Bartlett Place, where was a well-known group of mounds. I could not get all of them by reason of the dense and tangled thickets at the south-western end of the site, but managed to survey twelve after a fashion, the two largest of which (Nos. 7 and 12), were,

respectively, forty-eight and fifty-two feet in diameter, and five feet high, the others diminishing in height to two feet.

Besides the above visited and surveyed, numerous mounds were reported as existing at other points on the lake.

§ 5. MOUNDS AT LAKE CALHOUN, MINNESOTA.

A large number of mounds, or "little hillocks ranged in rows," had been mentioned in a newspaper letter as existing on an elevated spot on the southeastern shore of Lake Calhoun, Hennepin county, Minnesota, but careful inspection of the site soon after (September 1867), did not enable me to find more than *three*, which lay in a row close to each other. They were circular in outline, between two and three feet high, and thirty to forty in diameter, as estimated, not measured. Their surface was seamed and irregular, but whether from the effects of digging subsequent to their erection, agricultural operation, or other artificial cause, I could not determine. They were all grassed over, and certainly had been that way for several years. The site was the high steep bluff bank of the lake, about where the Lyndale "Pavilion" stood in subsequent years, I should judge.

§ 6. MOUNDS AT CENTERVILLE, ANOKA COUNTY, MINN.

On July, 1869, I made a rough survey of some mounds that had been described as somewhere near the shore of Centerville lake, eighteen miles from St. Paul. There were seven in the group, and they varied in height from three to five feet, except the last one, which was twelve feet high. This high and steep mound was then in use as a chicken house, a square excavation having been made right

into it for that purpose. The sides of the cut furnished good sectional views of human bones imbedded in the earth, disconnected and without order, as if they had been piled together after some promiscuous or piece-meal burial custom of old times.

§ 7. MOUNDS AT PRESCOTT, WISCONSIN.

At the angle formed by the confluence of the St. Croix and Mississippi rivers, on the eastern bank of the former, is the town of Prescott, Wisconsin. On May 13, 1873, three hours' time was employed in making such reconnoissance survey as was feasible of the mounds which stretch along the bluff of the Mississippi there. The smallest of them was about twenty-five feet diameter and one foot high, and the largest fifty-six feet diameter and four feet high, as nearly as could be then ascertained.

§ 8. MOUNDS AT PINE CITY, MINNESOTA.

In August, 1873, a large mound was graded away at Pine City, on Snake river, which I located and measured carefully at the time; it was nearly half gone, having been cut through perpendicularly. It stood on the south side of Third avenue, just to the west of the middle of the block, between Ninth and Tenth streets. Its diameter was seventy feet, and height exactly eight feet. Bones (on the west side), had been taken out of it, relics of human skeletons, but there were no more visible in the face of the cut at the time of my measurement. There were other mounds on the townsite, not far off, but no one ever surveyed them, and they are probably all gone by this time.

St. Paul, Minn., May 12, 1888.

COLUMBIAN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY

HON. H. W. CHILDS,

BEFORE THE MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AT THE CAPITOL IN THE CITY OF ST. PAUL, OCTOBER 21, 1892.

I.

In the early centuries of the Christian era Norsemen became distinguished upon the sea. They had swept the coasts of Europe in their staunch ships and plundered and levied tribute upon many an English town before the close of the eighth century. These rugged "sons of the fiord" recognized no other bounds to their roving than their own whims and caprices. Their brave keels plowed the waters of the Mediterranean, even to Algiers and Constantinople, and their stout axes were wielded against "Magyar and Saracen." But the spirit of plunder came to yield in time to that of colonization. Normandy confessed them master and became their province. Norseman blood mixed with Norman, and in the person of William the Conqueror triumphed on the field of Hastings.

They settled, too, in Ireland, and planted their roof trees over the greater part of Scotland. Deterred neither by distance nor tempestuous seas, they sought the bleak shores of Iceland, and there planted one of the most remarkable settlements known to the history of civilization. It is now more than a thousand years since that settlement was made, yet on that island, itself the chance child of plutonic forces, where the language of the Norseman is still spoken in its purity, and where their glorious deeds, preserved in poetry and saga, are still recited by elder sons in the half-singing tones of the Skalds of old, grew up a literature of wondrous richness.

Well may we marvel, whose lots are cast under friendlier skies, that in that home of poverty, where life is maintained only by continuous strife with the elements, civilization bloomed in its fairest forms. While continental Europe lay shrouded in a night of deepest ignorance, learning's lamp was brightly burning and tolerance had gained the mastery among that interesting people. And there, too, was framed and adopted an enlightened code of jurisprudence in which a system of trial by jury had been carefully worked out, thus anticipating the fame of Runnymede by more than two hundred and fifty years. Not only Iceland, but the still more bleak and distant Greenland received their settlements. For four hundred years at least, the sails of commerce kept that land of ice in touch with European countries. Bristol merchants exchanged their goods in Greenland marts; and there the representatives of the Church of Rome administered holy consolation.

Why doubt that these adventurous seamen had become acquainted with the American coast long before the Columbian voyage? Accident or adventure must have impelled them thither on some occasion during the centuries of commercial intercourse carried on with those northern countries. The evidence of Leif Ericson's voyage, which further time and research will only strengthen, is already as conclusive to the candid inquirer as is that on which rests the illustrious achievement of 1492.

The Columbian voyage was the logical sequence and culmination of a series of illustrious intellectual achievements. As a rational enterprise it is expressive of the highest attainments of science at the close of the fifteenth century. It was the final triumph of the teachings of Thales. But between the Ionian astronomer and the Genoese discoverer stretched a vale of ignorance and prejudice, with only here and there a hill-top lighted with the beams of the eternal truth. Thales had taught the true form of the earth six centuries before our era. The work so brilliantly begun in Greece was continued in both the Ionian and Alexandrian schools for centuries thereafter. The fame of these schools is durably founded upon the labors of Pythagoras and Aristotle, Euclid, Hipparchus and Ptolemy.

It should not be overlooked, however, that those great pioneers in the cause of truth are representatives of almost as many distinct ages of Grecian and Egyptian knowledge. with steps measured by centuries, science was march- rd that stupendous achievement which the whole civil- d celebrates to-day. The Arab was the torch bearer who red the light of the East to the European world. Bag- l Cordova shone resplendent in the fame of their the wisdom of their teachers and the value and extent libraries. It is incredible, however irreconcilable the ism between Moor and Spaniard, that the learning of l of the Caliphs was not felt in the countries by which urrounded.

can be no question that the learned men of Europe g been acquainted with the teachings of the Alexan- hools. But applied science is slow of pace. The ap- n of knowledge often demands the rarest genius. s too frequently a wide gulf between the student and n of practical affairs; and he who bridges that gulf ies becomes deserving of immortal remembrance.

ore than a knowledge of the earth's sphericity was es- to the great voyage. An agency must be provided y the vessel's helm could be grasped with no uncertain

hand in the deepest night, amid the densest fog, and under the cloudiest sky. And this was supplied by the compass and the astrolabe. But another agent still was requisite to the birth of the inspiration which filled the soul of the great navigator. Before a Columbus there must needs have been an Eratosthanes. Geography, aided by its twin sister, astronomy, became early illustrated by the construction of maps. The comprehensive genius of Ptolemy, grouping under one view all knowledge then extant, had composed in the early part of the second century a system of geography which is the groundwork of all that has been subsequently accomplished in that field of thought and labor.

The avalanche of Gothic barbarism which overwhelmed the Roman empire, made Constantinople the only refuge, for a season, of European art, taste and elegance. Almost fruitless is the search in that symposium, however, for evidence of any advance in geographical knowledge beyond the work of Ptolemy. "Except for the Scandinavian world, and some very important additions made to the knowledge of Asia by Marco Polo, the map prepared by him fairly represents," says Fiske, "the maximum of acquaintance with the earth's surface possessed by the Europeans previous to the great voyage of the fifteenth century." Even Ptolemy's work had been lost, perhaps, but for Moorish intervention. This interesting people, bursting forth from their boundaries, scourged the Mediterranean coasts and secured a foothold, maintained for centuries, upon the soil of Spain. There were founded great marts of commerce. There were garnered the rich spoils of the East. Thence sped the sails and caravans of trade. But best of all there learning shed its luster. There the wisest of the earth gathered in its scholastic groves. Mahometan travelers there spent the leisure of their lives in placing in durable forms what they had seen and heard in distant lands. The worthy son of Harun-el-Rashid, himself keenly alive to the importance of geographical knowledge, did not fail to appreciate the value of Ptolemy's masterly work. He caused it to be translated into the language of his people, to whom it became a model and an inspiration.

The boundaries of geographical knowledge had been materially enlarged by Moorish labor and Christian Europe had already felt the impulse thereby imparted long before Prince Henry of Portugal had begun his brilliant career. The harvest was ready for the reaper.

II.

Genoa is fittingly named superb. Seated on the highway, over which rolled the volume of a great commerce, it strove for centuries for the mastery with Venice. "The patriotic spirit and naval prowess of the Genoese, developed in their defense against the Saracens, led to the foundation of a popular constitution and to the rapid growth of a powerful marine." She wrested from the Saracens many of their seaport towns and planted there her colonies. Her ships were long masters of the sea and bore the richest burdens. The vast hosts of the crusaders, hurled by Rome against the Islam power, contributed for ages to the wealth and prosperity of Genoa. Her sails swept every sea known to European commerce in the middle ages, nor did her seamen fear to venture on discovery.

In a city with such a history was Christopher Columbus born. His birth, in keeping with nearly every other feature of his eventful career, is the subject of learned controversy. Disputes have arisen as to the year, the house, the city and even the country in which he first saw the light. The best authority now ascribes his birth to the city I have named and the year 1436. Obscurity veils his childhood. Scholarship retreats in despair from the effort to trace his ancestry beyond his grandparents. It is conceded that the discoverer of the new world was the son of an humble wool weaver, and that he himself assisted at the loom in early childhood. His education was limited at best. The humble circumstances of his father repressed, rather than inspired, scholastic pursuits. At fourteen he had been caught in the giddy whirl of maritime adventure, which at no place was more pronounced than at Genoa. And why not? The very atmosphere of his native town was rife with the adventures of buccaneers. The news

which sped from one end of the Mediterranean to the other was of fight and plunder, here and everywhere. The sign of the cross did not placate the fury with which Christian strove with Christian, nor had Moorish pride yet been humbled on the plains of Granada.

At Genoa the irrepressible Columbus became fired with the ruling spirit of the age. Little time, indeed, for books had leisure been afforded. Then, too, was it not the golden age of Portugal? The illustrious Prince Henry had but recently closed his glorious career. Men yet wondered at the fame of his explorations. His ships made their way through Southern seas and returned with argosies of wealth. What is the philosophy which could chain the vaulting spirit of the coming admiral? What, but the philosophy of the sea? He had not been Columbus if he had not absorbed rather than learned whatever appertained to the ruling passion of his soul. "The gorgeous churches of Genoa made of Columbus a crusader, its schools a geographer, its palaces filled with paintings and statues an artist, its shores a mariner, its industries and commerce a shrewd calculator and a thorough-going man of business."

We read that he was an expert in chartography. But was not his boyhood passed almost in the very shadow of Benincasa's house, famous for his sea charts? He himself says, "I have associated with scientific men, lay and clerical, of the Latin church and the Greek, with Jew and Moors and many others. To that end the Lord gave me a spirit of understanding. In the science of navigation he endowed me richly; of astronomy and of geometry and arithmetic he gave me what was necessary."

A few years was he voyaging to and fro upon the Mediterranean, now and then coming face to face in bloody fray with Moorish pirates, gleaning here and there the fragments of that knowledge which was soon to kindle in his breast that dauntless zeal which wavered not under the most trying circumstances. Then Lisbon won him.

Already have I spoken of Prince Henry, the patron saint of all the navigators of his day. Lisbon was their Mecca. Bartholomew, a brother of Columbus, his equal as a sailor, his superior in the art of making maps and globes and in the still higher art of persuading and controlling men, had preceded him to Portugal. Not to cross the unknown and trackless Atlantic, save as they unconsciously obeyed the silent mandates of that "divinity that shapes our ends," had the brothers journeyed hitherward. They went there for a livelihood; to practice their art of chartmaking; to enlist, as others of their countrymen had done before them, in maritime adventure. The story of the naval battle near Lisbon, the burning ship, the miraculous escape of the future discoverer by heroic efforts in the sea, is but a cunning blending of fact and fiction, akin to the endless rubbish written to illustrate with what special Providential agency the course of Columbus was directed.

III.

Columbus arrived in Portugal in 1470. Twenty-two years, full of toil and heart-ache, must yet be crossed before he should attain to the splendid triumph of his life. But the time of his coming, viewed in the light of after events, was most opportune. Then were being gathered the fruits of the art of printing with movable types. The secret treasures of learned monks began thus to find their way into the hands of laymen. Could anything be more natural than that the ministrations of that beneficent discovery should be first and most perceptibly felt in the aid of the foremost enterprise of the age? A world thirsting for the discoveries and speculations of travelers and scientists was sure to hail with unstinted applause the publication of their books. The old geographers, dressed in printer's ink, find their way into laymen's hands.

Columbus had not yet forsaken his native Italy when the famous work of Strabo was issued from the press. Then, too, he had been closely pursued to Portugal by the growing fame and popularity of Pomponius Mela. Manilius had sung the

sphericity of the earth and charmed the monks of the middle ages; but now his measured lines do service in the common ranks of learning. A little later, but in accord with the greater richness of the fruit, is harvested from the press the sublime work of Ptolemy, well styled the prince of astronomers, whose work on geography called forth from Humboldt himself the expressive term "colossal." These and other revelations to the lowly walks of learning were the blessed fruitage of the newly discovered and noble art of printing. The thought of Portugal was profoundly moved by this generous outpouring from the garners of the wise. Who should walk before Columbus in receptivity of this quickening spirit?

Most circumscribed at best was geographical knowledge in 1470. The known was strangely blended with the unknown. The distant was invested with the color of splendid mystery. Superstition and credulity peopled distant seas and lands with the horrible creations of disturbed imagination and with gulfs of flame set barriers to travel. Truth staggered in a drunkenness of marvel. The soberest chronicler of events could not resist the temptation to dip his pen in ink of iridescent hues. Toscanelli could write with no fear of censure, but with certainty of applause, of "two hundred towns, whose marble bridges spanned a single river." It was the age of marvel; and its mongers vied with one another in the richness of their coloring. Toscanelli and Marco Polo, Sir John Mandeville and Nicholas de Conti were a galaxy of stars in the scientific heavens of the fifteenth century. It is impossible to accurately estimate at this time the potency and reach of their influence upon the spirit of discovery in that century following the dissemination of their observations and researches among the reading public.

IV.

This is no time to dwell upon the incidents of the domestic life of Columbus. It is far more to our purpose to trace through these causative events which culminated in the great discovery. It is a question of more or less uncertainty when

the idea of reaching India by sailing westward first found lodgment in the mind of Columbus. He had not been a resident of Portugal above four years when he was known to meditate the project. What was its origin? Was it the natural outgrowth of study and reflection, the necessary deduction from given premises, a splendid triumph of the mind? Or was it the knowledge of truth, otherwise derived, selfishly concealed and basely employed for personal advantage? When Columbus urged his views upon the courts of Spain and Portugal, was he inspired with that lofty sincerity characteristic of scientific discovery, or was he but the thrifty merchant seeking to vend at most advantageous terms the wares he had surreptitiously acquired?

The most venomous criticism must concede that long before the year 1492 science had demonstrated, as already suggested, that Cathay might be reached by a westward course. It is the prevailing error of to-day to ascribe to Columbus the first conception of the possibility of reaching India by a westward route. But centuries in advance of him Eratosthenes had held that one might easily sail from Spain to Asia but for the wide expanse of intervening sea. One fact alone robs Columbus forever of every vestige of credit for that conception. Roger Bacon had, two centuries before, gleaned and compiled from ancient writers numerous passages to prove how limited was the distance stretching from Spain to the eastern shore of Asia. On this the great English philosopher had built an argument; and argument and quotation were alike incorporated by the bishop of Cambrai in his great work, the Imago Mundi. None of the biographers of Columbus, and their name is legion, forget to say that the Imago Mundi was his favorite book. Its effect upon his thoughts was profound and lasting. His copy of it, still preserved, bears every token of close and frequent study. Here, then, between the covers of a single volume, is material sufficient to inflame the imagination, convince the judgment and intensify the zeal of one less impressible than Columbus. It must be noted, too, that by an error of mathematical computation, which had received almost universal acquiescence, the circumference of the earth was materially underestimated, and even those

whose computations accord more nearly with the result of modern times had committed the corresponding error tending to the same practical effect of excessively protruding to the eastward the coast line of China and the islands lying to the east of it. The great genius whose computations were startlingly correct had fallen into the common geographical error.

V.

We are now prepared to consider what influence, if any, the Norsemen discoveries exercised upon the mind of the immortal Genoese. There are writers who strenuously insist that he is directly indebted for his idea to Icelandic sources. A learned and ingenuous author states it thus: "We must insist that it is, to say the least, highly probable that he had in some way obtained knowledge of the discoveries of the Norsemen in the western ocean, and he thought their Vinland to be the eastern shore of Africa. But no matter what induced him to go to Iceland. We know positively that he went there and over 300 miles beyond it. The last Norse voyage to America of which we have any account was in the year 1347, and is it possible, we ask, that Columbus could have visited Iceland only 130 years later and learned nothing of the famous Vinland the Good?"

The infirmity of this view, as already pointed out by a distinguished writer, is that the gifted author does not produce, nor is there available, the slightest evidence that Columbus ever acquired any such knowledge. The mere fact that he visited Iceland, which, indeed, is not universally assented to, falls far short of proving that he there acquired information regarding Vinland. The cautious inquirer will require more tangible proof than mere hypothesis before impugning the motives of any man; and especially those of one of the greatest benefactors of mankind. Besides, what strange shortsightedness on the part of Columbus to have concealed such knowledge, if he possessed it, when zealously importuning aid from king and noble. Col. Higginson has happily said that "an ounce of Vinland would have been worth a pound of cosmography" to this project. It is reasonable that in all the

fifteen years in which he was moved by his sublime purpose, disputing with the learned, appealing with burning eloquence to kings and courtiers, listening to the incredulous verdicts of counseling juntos, rebuffed at times with jibes and sneers, that the one masterly argument which must have silenced criticism and enlisted the enthusiastic support of the king of Portugal, had never escaped his lips? A painstaking survey of the whole question compels the belief that Norsemen discoveries contribute in no respect to the Columbian achievement.

Italy was a land of bold and sagacious navigators. "There is nothing," says Winsor, "more striking in the history of American discovery than the fact that the Italian people furnished to Spain Columbus, to England Cabot and to France Verrazani, and that the leading powers of Europe, following as maritime explorers in the lead of Portugal, who could not dispense with Vespucius, another Italian, pushed their rights through men whom they had borrowed from the central region of the Mediterranean, while Italy, in its own name, never possessed a rood of American soil."

There is the faintest belief that Columbus offered the golden opportunity to his native Genoa, and was denied; then to her rival, Florence, and yet denied. Certain it is that to Portugal the opportunity came and was, in an evil hour, declined. The luster shed upon this people by the glorious work of Prince Henry was seriously darkened by the prudent and costly trickery of its king, John II. When to the last-named monarch Columbus had disclosed his project and had half-convinced him by his burning zeal and persuasive reasoning he was rewarded by an order of the king sending a ship secretly to test the experiment of the westward voyage. It failed, of course, for what captain, fired with a zeal less than that which filled the breast of Columbus, could pilot a ship across those unknown and terrifying seas?

The insult drove Columbus to the court of Spain. Already his brother Bartholomew had caught his brother's spirit and sailed to England to procure the aid of its sovereign. The land

of Roger Bacon refused to demonstrate the wisdom of her gifted child. France, too, failed to recognize the angel of glory in the Genoese chartmaker. To undeserving Spain attached the imperishable renown. It is a weary story of waiting, taunts and ridicule, a cup of bitterness drunk to the lees, a heart bereft of hope, thoughts filled with despair, that records the final triumph of Columbus in the impulsive conduct of Isabella of Castile. To that princess belongs the never-ending praise, whatever the actuating sentiment, of affording substantial encouragement to the mighty enterprise.

The port of Palos, long since abandoned by the fleets of commerce, is immortalized by the three small caravels which issued from it in the early morning of Aug. 3, 1492.

VI.

Greatly do they err who see in Columbus but the common man. True enough, his character presents a picture of strong lights and deep shadows. He was "seer and traveler, visionary and calculator; crusader and mathematician, a sort of Isaiah in his prophetic insight, and banker in his computations, his thoughts set upon religion and business alike; a sublime oracle from whose lips predictions fell in impetuous torrents, and a singularly bad governor, resorting to irregular and arbitrary measures; advocating the conquest of the Holy Sepulcher through a mighty effort of his devout will, and of the mines of Golconda by a shorter route to India than any then known; ever in suspense between lofty ideas and idle fable, believer in magic and student of nature, mystic and astronomer: so multiplied and various are his traits that they scarcely come within the group of any logical chain of reasoning." Such is Castelar's vivid and masterly pen-painting of this man of matchless fame. Grant his many foibles, his numerous sins of omission and commission, all that his detractors urge, and they are many, yet there still attaches to him, deathless as the mighty world he brought to light, the sublime attribute of Discoverer of America.

"It grew to be time's burst of dawn,
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson, On! and On!"

The inspired faith of Columbus impelled him to a fruitless search for the gorgeous palaces and magnificent capitals of Cathay. He died unconscious of the fact that between this island, on which he raised the standard of Castile and the possessions of the grand Cham, slept a virgin world and stretched an almost endless waste of sea. Yet the fascinating visions with which his thoughts were filled have been more than realized in the work of the four centuries which close to-day. It may be said of him more than of any other man that "he builded better than he knew."

Not the old and suffocating East, but the new and promising West, responded to the wave-beat of the best of European civilization. The great discovery was the rescue of the imperiled spirit of civil liberty. The champions of the opposing forces in the Old World strove for the mastery of the New. One built its watch fires in the South American peninsula, the other on the rock of Plymouth. The former emitted neither light nor warmth, the latter became the beacon of the world. A grand idea, shining brightly for a season in the schools of Greece, and then in those of Italy, but well-nigh extinguished in the universal gloom of later ages, reasserting itself along the Rhine and around the industrious fires of the Netherlands and in the land of Cromwell and Milton, became a well-defined and resistless purpose, in Independence hall, on the 4th day of July, 1776. To-day it thrills the world; a mighty people, planted in the choicest territory of the earth, are moved and actuated by it. It is the mission of that people to dominate the earth, not by the devastation of the sword, but by those pacific agencies whose progress is marked by a wealth of moral, intellectual and material blessings. Already it has enriched mankind in spiritual and material achievements beyond all precedent.

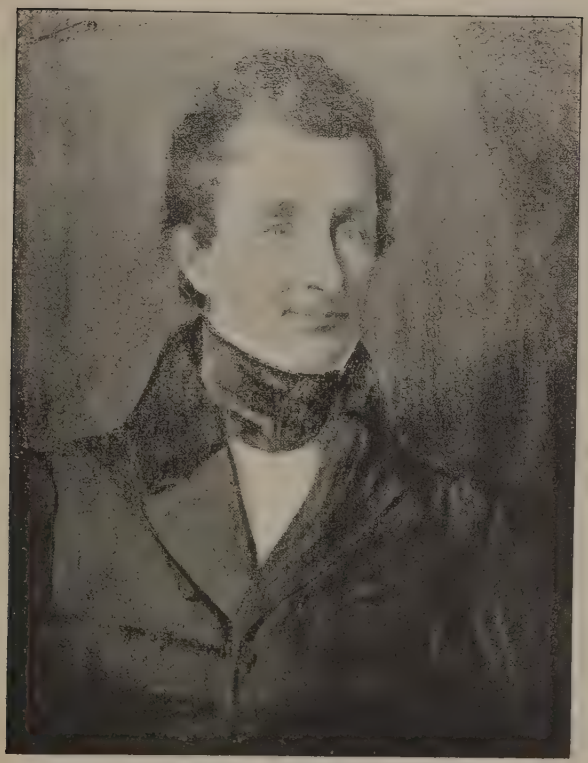
A great thinker has said: "The world's scepter passed from Persia to Greece, from Greece to Italy, from Italy to Great Britain, and from Great Britain the scepter is to-day departing. It is passing to Greater Britain, to our mighty West, there to remain, for there is no further West; beyond is the Orient. Like the star in the east, which guided the three kings with their

treasure westward until it stood still over the cradle of the young Christ, so the star of empire rising in the east has ever beckoned the wealth and power of the nations westward, until to-day it stands still over the empire of the West, to which the nations are bringing their offerings."

O mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace;
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years;
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn, they join thy name.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest
For earth's downtrodden and opprest,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.
Power at thy bounds,
Stops, and calls back his baffled hounds.

O fair young mother! On thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of the skies,
The thronging years in glory rise,
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.



Col. John Bliss, U. S. A.

In Command at Fort Snelling in 1833.

(Taken from a portrait painted at about the age of fifty-five years.)

REMINISCENCES OF FORT SNELLING.

By Colonel John H. Bliss.

After many years of outpost life and terrific hardships, which were the military lot in those early days, my mother and myself were having a rest with relatives in Meadville, Pennsylvania; my father, Major John Bliss, being then in command at Fort Armstrong, Rock Island. In the early spring of 1832, I (then nine years of age) well remember my mother telling me one day on my return from school that she had just received a letter from father to the effect that he had been ordered to take command at Fort Snelling, and would soon be on to take us and our household chattels to that immensely distant post. He soon followed the letter, and some bustling days were passed in preparation; bedding and carpets were stowed away in water-tight tierces, and books in shallow boxes, so contrived that they could afterward be arranged in library form; these were consigned, if I recollect rightly, to McGunnigle & Co., St. Louis, and were conveyed by wagon to Pittsburg, Pa., and from there by steamboat to St. Louis.

The first section of the journey was by stage coach to Pittsburg, where we recuperated several days at the hospitable home of our old, warm-hearted, Irish friend, John Anderson, who was engaged in the foundry business. The next move was to Cincinnati by steamboat. Here a stop of several days was imperative for making further purchases of supplies for the wild region we were to enter; quantities of hams, dried beef, tongues, rice, macaroni, family groceries in general, furniture, crockery, and what in these days would be considered a huge supply of wines and liquors, were purchased and shipped to St. Louis, and to this point was our next journey, of course by steamboat. It was

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Col. John H. Bliss, of Erie, Pa., where he is engaged in manufacturing, is a son of Maj. John Bliss, of the United States army, who was in command of Fort Snelling from 1833 to 1837. Col. J. H. Bliss visited Fort Snelling and vicinity in October, 1893. He was greatly interested in the stupendous changes which had taken place during the sixty years since he, as a boy, knew the country. At the solicitation of the Minnesota Historical society, he wrote these reminiscences. He was spending a winter vacation in Venezuela when the paper was written. Col. Bliss served with honor in the Union army during the Civil War. His father served during the War of 1812-13; resigned in 1837, and died in 1854.

then not more than a straggling village. I am quite sure there was not a paved street, and a large proportion of the inhabitants were French Canadians. One morning my father took me around to see some of his old friends, and among others, introduced me to Clark, of the famous Lewis and Clark expedition. My recollection of him is that of a large-framed, sedate, venerable gentleman, and what greatly excited my open-eyed astonishment was the fact of his wearing his gray hair in a queue. At the hotel, that evening, the expedition was talked over, and the death of Lewis was commented upon as a suicide. No mention whatever of murder was suggested, and it was not until many years afterward that I learned this was a mooted question.

On the voyage from Pittsburg, we one day saw a deer swimming the Ohio; and, as there was a good supply of rifles among the passengers, he was soon dispatched, and venison added to our bill of fare. At St. Louis the last of our necessary purchases was made, to wit: a nice-looking yellow girl and an uncommonly black man. On arriving at our final destination, she proved to be a very good servant, but became such an attractive belle among the soldiers that before leaving Fort Snelling we were obliged to make her a part of the cargo of the Steamer "Warrior," and send her to St. Louis for sale. The man, Hannibal by name, was a most excellent and faithful fellow. The only difficulty I remember his getting into was brewing spruce beer and selling it to the soldiers. Everything in this line was among the prerogatives of our sutler, Mr. Myrie, who made complaint to my father, who admonished Hannibal that this was outside the line of his duties. He made promise of amendment, but was soon caught at it again, which resulted in his catching a good licking and forty-eight hours' confinement in the black hole, effecting a thorough reformation. Some five years afterward, when my father resigned his commission, he gave Hannibal his freedom, and he settled in Newport, Ky., where he became a preacher, and was quite an oracle among the blacks. While I was a student at Cincinnati college, he came to see me every week, put my belongings in order, and polished my shoes, as it seemed to be the dread of his life that I "should be taken for a poor man's son." Poor, faithful old Hannibal! I have often wondered what ultimately became of him.

While at Cincinnati I had for friends many of those mentioned so charmingly by Mrs. Van Cleve. General O. M. Mitchell (who died of yellow fever at Port Royal) taught me the

higher branches of mathematics and civil engineering. I often took tea with Edward Mansfield and his excellent mother. She wore a turban, and was altogether of the last century. She used to tell me of her dancing a minuet with General Washington. I have a lively recollection, too, of the excellence of the buckwheat cakes made by her wonderful cook, old Clara. Then there was William Lytle, whom I saved from drowning one Saturday afternoon when a lot of us went in swimming, and who afterwards became General Lytle of the Union army, and was killed, I think, at the battle of Stone river. But this is not getting very rapidly in the direction of Fort Snelling.

The next step in our journey was by steamboat to Prairie du Chien. I remember stopping at Hannibal, Quincy, Des Moines and Galena, all very small places. At the first-named town I bought a beautiful pair of young fox squirrels, to the disgust of my mother and the thorough emptying of my pocket. At one of the stopping places I was introduced to the old chief Keokuk, one of my father's Indian friends. We were detained a day at one of the rapids on the Mississippi. The captain of the boat got into an altercation with one of his men, which resulted in his being knocked down. He started at once for his cabin, and soon emerged with his rifle; but the man, in the meantime, prudently went on shore and disappeared. The captain spent nearly the whole day looking for him, but without avail, although he had several friends aiding him, who were as deeply interested as though on a bear hunt. While I was wandering about I went into a low groggery in search of some apples, and there spied the very man they were after; but he had made friends with me during the voyage, so I did not report my find. Had he been a troublesome, annoying fellow, the result no doubt would have been widely different—a strong illustration of the truth of the old saying, "It is better to have the good will of a dog than his ill will."

Col. Zachary Taylor (afterward president of the United States) was then in command at Fort Crawford, Prairie du Chien. He and my father were old friends, having been together in the Sauk and Fox campaign, and we were received at his quarters most hospitably, and made perfectly at home. The sobriquet of "rough and ready," according to my recollection, is not properly descriptive of the man. Ready for any duty or emergency, he certainly was; but I cannot see where the rough

came in. As a boy, I was very fond of him. He was a large, strongly built man, rather quiet and deliberate in movement and conversation, and with the same disregard of dress and "the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war" which was so conspicuous in General Grant, and was thoroughly different from Scott, who well earned the nickname of "fuss and feathers." Mrs. Taylor was a most kind and thorough-bred Southern lady; the Colonel, as every one knows, being a splendid specimen of the Kentuckian. Two of their children, Bessie and Dick, were about my own age, and during the two or three weeks of waiting for further transportation to Fort Snelling we became excellent friends. Dick afterward spent a year in Buffalo when I was a young man there, and we saw a good deal of each other, but we never met again. My youngest daughter, I may say, renewed the acquaintance in Washington. Poor Dick! he was very handsome, well educated, very bright, a fine conversationalist and well liked by all. His book, "Destruction and Reconstruction," is thoroughly indicative of the man, so entirely different from the bitterly vindictive and mendacious book of his brother-in-law, Jefferson Davis; no one can read it without being impressed by his unending, good-natured buoyancy, and the fact that he had "charity for all and bore malice to none." He even had a good word to say for Ben Butler; and General N. P. Banks was made abundantly aware in the Southwest that his military talents were of a high order. In fact, his book, containing no vile abuse of the North, has been but little noticed, and I do not now remember having seen any one who ever read it. Two or three years after seeing Dick in Buffalo, I was going down the Alabama river, and to my surprise and delight found among the passengers on the steamer, Mrs. Taylor, Bessie and her husband, W. W. S. Bliss. He was of the Rhode Island branch of that family, a man of uncommon ability, and from the phenomenal perfection and accuracy of his recitations at the military academy, won there the name of "Perfect Bliss." While we were at Prairie du Chien, Jeff Davis was a lieutenant, and violently in love with Colonel Taylor's daughter "Knox;" but the Colonel "would none of it"—he did not like a single bone in his body.

Due course of time brought the steamboat "Warrior," with Captain Throckmorton, loaded with supplies for Fort Snelling, and we then bade a long farewell to our kind friends and civili-

zation, and pushed into the wilderness. I was awfully sorry to part with Dick, and to show the strongest evidence of my regard, named one of my squirrels after him. According to my recollection, Prairie du Chien was then a straggling Canadian village, where, outside of the garrison, one heard more French than English spoken. Before leaving, all available space in the "Warrior" was filled with cord wood, and when that gave out we were obliged to lay by and cut fresh supplies, for not a house or a white man did we see until our arrival at Fort Snelling, so the trip of course was a long one.

At Lake Pepin, on account of a heavy wind, we were obliged to tie up for nearly two days in sight of the "Maiden Rock," or "Lovers' Leap," as in those days it was unromantically called. I shall never forget the clear transparency of the waters, and beautiful wild shores of that lovely river, long before its charms were ruined and outraged by hard practical civilization. On our way we overhauled and took on board a canoe with five soldiers, conveying the monthly mail to Fort Snelling, and thus saved the boys many a weary pull. A sight never to be forgotten was when on turning a point in the river there suddenly appeared, a mile or so before us, the imposing and beautiful white walls of Fort Snelling, holding, as though by main force, its position on a high precipitous bluff, and proudly floating the stripes and stars. It was a fortified oasis of civilization in a lovely desert of barbarism. We at once took possession of the commandant's quarters, and were soon most comfortably established—the young officers frequently supplementing our bill of fare with the nicest of young prairie chickens, or grouse, as we called them. There were then two well-beaten wagon roads, one leading to Lake Calhoun, the other to the Falls of Saint Anthony. The latter crossed a little stream, a hundred feet or so above the Falls of Minnehaha, but which then knew no other name than Little Falls. This was a beautiful spot. There was a break-neck path leading to the foot, down which I used to scramble and fish for bass in the basin. The Falls of Saint Anthony, too, were picturesque; the government had a little muley saw-mill there, and a small grist-mill, for grinding corn, all, of course, for the use of the garrison; there, too, was kept our supply of beef cattle. All this necessitated the erection of a comfortable building, for the sergeant and eight or ten men who had charge of things, and this was all there then was of

the splendid city of Minneapolis. We used occasionally to have picnics there, and drove out a few times of a winter night, had a hot supper and a whisky punch, and back to the Fort again, with the coyotes howling about us, but rarely in sight. In no place I have ever seen (and I have been in many) were the winter nights so clear and beautiful, and the stars so many and so bright as there. Another picnic ground was the vicinity of the Lakes of the Isles, Calhoun and Harriet; the fishing in them was excellent. They bear the same names now as they did then, so that a statement I saw making the rounds of the papers, that the last was named for the first schoolmistress in Minnesota, is sheer nonsense. If Mrs. General Leavenworth's first name was Harriet, I am positive it was named for her. Another picnic resort was a cave in the white sandstone near the east bank of the river, and, as I recollect it, a little above the site of the great city of St. Paul; a little stream of the coldest and clearest water issued from it, just the thing for the lemonade and rum punch which made more agreeable the first civilized meals taken in the immediate neighborhood of that city. I became the happy possessor of an Indian pony, a double-barreled gun, a canoe and jointed fishing rod, and during my entire stay, so long as the weather admitted of it, they were the recipients of my almost undivided attention.

That summer, Major Taliaferro, the Indian agent, brought his wife, a very handsome woman, to the Fort, and they made their home with us until their quarters were prepared. About this time the post sutler, Mr. Myrie, married and brought his wife there, so the garrison boasted of three ladies. The entire country then was prairie, with no timber at all except in the immediate vicinity of the lakes and water-courses, so that we could drive in wagons in any direction. Going by the road to Lake Calhoun, on the left of the junction of the road and lake, was quite a large permanent Indian village surrounded by extensive corn fields, which from the time the corn was in milk, required the undivided attention of the Indian children to drive away the flocks of blackbirds, which were in great numbers. I remember very well knocking over twenty-five at one shot.

This village and Saint Anthony and Little Falls were the three show places which brought into requisition all the horses and wagons belonging to the Fort, whenever the steamboat "Warrior" appeared with her hold filled with supplies and her

cabins with delightful and delighted tourists who were making an excursion, considered more wonderful in those days than would be a trip to the Hawaiian Islands now. We received the mail but once a month, and then through the agency of a corporal and a few men, whom we sent the whole distance to Prairie du Chien for it; in summer they went in a canoe, in winter it was an expedition on foot, and the hardships encountered were very great. They had to carry their provisions, blankets and the mail, and camp out in the snow every night, unless it found them in the neighborhood of an Indian tepee. You are sufficiently acquainted with the rigors of your climate to know that in winter this was no holiday excursion. I think it was the first mail after our arrival that brought word of the elopement of Jeff. Davis and "Knox" Taylor. We all felt very bad about it, knowing what a blow it would be to the grand old colonel. The next mail brought us news of another elopement from his family of quite a different character; one of his female slaves had most mysteriously disappeared, leaving not a trace or clue behind. No sooner had my father mentioned it, than up I spoke and said, "Why, she is at ————————" (mentioning a place I have since forgotten).

He fairly turned white, and asked:

"How do you know that?"

"Well," said I, "when we were at the Colonel's, she asked me one day if I could write. I answered that I could. She then asked if I would write a letter to her husband for her, to which I at once assented, and wrote down the words as she gave them, and among other things, she said she would see him next month, by fair means or foul."

"Why didn't you report it at once?" asked my father.

"Well," I replied, "I did not know that she meant that she would run away, and if I had, I doubt if it would have been just the thing for me to have betrayed her confidence."

He looked at me very hard, bit his lips, and dropped the subject. By the next mail, he was a greatly relieved man, on learning that Mrs. Taylor was almost paralyzed one day when the girl quietly stepped into the kitchen and set about her duties as though nothing had happened; she had performed the precise journey that her letter indicated.

The first discovery of consequence my father made on arriving at the Fort, was that in winter the quarters were heated

(or rather frozen through and through) by open fireplaces. He at once made a requisition for the proper quantity of old-style ten-plate stoves, and the last steamer arriving that fall brought them, so the garrison was kept perfectly comfortable, and with a greatly reduced consumption of fuel. I had my skates with me, and even the oldest and most stolid warriors would watch my gyrations with unbounded admiration and astonishment. One winter day, I noticed in the hospital a bottle of quicksilver, and while the steward's attention was drawn elsewhere, I poured some in the hollow of my hand, walked out of the fort among the Indians, and passed it off as melted lead. I would stir it around with my finger, and try to get them to do the same, but the evidence of their eyesight was quite sufficient without running the chance of burning off the ends of their fingers. I was usually present at their councils and consultations, with my father, and I presume on account of my mysterious powers I was never omitted in the passing of the pipe. I always pulled away at it with becoming gravity, and this early introduction to the practice is perhaps the reason why I am an inveterate smoker.

The winters were undeniably tedious, but had their uses; we had a good library, and I read a great deal, which has stood by me well; then there was of course much sociability among the officers, and a great deal of playing of cards, dominoes, checkers and chess. The soldiers, too, would get up theatrical performances every fortnight or so, those taking female parts borrowing dresses from the soldiers' wives, and making a generous sacrifice to art of their cherished whiskers and mustaches.

The following summer the "Warrior" made her usual calls with supplies for the Fort, and loads of tourists. These supplies were chiefly clothing, salt beef and pork, flour and beans. In a large garden back of the fort, the soldiers cultivated all the corn, potatoes, turnips, onions, etc., which they required. They cut and piled up near the fort all the wood that was consumed, and in marshy spots on the prairie secured the hay necessary for keeping our live stock through the long winters; these duties, together with those more directly in the military line, kept them constantly on the go through the short summers. It was then popularly supposed that we were too far north, and the seasons too short, to make the raising of wheat a success. Melons were planted early every spring, but they never ripened.

Every winter an abundant supply of the finest ice was secured for summer use. Early that season (1833), the excellent Major Loomis and his wife and daughter arrived, having traveled the whole way from Prairie du Chien in what was then called a mackinaw boat (I think they were sometimes spoken of as pirogues). They were like mammoth skiffs, drawing consequently but little water, and I believe the stern was sharp, as well as the bow, and they were propelled by oars, poles, tow-line, or sail, according to the exigencies of the case. I was at the landing when they arrived. The family was in a little canvas cabin at the stern and they seemed in very good trim, but the six or eight soldiers looked as though they had been through a hard campaign. The Loomis quarters were next to ours, and we saw a great deal of them, and became much attached to them. With a small command they had been sent to St. Augustine at the time Florida was ceded to the United States, and their reminiscences of the Spanish garrison there were very entertaining. Like the rest of us, the Major had his peculiarities, chief among which was an engrossing enthusiasm in the cause of religion. He had divine services on Sundays (we had no chaplain), and the following winter had prayer meetings on week-day evenings, and got up a red-hot revival among the soldiers; so much was he carried away by his subject, that one day when my father was doing his best to make me comprehend the rule of three, Major Loomis entered the room. He was evidently ill at ease, made a few commonplace remarks, and then blurted out: "Major Bliss, I have called to invite you to embrace Christianity." My father turned to me, saying: "John, leave the room;" which John incontinently did. The interview lasted nearly an hour. My father never alluded to it, but when the Major left, I noticed that he did not carry the triumphant air of one who had been successful in his mission. Among his converts that winter were the biggest rascals in the garrison. They made long prayers, sang psalms and looked solemn, until the simultaneous arrival of summer and a barrel of surreptitious whisky, when they backslid almost to a man. One of his converts never recanted; Lieutenant Ogden, an uncommonly nice fellow, who afterward married the Major's daughter. During the Mexican war, I ran across him at Matamoros. He was very kind to me, and procured transportation for me on a government steamer to Brazos, Santiago. A few years after that he died of cholera, if I mistake not, at some frontier post.

Religious discipline was not the only kind the Major believed in, for keeping it up in the military way, a favorite punishment with him was to start a soldier, with a big billet of wood on his shoulders, walking in a circle, with a sentinel at hand to see that he neither strayed from the track nor lagged on the way; on account of which idiosyncrasy he was never known among the men by any other name than "Old Ring." Every officer had his nickname, and it almost universally fitted like a glove. What they called my father, I do not know, but from his style of punishment, and the following little circumstance, it was very likely "Black Starvation." In the garrison was a most cantankerous and vicious Irishman, named Kelly, who was competent for the commission of more wickedness in a month than an ordinary rascal could compass in a lifetime; he was the disgust of the men and the despair of the officers. One morning my father was endeavoring to give me some insight into the rules of English grammar, when the orderly ushered in a peppery little corporal, who, without any unnecessary circumlocution, stated that Kelly was on his fatigue party; and that upon calling on him to turn out with the other men he had kept his seat and pointedly remarked he would "see him damned first." "All right," said my father, "leave him alone and go out with the rest of your party." The end of the next ten minutes saw Mr. Kelly in the black hole, without even the customary bread and water, and for twenty-four hours with nothing to chew except "the cud of sweet and bitter fancy." When the sergeant of the guard asked him if he would promise to behave himself, at once came Kelly's favorite reply, that he would "see him damned first." For another twenty-four hours he was cut off from the world, when through the grated door the question was repeated. The answer this time was no, he had made up his mind to starve to death. At the end of the third day, the prisoner's reply to the stereotyped question, and delivered in a weakened voice, was no, that it was nearly over now, and he might as well die that way as any other. The situation was growing awkward, and my father was wondering in what way he should report the man's death at Washington, when the guard heard a faint call from the subdued and wilted prisoner. He begged for God's sake for sun and air and something to eat, declaring that he never again would give trouble. It is but fair to add that the promise was faithfully kept, and up to the day of his discharge he remained a most exemplary soldier.

About this time, a tattered, wild-looking fellow, calling himself Dixon, arrived at the Fort, having made the entire journey from Prairie du Chien on foot and alone. After the lapse of a few days he enlisted, and did fairly well for a few months, when he turned up missing. Nearly two weeks afterward he was brought back by some Indians, who captured him while making his way to the prairie, and who received a reward of $20. Dixon was court-martialed, sentenced to fifty lashes from the cat, and to be drummed out of the Fort. Now in the entire institution there were no felines except those known to natural history, and the getting of one up required a large amount of discussion and experiment. When it was completed, I examined it, and it certainly did not appear to be a formidable affair; the handle was about eighteen inches long, the nine thongs about the same length, of rather fine hard cord, with knots an inch apart. The eventful day of punishment came. Dixon was stripped to the waist, triced up to the flagstaff, and the drummers took turns at delivering the fifty lashes the best they knew how; but the fellow never winced nor was the skin once cut through. His clothing was restored, and at the word, half a dozen men charged upon him with fixed bayonets; they were followed by the band playing the rogue's march, and Mr. Dixon soon had all the world before him. I followed out to see the finish. When the charged bayonets ceased their pointed attentions, Dixon stopped, when two or three men brought him a blanket, his few belongings, and a small quantity of provisions. He spit from his mouth a musket ball, which he had pretty well chewed up during the administration of the cat, shouldered his pack, shook hands with us all, bade us good-bye, and started off for Prairie du Chien as composedly as though going a-fishing. We heard he arrived there safely, worked his way to the lead mines, was lucky enough to strike a lead which he sold out for $600, and then disappeared forever.

I well remember Mr. George Catlin and his wife, who came up that summer and were at our house during their stay. A room in the officers' quarters was given him for a studio, and he worked away with great industry. They were very pleasant, and Mr. Catlin had an exhaustless store of anecdotes and recollections of his Indian experiences. He seemed to have been a born delineator of Indians, and his aptness at striking off their likenesses and attitudes was something wonderful; but all of

his portraits of white persons had a certain Indian look about them. He once painted one of my father, and all it required was a few changes in the way of a blanket and spear and some eagle quills, to have it passed off as the portrait of a warrior of some unknown tribe, quite ready to try conclusions with tomahawk and scalping knife.

In those days the Sioux and Chippeways never had a settled peace. In spite of all promises and treaties, they would take shots at each other if too tempting an opportunity occurred, and one of the great annoyances of the military commandants was to keep peace among them and settle their endless differences. With so many Indians around us, we were soon familiar with their different dances, feasts and games, and when tourists visited us, something of the sort was gotten up for their amusement just outside the Fort; but on such occasions the big gate was always closed, if they were in large numbers. They were unmitigated barbarians. In one of their dances (I forget what it was called) a stout stick some six feet long was stuck in the ground, a dog was killed, his liver fastened to the top of the stick, and cut in slices, but without entirely separating them from each other. The Indians would then dance and howl around it, and as they became excited, they would, without the aid of their hands, bite off slices of the raw and bloody liver, chew and swallow them, and then yell and shriek as though possessed of the very devil. One day word was brought to the Fort that they had burned the mills at the Falls of Saint Anthony and murdered the men in charge. A strong force was at once dispatched there, and everything about the Fort put in defensible shape. When the detachment reached the mills they were found uninjured, and the men quietly pursuing their avocations without the slightest suspicion that they had been tomahawked and scalped. At one time our sentinels contracted a bad habit of firing their muskets at night for trivial causes. Stringent orders were consequently issued, that for one reason only should a sentry's gun be discharged when on duty, and that sole reason would be the approach of a body of Indians, evidently about to make an attack. A fortnight passed quietly, when the utter silence of a summer's midnight was shattered to pieces by a most terrific discharge of a gun. The entire garrison was up like one man, their anxiety increased by a strong glare of light. My father, waiting only for trousers and boots,

was out like a cyclone, the men were under arms in a jiffy, and on investigation it was found the sentry had simply wished to call the attention of the guard to the fact that the bakery chimney was on fire. The sentence of darkness and a meager diet which fell to his lot was a long one, and he emerged into light a much thinner and wiser man; but it was the last of our false alarms, and happily we had no real ones.

I do not remember a single Indian, man or woman, who made the slightest attempt at learning our language, so we all picked up more or less of theirs. On one occasion, at a council, both the official interpreters (Quinn and Campbell, I think, by name) were absent, and their place was well filled by one of the soldiers. The last I saw of Campbell was two or three years after leaving the Fort. I was a student at Cincinnati college, and when crossing one of the principal streets, heard a familiar yell with its terminating prolonged low note. Turning my head, I recognized Campbell, leading a body of Sioux Indians. We had a warm, pleasant greeting. He was on his way to Washington with a deputation of Sioux, and was showing them the city; their home then being on the "Warrior," I visited her, and for the last time in my life saw our old friend, Captain Throckmorton.

I think it was during our first summer at the Fort that it was visited by Count Portales, a young Swiss some twenty years of age, in company with an Englishman named Latrobe, and an American named Ewing or something like it. They came in a fine birch-bark canoe, with a crew of Canadian voyageurs. My father invited them to dinner, and they proved to be uncommonly bright and pleasant men. The American was very ready with his pencil, and gave my mother a good sketch of the Fort.

It was the first or second autumn after our arrival that I first saw Mr. Sibley, who afterward became governor of Minnesota. He was then a very young man, but uncommonly large, strong and fine looking, with a very pleasant, and frank, but determined face. He was in the employ of some fur company, and the very man for that hard, wild, venturesome life. He was a good chess player, and for that time was a wonder of correct and temperate habits, and by my father and the officers generally was held in high esteem.

To the best of my recollection, it was in the spring of 1833 that two brothers named Pond wandered that way. They said

they had come to devote themselves to the welfare of the Indians, and I believe they did this to the full extent and limit of their abilities. They were earnest workers, with no nonsense about them. My father supplied them, from the saw-mill, with the necessary lumber for a neat, comfortable, two-roomed little house, and in conjunction with Major Taliaferro, aided them in their start at housekeeping on the shore of Lake Calhoun, a short distance from the Indian village. It was probably a year after this that another missionary, named Stevens, with his wife and a very beautiful daughter, appeared on the scene. They have not left a very distinct impression on my mind; the Loomises were more particularly their friends. My recollection, too, is very misty as to where they located, but I think it was about Lake Harriet.

While we were at this post, the cholera made its first appearance in the United States, and progressed in our direction as far as Prairie du Chien, where it was quite fatal; a mackinaw boat left there for Fort Snelling, and when it arrived it had one case on board, but the patient happily recovered.

The summer of 1833 has one bright spot in memory: the receipt from Dick Taylor of a small box of apples, probably the first except dried ones ever sent to the Fort. This was somewhat darkened by the untimely death of one of my squirrels; the little fellows were not confined, but had the range of the whole Fort, and this one on an outside excursion was knocked over by a young Indian. The other one then became morose and solitary in his ways, left our house, and established himself in the commissary store, where he knawed a hole in a barrel of flour and set up housekeeping, cutting a carpenter's line into bits and making himself a bed in the barrel; he, too, came to an end by incautiously wandering about, when he was picked up by an Indian dog. There were two things about those squirrels that always puzzled me. I slept in a room without a fire, and in winter it was about as cold as out of doors, making a heavy pile of blankets on the bed a necessity; the squirrels slept with me for warmth, establishing themselves close beside me in the centre of the bed, going fast asleep, and not making a motion the whole night. Now, what was it that saved them from smothering? Again, I would sometimes wake up before it was light, and lay staring out the window which faced the east, for the approach of day; at the very first suspicion of dawn those

squirrels, though apparently sleeping their last sleep, would both commence fussing about, and with their funny little barks leave the bed. Now, with four or five thicknesses of blankets over them, how did they know day was breaking?

During the fall and winter of 1833, rumors reached the Fort that a Canadian (Renville, or some such name) living up what was then the St. Peter's river (now the Minnesota) was making himself of too much importance among the Indians, that he pretended to be in correspondence with the president, and would read to them long letters purporting to be from him, and was collecting large quantities of arms and ammunition; so, on the coming of spring, my father sent Captain Vail with a few men in a large canoe propelled by oars, to investigate. On their way they encountered a young Indian, with a heron or some such bird, whose plumes would be just the thing to rejuvenate the Captain's dilapidated "chapeau de bras," so he commenced negotiations for its purchase; but the young buck declined all his overtures, saying it was the first killed that season, and must be made a sacrifice to the Manitou. Vail, however, insisted, and finally secured the envied bird. The Indian went on to his village and reported the circumstance. The medicine men were much disturbed at Vail's action, and said a severe misfortune would happen to that expedition before its return. The next day a large flock of black ducks came flying along, when a soldier named Little, but a very large, powerful man, seized a fowling piece by the muzzle and was drawing it from a pile of knapsacks, when the hammer caught in a strap and the piece was discharged, and his immense arm was literally torn to shreds from wrist to elbow. All haste was made to get back to the Fort, where the arm was at once amputated, but the poor fellow died a few hours after the operation. A subsequent expedition to Renville's place demonstrated the falsity of the current reports.

Being so far beyond the frontier, we were free from the trouble which in those days often occurred from the friction between the civil authorities and the military authorities, acting under orders issued from Washington. The case of a Captain Jewett (I think that was the name) now occurs to me. Orders from Washington were positive, that all stocks of liquors held by parties selling the same to the Indians should be destroyed. Captain Jewett, hearing of a man engaged in the nefarious

traffic, knocked his whisky barrels in the head, whereupon damages were assessed by a justice of the peace at Prairie du Chien, and the unfortunate officer was obliged to pay $600. I heard of the occurrence some two years after it happened, and up to that time he had not been reimbursed; perhaps he had no political influence, for the army was as much governed by favoritism then as now. My father was nothing of a courtier, and not accustomed to "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee," consequently he was kept on the frontier, engaged in most arduous service. After leaving Fort Snelling, he was put on the recruiting service, and then in midsummer, 1837, he was ordered to Florida to fight the Seminoles. He replied that if his orders could be held back until fall he would be quite ready to serve; but to go to the everglades in the hot season he could only consider as a sentence of death, and if the order was insisted upon he must tender his resignation. The acceptance of his resignation came by next mail, and in this summary manner was a veteran of 1812 set adrift.

I remember very well the arrival of a party of emigrants from Lord Selkirk's settlement on the Red river of the North, whence they had been frozen and starved out. They had traveled on foot and in wagons, bringing their live stock and other possessions with them, and in the same way were journeying southward and eastward to a land of civilization. I went to their camp, and remember how odd it seemed to hear white people, not connected with the Fort, talking English instead of Canadian French. They were under the leadership of quite an old man, who came to our quarters and had a lengthened interview with my father, who advised him to locate in Illinois on the Mississippi, as in addition to a fine prairie soil he would stand the chance of finding a lead mine on the land. "But," interpolated the patriarch, "would not that belong to the king?"

In the fall of 1834, an English geologist named Featherstonehaugh ("Frestonhaw," the English call it,) and an American assistant (an exceedingly nice fellow whose name unfortunately I cannot recall), in the employ of our government, arrived in a beautifully equipped birch-bark canoe, paddled by five Canadian voyageurs. She was a beauty, carried a quantity of geological specimens, a tent, fine camp equipage, plenty of bedding, provisions, etc. She was at least thirty-five feet long, and so wide that the middle seat gave ample room for three persons

bundled up in winter clothing. After recuperating a few days, they proceeded up the St. Peter river, and we did not see them again until November, when there was a foot of snow on the ground and winter was fairly setting in.

In the meantime, it was determined in family council that I had had quite a sufficient experience of Western life, and Mr. Featherstonehaugh, with kind cordiality, accepted the charge of escorting me in safety to our Pittsburg friends, the Andersons; so, one sharp, frosty afternoon, I made my farewells, and we dashed gayly off, the Canadians singing at the tops of their fine voices. The voyage to Prairie du Chien was accomplished without incident, and without seeing a white man or a white man's house. The weather was very cold, and though no ice was running in the river, the water would freeze in a ring at the water line of the paddle handles. The evening was the most interesting time for me. As darkness approached, the canoe was brought to shore, and without grounding her, everybody and everything was gotten out, and the canoe carefully picked up and deposited bottom up in a safe place in the snow. The ground for a space was cleared and an oil-cloth spread, in front of which a rousing fire was built, and at the rear the tent was pitched and the bedding of the three passengers duly spread. The men made their camp a short distance away. They hung a kettle over their fire, and seemed to make a promiscuous bouillon of all their food. They had neither oil-cloth nor tent, but sat contentedly before the fire, and smoked and chatted until well into the night, when they rolled themselves up in their blankets and went to sleep in the snow. One day I noticed a dead duck in the river. The canoe was headed for it, when it was picked up, and duly went into their bouillon that night. Mr. Featherstonehaugh mentioned that one evening in the summer, one of the men, as he emptied his spoon in his mouth, exclaimed in his Canadian patois: "There goes the third big blue bottle fly I have found in my soup this evening." After hearing this, you will not be surprised to learn that we did our own cooking and our mess was entirely distinct from theirs. Immediately after sundown we would hear the faint howl of a distant wolf. Soon it would be answered by one nearer by, in another direction, then others would join in the chorus, and when night fell they were close at hand but never in sight. In the early morning the canoe would be

loaded, with the same motherly care that it was unloaded, being kept well afloat during the whole process. Then, after well under way, we would see the wolves sneaking about the deserted camp, seeking what they might devour. They were very plenty in those days, and in winter they made beaten paths under the walls of the fort with their nightly forays, and I heard them quarreling and snarling more than once. We hunted them occasionally with dogs and guns. They would always run if possible, but when cornered would fight desperately, snapping their jaws together like a steel trap.

On our way we noticed immense flocks of swans, geese, brant, and all varieties of ducks on their southern migration. In those early days the water fowls in the fall were in myriads, and I never tasted such nice fat ducks as had arrived at perfection in the wild rice swamps. Arrived at Prairie du Chien, I went direct to Colonel Taylor's, and of course was received with most cordial hospitality. How little we imagined that the next day would find them in the lowest depths of anguish and sorrow, for within twenty-four hours a letter was received informing them of the death of their daughter, Mrs. Jeff. Davis. I have seen it stated in print that she died within six months after marriage, but I know the interval was more than two years.

The day following, I left the sorrowing family, and our canoe voyage was resumed. Our men were fearfully demoralized from their short contact with civilization, and with the exception of the old steersman, were more or less drunk, with a choice exhibit of black eyes and battered faces. It was not until we were approaching Galena that they resumed their usual rollicking spirits.

At Galena we found the Hon. Charles Augustus Murray, an English nobleman, finishing up a tour of the United States. He, Mr. Featherstonehaugh and myself occupied the same room, two of us sleeping on the floor. Here Mr. Featherstonehaugh's assistant left us. I regret to say that there was much jangling and discord between them, and I am forced to believe that Mr. Featherstonehaugh was chiefly at fault. He was a large, fine-looking and determined man, with many excellent qualities, but with an unfortunate disposition to bully and domineer over those who were under him. He was admirably calculated to get along with the Canadian voyageurs, whom he treated like brutes, as they deserved, and they consequently feared and re-

spected him. Here we sold the canoe, paid off the men, and, by a singular chance, went to St. Louis on my old acquaintance, the "Warrior," Captain Throckmorton. The city was then greatly excited over the Texan struggle for independence, and young men were daily leaving to aid in fighting the Mexicans.

From there we traveled by steamer to Pittsburg, much impeded by ice on the way. At that city Mr. Featherstonehaugh duly delivered me to my friends, the Andersons, and I regret to say that I have never seen him since. While admitting his weaknesses and peculiarities, I feel bound to say, that from beginning to end he did the fair thing by me. The only time he gave me a good blowing up was one horribly cold night, when we got out of the canoe nearly cramped and chilled to death, and I capsized the tea kettle just as it got to the boiling point.

I must not close without mention of my excellent old friend, Dr. Jarvis, the eccentric surgeon at the post. The excursions we had together on horseback went into the hundreds, but he could never be tempted in my canoe, although he was a splendid swimmer and taught me that invaluable accomplishment. He was a born caricaturist and very apt with the pencil.

More than a passing notice should also be made of Major Taliaferro, the Indian agent. He belonged to a class more common then than now. He imagined it to be his imperative duty to see that every Indian under his charge had the enjoyment of all his rights, and never seemed to realize his opportunities for arranging with contractors for the supply of inferior goods and for dividing the profits. His office was not the reward of doing dirty work for his party, for his get-up was so peculiar that he was not competent for that occupation.

This completes the more vivid of my reminiscences of dear old Fort Snelling.

Caracas, Venezuela, S. A., April 23, 1894.

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Since the foregoing article was printed, the following letter has been received from Mr. Bliss.

ERIE, PA., Nov. 13, 1894.

In the footnote on page 335 of the "Reminiscences, I notice an important error. It is stated that I served in the Union Army, but it was my paid substitute who did it. While a young man in Buffalo, I was Lieutenant Colonel of the Seventy-fourth Uniformed Militia, then the crack regiment of that city, and the title "Colonel" has stuck to me with more or less pertinacity ever since.

I would here mention, so that it may be a matter of record, that on Mr. Featherstonehaugh's expedition, he was accompanied by an assistant of whom he does not make the slightest mention in any part of his book. He was a pleasant, energetic and educated gentleman, an American, Mather by name.

JNO. H. BLISS.

MRS. J. E. DE CAMP SWEET'S NARRATIVE OF HER CAPTIVITY IN THE SIOUX OUTBREAK OF 1862.

After a lapse of more than thirty years I am solicited to write an account of my captivity among the Sioux Indians during the massacre of 1862. It is a part of my life which I would much rather forget than remember, and which, after so many years' time, I can now dwell upon but with feelings of the utmost horror.

It is not my purpose in these pages to attempt a portrayal of the dreadful scenes enacted on that 18th day of August, 1862, and the many following ones—days so replete with savage atrocity that each moment of time seemed written over in lurid characters of blood and fire. It will only be necessary to dwell upon the subject long enough to record the most important events which history desires to preserve.

Many things have been written concerning the tragedies of that dreadful period; but, as far as I know, none who were eye-witnesses have attempted to narrate what passed in the Indian camp during those dreadful weeks. Having been an actor in the sad drama which desolated and almost depopulated some of the finest portions of our fair state, I will try to give as accurate a description of what I saw and heard during those fateful four weeks which followed the 18th of August as length of time and lapse of memory will permit. Of the brutalities perpetrated during those dreadful days (seemingly multiplied into

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In a letter of July 13, 1894, Mrs. Sweet gives the following brief sketch of her life. My maiden name was Jannette E. Sykes. My father's family came from England early in 1700, and settled in Springfield, Mass. In 1794, my father was carried on horseback (being three months old) by his mother while moving to what is now Springfield, N. Y., which became the family home, and where many members now lie. I was born near Lockport, N. Y., July 29, 1833. My husband, Joseph Warren De Camp, a descendant of Gen. Warren of Bunker Hill fame, was born in Licking county, Ohio, Oct. 13, 1826.

We were married, May 30, 1852, in Van Wert county, Ohio, and came to Minnesota in 1855, settling in Shakopee, where we lived until 1861, when we went to the Red Wood Sioux agency. Mr. De Camp was employed by the agent, Maj. Galbraith, in charge of the saw-mill. We were living there at the time of the outbreak, Aug. 18, 1862.

MRS. J. E. DEC. SWEET.

years, so dreadful now they appear to me), nothing that could be written could describe the actual occurrences which took place from the inception of the massacre to its close.

"Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,
Nor infancy's unpitied plain
More than the warrior's groan could gain,
Respite from ruthless butchery."

For more than a year we had lived among them on terms of friendly intimacy, if I may so describe it. They were daily visitors at our home—not always welcome ones, it is true. They came with their bead work, game, fish or anything which they happened to have, to trade for pork, sugar, flour or anything which they needed most, and always expected to receive in return more than twice the value of any article brought. It was not a pleasant life among them, but we tried to make the best of it while we were there. The Indians, with few exceptions, were kind and peaceable, and after a few months I grew so accustomed to their presence that no thought of fear ever entered my mind. My husband had charge of the mills which sawed the lumber for their houses, and during the autumn following our removal there put in a mill for grinding the corn which the Indians raised on their lands. They came almost daily with their bags of corn to be ground, and would linger about the doors and windows, asking questions and receiving answers about everything usually discussed, and in their childish way comprehending many things; but they seemed more especially interested in the conflict between our disrupted states. Our daily papers came in each weekly budget of mail, and those of us who had friends at the front eagerly scanned the lists for news of our loved ones. Nothing seemed more terrible then than waiting for news from the seat of war.

How well I remember the usual reply when asking my husband for news. "All quiet on the Potomac" was invariably his answer.

Of course the Indians could not help knowing of our many reverses during that and the following year, and drew their own conclusions. Not until I became a captive did I realize how they put things together and which seemed to have woven a web of fate around their unconscious victims. They often described, most accurately, the accounts of the terrible battles in

which our defeats were more numerous than our victories, and when the call came for additional troops and they were actually enlisted in our very midst, taking half-bloods, employes, every one for soldiers, small wonder that they should think our government in the last throes of dissolution. The winter preceding the massacre set in cold and snowy, the roads were drifted and almost impassable. There was a great amount of suffering among the Indians, as their crops had been bad from drought and cut-worms, and there was much sickness attendant upon starvation, of which there were actual cases. Mr. De Camp (my husband) gave me leave to feed the women and children who were most destitute, and we otherwise alleviated their distress many times when they would not go to Dr. Humphrey, the government physician. The Doctor was not a favorite with them, and they preferred to take the medicines which I often prepared for their little ones. I have related the foregoing only to show that "the good will of a dog is better than the ill will." Owing to the deep snow, the roads were almost impassable and government supplies became scanty. The weekly issues of flour, pork, etc., failed to meet the wants of so many hungry people, and at Christmas time things looked very gloomy. We concluded that we must do something for those who most needed help, and accordingly opened the cellar, distributing many bushels of vegetables to those who were actually suffering. I cannot doubt that our friendly attitude toward those starving wretches eventually became the means of our preservation from horrid tortures and a lingering death. There were many things of almost daily occurrence which showed that the Indians were very much dissatisfied with their condition, but we gave no heed, supposing it had always been so before, and knowing that there was much jealousy between the various bands, some thinking that others were better treated by the agent than themselves. My husband was made a confidant of many grievances, as he was invariably kind to all. They named him Chan-ba-su-da-su-da-cha, the friendly man. He was always very loyal to the agent also, knowing that he was trying to do all he could for them, and he would tell them to have patience and the government in time would do all it had promised and that the agent was not to blame for

the supplies or the weather. June, the month for the annual payment, came and no money came with it. July passed and the Indians grew angry and believed what the traders told them—that "that payment, if ever made, would be the last." I could never understand why the traders should have told such things; but I was assured by many of the wisest among the Indians that it was what the traders told them more than anything else that caused the uprising. How surely they atoned for it with their lives history does not fail to record.

The day preceding the outbreak Mr. De Camp started for St. Paul to transact some business with the agent when he should arrive there. Maj. Galbraith had gone on with the enlisted men, and my husband expected to overtake them at St. Peter, go on to St. Paul and return by Saturday, at the latest, to the agency. Not a dream of danger was in either of our minds, but the separation for even a week seemed long in anticipation. Nothing but the most pressing business, which required his immediate attention, could have induced him to leave me, as our youngest child was ill; but I urged him to go, knowing how necessary it was for him to do so, and pretended to feel much braver than I actually did. Monday morning, after a restless night with my baby, I awoke late, and myself and children (one of whom was nine years and the other four, and the baby) ate our breakfast and afterward I attended to my usual duties. The children went out to play, and the kitchen girls (a half-breed and a German girl) arranged the day's work. My eldest boy came in and asked me if he might go up to the agency to play with one of his mates. For some reason I told him he could not. We remarked upon the stillness of the morning, in the absence of the noise of the mill and the men being away from work. They had all gone up to the agency, as the mill would not run in Mr. De Camp's absence. About 10 o'clock I went into the garden, and while there I observed an Indian coming out of the stables with the horses harnessed. He immediately hitched them to the wagon and drove along toward the house, my two boys following him. I also observed that he was a stranger, and as he came opposite the door I asked him where he was taking our horses. He replied "that they were his horses and that everything else was his thereabouts. That

all the white people had been killed up there," pointing to the agency, "and you had better be getting out of this." All this was said in the Dakota language. He did not offer to stop but drove immediately on toward the ferry. Lucy, the half-breed, hearing what he said, immediately began to scream that we would all be murdered. I told her I did not believe a word of it, that he had said so just to get the horses, and that if the whites had been killed we would have heard the guns and the shouts. The German girl hurriedly bundled up her clothes and started with all speed to the ferry, about a quarter of a mile above us, and I never saw her again. Lucy, the half-breed, urged me to fly, as she was sure it was all true; so, taking my sick boy out of his cradle, we started for the top of the hill. As soon as we arrived there I saw it was all too true. The agency buildings and the traders' stores were in flames and hundreds of shouting savages were surging about the government warehouse, shrieking and brandishing their weapons. Paralyzed with fear, I knew not where to turn. I looked toward the ferry and I saw a dense crowd surrounding it. I knew that all hope was cut off in that quarter. It seemed incredible that all this had gone on without our knowledge, that not a sound had penetrated to our place where all had been so still! I could not reason, much less hope, that we could escape; but while I stood there motionless (Lucy having fled at the first sight), an old squaw, Chief Wacouta's mother, came running past. As she came up she cried, "Puck-a-chee! Puck-a-chee! Dakota, mepo-wa-sicha squaw! Puck-a-chee!" "Fly! fly! they will kill you, white squaw!" and she threw my four-year-old boy over her shoulder, not stopping a moment. I followed with the other children, running toward Wabasha's village, about a mile away. Just before we reached it we met a large body of Indians in war paint, armed with guns and bows and arrows. Each had a war club and tomahawk and were brandishing them in an excited manner. Chief Wabasha was sitting on a large white horse, looking as if just out of one of Catlin's pictures. He was dressed in chief's costume, a head-dress of red flannel adorned with bullock horns and eagle feathers, wings of feathers over his shoulders and down his back, great

strings of beads around his neck and a belt of wampum around his waist. His lower limbs were clad in fringed buckskin and he carried a beautiful rifle across his lap, with two pistols in their holsters. He had no other arms. Every detail seemed to strike me as if photographed. I can yet see him, sitting like a Centaur, haranguing his men, and, as he rode up, he dismounted. Drawing his pistols from their holsters he approached us. I felt that our time had come to die. I immediately fell on my knees, imploring him to spare our lives and asking him to remember what we had done for his sick child the past winter. The Indians, sullen and scowling, crowded around closer and closer, raising their tomahawks as if ready to strike, when Wabasha thrust them back, and, presenting his pistols, told them that I should not be killed. He said that I was a good squaw, and called them cowards and squaws for wanting to kill women and children. They were very angry and determined; but, after a long speech, in which he told them that he would not be accessory to what had been done and that he should protect and defend the whites as long as he could, they mounted their ponies and rode off. Wacouta's mother had disappeared, and Wabasha, seeing we were still so much frightened, told us to follow him. We entered a house near, in which he said we would be safe, as all the Indians had gone to the agency, and he would ride up and see what had been done. He told us it was the upper Indians who were doing all the mischief, and that he would always be a friend of the whites, and would see that we were not killed. He then rode away. (It was nearly two weeks before I saw him again, when he came to bid me good-bye before he started with the Indian soldiers on an expedition somewhere below.) After he was gone the children became so frightened, fearing others would come, that we left the building and wandered toward the river, hoping we might find some way of crossing. But finding none we sat down in a clump of bushes, not daring to go out on the open prairie lest we should meet Indians. All this time I felt assured that it was the Sissetons, as Wabasha had said, who were doing the killing, as I had not yet recognized any whom I knew of the lower bands among those with Wabasha. We re-

mained hidden in the bushes by the river until the sun was setting, when I saw an Indian, whom I recognized, coming down the bluff toward a house near by. It proved to be one who had often been to our house asking favors and to whom we had sent a man to help him put up a stove but a short while before. Feeling sure he would aid me, I made myself known, telling him how hungry the children were, and asking what had happened. He said that all the whites who had not escaped from the agency had been killed, but did not say by whom. I asked if he had seen Wabasha. He said there had been a battle and he might have been among the killed, but did not tell me that it was with the white soldiers they had fought. He said the lower bands were in camp just below the agency and he was going back there. I asked him if he would protect us into camp. He said he would do all he could, but feared the warriors would kill us. Still thinking that the lower bands were friendly to us and that they were arrayed against the Sissetons, I told him we would go with him, as we could not stay there. We went with him to camp, which we reached just at dark. Instead of meeting friends, as I supposed we would, there were only angry, sullen faces on all sides. Everywhere were piles of goods from the stores and houses, and they were angrily discussing the ownership among themselves. I then knew that those whom we had relied on as friends were our enemies. I asked a squaw for some food for the children, but she did not pretend to hear me. Seeing an Indian leading one of our horses by the bridle, I went to him and asked him if he would not help us and give us some food. I knew him well and had often fed his family, but he said he did not know anything about us and we had better be getting out of the camp or we would be killed. I asked him if he knew of any place where we could go and be safe. He replied: "You can swim the river. It is better to drown than be tomahawked." I looked in vain among all that excited assemblage to find one friendly face upon whom I could rely in my present extremity. The instinct of the savage had been fully aroused and blood and plunder was their only desire. Feeling sure that we would receive scant mercy if we remained where we were, I determined to

creep silently out and hide in the grass till they should remove from there, or perhaps get far enough away to escape them altogether. I had scarcely resolved to do so when I saw Wacouta (the chief who had lived nearest us) approaching as if he were seeking some one. I went immediately to him and asked his protection. He said, "Come with me. You are in danger here," and lifting my little boy in his arms he rapidly led the way out of camp. We followed and soon came to one of his empty houses. He opened the door, and, bidding us go inside, he gave me a small box of figs and left, locking the door on the outside. Feeling momentarily secure, I tried to hush the frightened children, giving them the figs to eat, as they had had no food since morning. They then knelt down and said their evening prayer, and, drawing close to me in the darkness, were soon sleeping the innocent sleep of childhood. What words could convey the feeling of complete desolation which seized me as I sat there dwelling on the events of the past day and the prospects of the coming morrow? Twice we had been rescued; but would Wacouta do as he had said? Would he be able to protect us from their hellish deeds? I did not fear death so much for myself, but the thought of seeing my children perish before my eyes, or leaving them to be the victims of a cruelty surpassing death, I felt that I could not endure it! Wacouta had assured me on the way that he was a true friend of the whites and would save as many as he could. But I knew that the warriors would not be controlled by their chiefs, and that nothing would stay their murderous hands when once aroused. Besides all else, they had found plenty of liquor on the reservation, and a drunken Indian was more to be dreaded than a tiger in the jungle. While thinking this I was alarmed to hear some one trying to unfasten the door, and, hearing voices, I discerned that of Mattie Williams. They unfastened the door, and, entering, I was surprised to see both Miss Williams and Mary Anderson with two Indians. They had just been brought there in a wagon and Mary at once hastened to tell me that she had been shot in the back. She was in great pain and apprehensive of immediate death. The three girls, Miss Williams, a niece of J. B. Reynolds, who had come

out on a visit from Painesville, Ohio, and was expecting to return in a few days, and Mary Anderson and Mary Swandt, who were domestics in the family of Mr. Reynolds, upon hearing of the trouble, had started from his place in a wagon in which were Mr. Patoile and Lee Davis of Shakopee. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds were in a buggy and they all started together. After a short time they became separated. Those in the wagon were near the fort, on the opposite side of the river, when they were overtaken. The men were killed and the girls ran away, but were soon overtaken, Mary Anderson being shot in the back, the ball lodging in the abdomen. They were brought into camp after dark and were brought where I then was. In a few moments the negro, Godfrey, came in with Mary Swandt, and then a crowd of Indians, armed with guns and carrying the knapsacks of the soldiers killed that day at the ferry. In a moment all was terror and confusion. Lights were struck, curses and imprecations resounded on all sides. The children, by this time awakened, were terror stricken. Mary Anderson was urging Mattie and myself to extract the bullet from her body, thinking it would save her. Mary Swandt had fled to me for protection from their indecent assaults, begging me to tell her what they said. My eldest boy was crying, "Are we going to be killed now, mamma? Don't let them kill us with knives!" Nothing could describe that awful scene.

"It was as if the fiends that fell
Had pealed the banner cry of hell."

Shocked into a feeling of desperation and an absence of fear, I determined to tell them how it would end, even if they killed me while doing it. Some of the young men I knew. They had often come to me to learn English words. Turning to them I asked what had instigated them to do the deeds they had done. They replied that it was such fun to kill white men. They were such cowards that they all ran away and left their squaws to be killed, and that one Indian could kill ten white men without trying. Without fear, I told them that they would all be hanged before another moon; that if the white men had gone away they would soon return; that "the whispering spirit" (the telegraph) would at once bring more men than would cover the

prairies, and that if they did kill us it would not be long till their hideous forms would be dangling from a rope's end. How they scoffed and jeered as they swung their rifles and tomahawks around their heads, aiming to strike as near as they could without hitting. The fiendish work went on until the uproar became so loud and furious that Wacouta appeared, having heard the din and the shooting. Going up to his two sons, who were among the crowd (boys not more than sixteen), he demanded of them how they came there and what they were doing. Then, thrusting them out of the door, he cleared the rest, who seemed to have nearly all been of his band. The most of them were so drunk they could hardly stand. Turning to me, he asked how long this had been going on, and I told him everything that had been done while he was away. He seemed distressed beyond measure to know that his sons had been of the number. Telling us not to fear further molestation, he turned to Mary and asked what he could do for her. She told him to try to take the bullet out of her body, and, using an old jack knife, he probed the wound, first taking out the pieces of wadding and finally found the ball quite near the surface. He brought some water, and, tearing up an old apron, soaked it and placed it on the wound. The poor girl had grown delirious, and we all knew that the wound was fatal. Gathering some old clothes together for her to lie on, we lifted her on a rude bedstead, and Wacouta left us, telling us that he would keep watch that we should not be disturbed again. The terrors and fatigues of the past day were succeeded by broken slumbers, from which we would arouse at the slightest noise, and I will say in passing that I do not think I had one hour's real sleep in the four weeks I was a captive. Morning dawned at last, and Wacouta came according to promise, telling us that we must stay there as the Indians were preparing to go below to attack Fort Ridgely. He said we must not show ourselves outside until he returned. I asked in surprise if he were going and he said yes! That his band would kill him if he did not He carried Mary up the stairs to the loft, told us to follow, and, bringing us a pail of water, shut the trap door of our prison and left us again, impressing upon us the necessity of remaining perfectly quiet.

No food was left us to eat, to which I called Wacouta's attention; but he said there was no time then to get any, as his band was waiting for him and he must be off. We could see from a hole in the chamber the gay cavalcade marching by. The bodies of the warriors were entirely destitute of clothing except the loin cloth, which they invariably wore, and a blanket worn loosely round the neck, floating to the breeze as their ponies pranced and cavorted. They were painted in all the colors of the rainbow, and their ponies were decked with ribbons and tassels of every bright hue. The chiefs were dressed in their war costume, which I have before described. They rode gayly away, shouting and whooping as only an Indian can. We now turned our attention to our own situation. Mary was in a violent delirium of fever, calling for food, and there was not a morsel to give her. My baby lay perfectly passive, and did not seem to notice anything. How long we were to remain there depended alone on the Indians' return, and the families of the Indians had left the camp for the upper villages when the warriors started below. Unless the whites came to rescue us (which we dared not hope for after the battle at the ferry became known to us) we might starve before help came, and but for Wacouta's strict injunctions a part of us would have gone in search of food. We could see the scouts riding past from our post of observation and knew that they were watching. Mary became so violent in her ravings that we feared discovery, and Wednesday night Mattie and Mary Swandt went out in the darkness and found some green corn in a field not far away. Bringing it in, we ate ravenously of the raw corn and tried to give Mary some. But she would not eat it, crying all the time that "we wanted to starve her! and if only Dr. Daniels would come he would cure her!" Thursday, about noon, the war party returned, some of them passing the house we were in. At last a wagon stopped and took Mary Swandt away. Then another, which took Mattie Williams, and at last a man, whom I knew, drove up and told us to get ready and go with him to the camp above. I got into the wagon with my baby in my arms; then he lifted Mary and placed her head in my lap and the two children crept into the bottom of the wagon at our feet. Mary's limbs were getting rigid and she could scarcely speak; but I

hoped she would live until we reached the camp. Our way lay through the streets of the agency, where the bodies of the first day's victims were still lying. It was an awful sight, and I tried to screen the children from seeing the dead. When we came to where the stores had been I saw Divoll, one of Myrick's clerks, lying extended on the burnt floor, his features looking natural as in life but the body burnt to a cinder. Myrick, Lynde and others lay there outside. Some of them had been decapitated, but the Indians did not touch them then or seem to notice them. Just as we were passing the last building which, for some cause, had not been fired, they began to stone the windows and set fire to them. A dreadful storm had been gathering for some time, and just as the buildings were fired it burst with great fury upon us. The noise of the thunder and the flashing of the lightning, together with the roaring and crackling of the flames from the burning houses, made a scene not easily forgotten, and the horrors of that ride will never be effaced. The cavalcade numbered many hundreds and seemed one sad, unending caravan. No pen could describe the hideous features of those painted demons as they rode frantically backward and forward outside the wagons, yelling and shouting and brandishing their weapons with their hands still reeking with the murders they had committed. I will not dwell longer upon it, but say that we at last came to Little Crow's village, where a part of the Indians had camped, and there we found Mattie, who had just arrived. The Indian who claimed the dying Mary came up and said she must get out there. I told him she was dying and to let her go on with me so that I could be with her till the last. He brutally said, "She is better than two dead squaws yet. Get along out!" Mattie came up and we lifted her out and they carried her into a tent as I left, Mattie promising to bury her. She lived about an hour after, reviving, however, to take a little food which Mattie gave her. She was buried there with an old tablecloth wrapping her and in the autumn her friends removed her. We went on farther to Shakopee village, near where Redwood now stands, and remained there until the next Monday, when the whole of the bands went up near Rice creek, where they camped until after the battle of Birch Coulie. The morning

after our arrival at Shakopee camp the Indians were alert very early, having made preparations for attacking the fort. They had prepared arrows with combustible material in order to shoot into the roofs of the buildings to burn them. They were very sanguine of success that day, and rode away saying that they would not come back before "Esan-tanka-tupee" (meaning the "big knife fort") was taken. How they gloated over the anticipated spoils of the day and talked of the good things in the "commissary" and the number of guns and the ammunition, and, above all, the pleasure of hewing down and scalping their enemies! Glad as we were to see them ride away, our anxiety was greater, fearing they would succeed. During the afternoon an old squaw mounted one of the look-outs which belong to every village and called my attention to a vast volume of smoke rising far off on the prairie in the direction of the fort. She seemed frenzied with joy, saying to me, "Look! look! see the big steamboat coming! Hurry and get ready to go." My heart died within me as I saw the flames and smoke mount higher and higher and thought of what might be taking place in the doomed garrison. The squaws made haste to leave with their ponies and wagons, if they were fortunate enough to have them, to be in at the plundering of the fort. I had just had an interview with Frank Roy, a half-breed, and he said that he feared they would succeed. If they did not, that himself, John Moore and some others had determined to get us away if possible. Saturday the Indians began to return in straggling parties, bringing large quantities of goods of every description. Some had been to New Ulm, and the harrowing tales they told of murder and destruction nearly froze our blood. Godfrey told of killing seventeen women and children and would relate how they fought for their lives before they were killed. Sunday the warriors returned and were feasted according to their custom. That day a woman was shot in our camp for trying to escape. Monday morning the tents were taken down and orders were given to march. The whole of the lower bands were in motion early in the day, and the cavalcade started. Their haste was so great that we were sure the white troops were after them. When we came to Redwood river crossing the stream was

greatly swollen from recent rains and all on foot were compelled to wade. In the rush of teams I felt sure we would be crushed, but I hastily threw my four-year-old boy on to a wagon, the other climbing up behind him, and with my baby in my arms I addressed myself to the river, plunging bravely through in order to keep near my other children. I never knew how I got over; but when on the other side I missed my shoes, which I had taken off in order to have them dry when I landed, and was compelled to go on without them. The Indian in whose tent I had been was wounded at New Ulm and had to be carried in a litter, and we had strict orders to keep close to the litter at all times and not get away from our friends. As we reached the place where Mr. Reynolds had lived the train halted for fresh water from the spring. When our turn came and I was raising the water to my lips I heard a shout, and looking up saw a horrible form bending over me just ready to strike. It was "Cut Nose," who had sworn to kill every man, woman and child that he was able to kill. I darted quickly round behind the litter containing my friend, whose voice had saved my life, and after that experience was careful to keep as close to our party as possible.

I wish it were possible for me to describe that march upward. Long lines of wagons, carriages, ponies with poles trailing (as customary with the Indians); each vehicle loaded to its utmost capacity, without regard to size or capability (many of which would suddenly collapse, leaving the occupant stranded, as it were, in mid ocean). The long lines of cattle driven before each band, and the horses lashed without mercy, the warriors riding outside of the cavalcade in order to prevent any escaping, all combined to render it a scene which, once looked upon, could never be forgotten. There were numberless flags carried in the procession. Two or three were of the largest size, but where procured I never knew. One of Wabasha's band, "Old Brave," had one which he said was given him in Washington once when he went there with other Indians years before. The negro Godfrey is one who always stands out most prominently in my memory, not excepting "Cut Nose." He was everywhere; up and down the line he rode, passing us twenty times an hour and always trying to frighten the captives by his

hideous antics. Many of the warriors wore ladies' bonnets on their heads, and furs dragged downward from their legs. Their breasts were covered with brooches and chains of value; from their ears depended wheels from clocks and watches which they had destroyed. The finest silks were made into shirts; beautiful shawls were used for saddle cloths and cut up for head-dresses and waist girdles. There was no device too ridiculous for their attire and nothing too costly for them to destroy. How often I wished that I might have some of my own comfortable garments to keep us from the cold, but no amount of asking would induce them to give us so much as a blanket, and as the nights were cold, although the days were hot, we needed covering, especially as our bed was the bare earth, often soaked with rain. How vividly I remember the time when a medicine man came to doctor my wounded friend, who was about to die. We were all thrust out of the tent and sat huddled together for warmth till nearly midnight, when the evil spirit, having been ejected from the sick man and shot at as it departed, we were allowed to return. While we were sitting outside an old squaw named Hazatome came along, and seeing us huddled together began to exclaim at our poverty. She had often came to our house and been kindly used. Her pity was so great that she offered to give each of us an Indian costume. Never doubting her sincerity, I was greatly pleased and told her I would come for it the next day. I ran the risk of going some distance from our lodge to meet her and receive the clothing. Some fresh scalps had just been brought in and the Indians were having a dance, so I thought I need not fear. I found Hazatome and asked her for the articles, fully persuaded that they would be forthcoming. Imagine my surprise when she would not utter a word. She neither affirmed nor denied having promised them, but simply ignored me altogether. I could not help crying with disappointment, but left her, thinking I would never believe or trust an Indian again. On our way up we came upon the body of George Gleason, who had been killed on the 18th as he was coming down from Yellow Medicine. I had known him before coming to the reservation. All that day we were hoping that the whites would come, as the Indians seemed in great haste, urging on the captives

with frequent threats if they did not hurry faster. My elder boy would carry the younger one on his back until exhausted, and then I would carry both him and the baby together. In contrast to what I have related of Indian character I will relate here a little incident of that day's journey. We had stopped to rest for a few moments, something having happened to the train, when I saw an old man, who had been a constant visitor at our house during the winter. I had felt great pity for him, as he was very old and feeble, and he said his wife was ill. He came three times a week to get his dinner, and I always sent food to his wife. He seemed very much surprised to see me and the children, asked where Chan-ba-su-da-su-da-cha was; if he had been massacred, etc, and darting away, came back leading an old squaw to where we were standing. He was telling her who we were and how good we had been to them, saying that then I had everything and now I was a poor captive, without food or clothes. The old man's eloquence touched me deeply as I contrasted my situation with what it had been, and we were all bathed in tears. He brought up his pony, with poles fastened behind, and reaching a bundle brought out some pieces of bread and gave to the children, who were almost famished. He then fixed the bundles so that my little boy could ride, but no persuasion on our parts could induce him to leave me a moment. The poor old man had tried to comfort us the best he could, and I did not soon forget his attempted kindness in my forlorn state. The following morning we were roused early and the camp was soon in motion. The Indians were constantly on the lookout as they feared pursuit. That day we reached Rice creek, having made a wide detour from the main road; consequently we traveled much farther than if we had gone direct. Here they stayed several days. The encampment was very large, about one thousand tents, I should think. It was like a city. The tents were upon the outside, facing inward, and the cattle and horses and wagons were in the centre. There I first saw Mrs. Hunter, whose husband had been killed near the fort, and many other captives. Mrs. Hunter was in John Moore's tent, and I think Mrs. A. Robertson and her son Frank. We were not far apart, and Mattie and myself often visited Mrs. Hunter,

and we read the Litany in the prayer book together, as Mrs. Hunter was the only one who had one. Mr. Moore was very kind to us, and said he wanted very much to help us get away to the fort. While we were at Rice creek they held a council, erecting a large tent and displaying the United States flag from the centre. Frank Roy, a half-breed, and John Moore felt certain that we would be sent to Fort Ridgely, but after the council was ended told us not to go if they did send us, for some of the parties who advocated our going meant to lie in wait and murder us on the way. It was while here I first learned that my husband was living and that he was at Fort Ridgely. Some messengers had been sent down to see what the whites were going to do about the captives and when they returned told us that the agent, Dr. Wakefield, Mr. De Camp and others were there. From that moment I resolved that I would escape in some manner. Scouting parties were out the most of the time, and it was here I first met Wabasha after his leaving us on the first day. A large war party were assembling to go below, and Wabasha came to shake hands and bid me good-bye. I was surprised to see him and asked him where he was going. He pointed to his face, which was painted black with white lines running through it. I asked him if he were going to kill his white brothers and told him that I thought he was a friend of the whites. He said he was obliged to go, but that he would not kill any one—he "would shoot up." I told him how sorry I was to see him go to war, but he only said, "I shake hands," meaning good-bye, and was gone. This was the party we afterwards learned that fought at Birch Coulie. In a short time we were again on the march and camped above the upper agency next time. The second or third day after the war party left, runners came into camp in great haste and ordered the squaws to run bullets as fast as they could, and all was consternation and uproar. I could not find out what had happened, but knew afterward that there had been a battle. I here met Lucy for the first time. She had heard that I was somewhere in camp and sought me out. I told her that I intended to try to escape; that we were almost starving and we might as well end the matter at once. She said that if I dare try she would help me that night to go to

her uncle's, an upper Indian, and I could there get more to eat. In the confusion of the camp we could easily slip away, as all the warriors had gone and only a few old men remained in camp. We had three miles to go that night, and I found I was growing very weak. Lucy carried the baby a while and then the other one, as we were in great haste to get there. That night I found real friends. The grandmother (Lorenzo's mother) was one of Dr. Williamson's first converts to Christianity. Having been a renowned medicine woman, she had great influence among the bands and she was a very superior squaw. She and her daughter cooked a nice supper of beef and bread and placed it on the table, and we ate with such appetites as hunger alone can give. It was the first real food in many weeks. That night we rested quietly away from the pandemonium of the camp. In the morning some one brought the news that the Indians would move up to Dr. Riggs' mission at once, and as soon as we could eat our breakfast we started on foot to get there before them. I knew that I would be safer there, as there were many Christian Indians there. John Renville was in charge after the escape of Dr. Riggs' and Dr. Williamson's families. The Indians had sent them word that they were coming to burn the mission and wanted them all to put on Indian dress and go into tents. Paul Lorenzo and Simon were elders in Dr. Riggs' church and they at once took down the bell and buried it, and taking the books from the library, scooped out a large hole, and, lining it with blankets, placed them in it and covered it up carefully. The Indians came on Thursday afternoon and began to burn the buildings, the other Indians having gone into tents. They encamped on the other side of a small coulie, as they said they could kill the Christians better if they were by themselves. It was another dreadful time for us all, and I had given up all hope of our friends ever coming. We knew there had been a battle, but could learn nothing about it, only they claimed they had killed all the whites. On Saturday a large party returned from somewhere and Sunday the rest came in, bringing more captives. All this time I had kept hidden from them, and I afterward learned that they were out hunting for us. Late Sunday evening, Lorenzo, the son of the medicine woman, returned with

his mother to camp from which they had started in the early part of the day, bringing in some large turtles which they proceeded to dress for the evening meal. Not a word was said by any one until after we had eaten and the children were asleep. The messengers of Little Crow had returned from the fort, telling him that Gen. Sibley would not treat with them until they delivered the captives, and he said: "Let them come; we will put the captives before the guns, then he can shoot." An old man went round that evening crying the news and saying that all must be ready to start for Red river in the morning, and all the captives who could not walk would be killed. I knew then that the time had come to try to escape. Lorenzo and Simon sat smoking by the fire in the tent, but neither said a word. I felt sure they meant to try to help us escape, but Lorenzo's wife did not want to leave her people, and she was much afraid of the whites. I knew that we could never walk to British America, that we were even then unable to walk any distance, and that it would only end our troubles the sooner if we were killed while trying to escape. About 3 o'clock in the morning Lorenzo's mother came to us and said: "If you want to get away, now is the time." I arose very quickly, and, gathering my children together, found Lorenzo and his family ready to start. We crept out of the tent on our hands and knees, I with my baby clasped close to my breast. The children showed remarkable presence of mind, and no noise was made in any way. I expected every moment to hear the shot fired that would end our lives, but I knew that death was behind if we stayed. We reached the chapparel without being discovered, and there we met the mother of Lorenzo with a few handfuls of flour tied up in a rag for our provision on the way. She said it was all she could give us and seemed greatly troubled lest we should be missed and a search made for us. But Lorenzo knew that in the hurry of their departure they would scarcely miss us, there would be so much confusion. The old squaw seemed much affected at parting with her son, but refused all his entreaties to go with us, saying "she was an aged tree and the branches were all cut off," and that she would die among her people. She embraced us all, and, commending us to the care of Him whom she tried to serve, left us and returned to camp. Lor-

enzo led the way toward the river, and we walked in Indian file, he returning every little way to cover up our tracks and straighten the vines which covered the ground. He would not allow us to step on a log, but step carefully over, and in this way we reached a marshy lake, which we entered, wading in some distance, where he broke down the tall reeds growing there and made a place for us to sit, although in the water. It was just dawn when we entered the marsh. In a short time we heard the camp astir, with its usual noise, and we fully expected pursuit. Soon the usual sounds of breaking camp were heard. Guns were fired, drums beaten, dogs barked and unearthly shoutings filled the air. Being on lower ground the noises seemed close at hand. After they had started upward Lorenzo said he must go back to the camp to see if anything had been left that we might need and find out if they had missed us. The squaw (his wife) seemed terribly frightened at his determination, and we all tried to urge him not to do so. But he said he would come back safe, and started off. He said that he crept Indian fashion, with grass and weeds bound about him, until he got safely where they had been. He found a warning left for himself and Simon, saying they would shoot as many holes in them when found as they had shot into their tents which were left standing. He found two chickens in the bushes, which he killed and brought back with him. Just at dark he came in unobserved by us till in our midst, when he told the day's story and said we would go out of the lake on to higher ground and wait till morning to go to the river. I urged him to go on that night, but he would not. We were almost famished for water, as the place where we were, although filled with water, was unfit to drink. He would not go, however, and we waded out to dryer ground, where we lay down in the tall grass in which the mosquitoes were so thick that we breathed them with every inhalation. But we were free, and, if wet, hungry and cold and naked, we had escaped from our dreadful captors. Just as day was dawning, we arose and started for the river, where the Indian and his mother had hidden the boats the Sunday before. When we got to the river we were so overjoyed that we could not wait, but rushed into it, drinking to our hearts' content. My baby, who had seemed

in a stupor for so many days, now grew more like himself and said he was hungry. The squaw made preparations for cooking the flour and chickens, but the Indian said she must not, as the smoke would show where we were. Hunger at last prevailed, and he said she might make the bread while he built the fire. We were surrounded by thick woods, and there was little danger of our being detected. It seemed a meal fit for a king so hungry were we; the only trouble was there was not enough of it. We lay hidden all that day, and when night came we embarked in our frail boats. Mine was an Indian dug-out but very leaky. We gathered boughs and leaves to put in the bottom and the Indian gave me a cup to bail it out. There was no paddle, only a piece of split board, which was whittled so that I could grasp it. The Indians had taken a great deal of pains to break up and destroy every boat on the river so that the whites could not escape. The Indian's boat was a skiff with oars. He took his family and my eldest boy with him and I put my four-year-old boy behind me in the boat and carried the baby in my lap. We intended traveling only at night, but found that we could not get over the rapids, as it was dark and raining nearly all the way. The rain began just as we came where the Yellow Medicine empties into the Minnesota, and there I lost my paddle, which made the Indian very angry. The current was so swift, and I was unaccustomed to managing a boat, so I went drifting round and round, expecting every moment to be upset, till he rowed back and gave me one of his. I did not mind his anger so long as we were not drowned. The rain came on so heavily that we could not proceed, and at last got out of our boats, and, climbing up the river bank, laid down in the rain to await another day. While we were preparing to get into our boats the next morning the Indian saw across the river on the prairie a woman with five children running as fast as she could. He immediately got into the boat and crossed over and in about an hour he brought her and the children to where we were. She had run away in the night and had secreted a few handfuls of crusts, which she had done up in a handkerchief. We had yet a little bread, which the squaw had saved, and that was all our provisions for the journey to the fort. The Indian said he had seen a canoe when we

passed down in the night and he went back and brought it for the woman and her children. She was a Mrs. Robideaux, whose husband was an enlisted soldier at the fort (Renville Rangers, Company I, Tenth Minnesota). The rain did not cease, but we started on. How vigorously I plied the paddle when I knew each stroke brought me nearer liberty and friends! Hunger, fatigue and pain were alike forgotten, or only remembered, as I thought of the possibilities lying before me. On the afternoon of Thursday we came to a crossing where we thought to remain all night. Suddenly we heard the distant sound of a cow bell; the Indian was alert in an instant. Grasping his gun, he ran into the woods in the direction of the sound and soon we heard one shot and then another, until we counted nine shots. Thinking he had met Indians and was being fired upon, we hid ourselves as quickly as we could and waited. He finally came in with a huge piece of meat over his shoulder which he had cut from the cow he had killed without waiting to skin her. I leave any one to judge how that beef tasted to us after our long fast, as we ate it scarcely waiting for it to be cooked by holding it on sticks close to the blaze. After a hearty meal we laid down for the night and felt so thankful that it did not rain. The next day we made fires and cut and jerked portions of the beef for the rest of our journey. Late in the afternoon we again started, putting the meat into a separate canoe which the Indian had picked up the day before and in which he put my eldest boy and his own boy, who could paddle the boat. We then had four boats and meat enough to last the journey. About 9 o'clock in the evening it began to rain, and as we were nearing the site of the agency the Indian had told us to be very quiet, as he feared there might be Indians around. We had heard the barking of dogs and other signs of Indians. We were going along very silently when I heard a splash and gurgle behind me and knew something had happened to the boys' boat. The Indian had taken the lead, the woman and her children next, then my boat and the others came after. I knew that the boat holding the boys was overturned, and that my boy could not swim. At once I shouted to the Indian, who was considerably in advance, that my boy was

drowning. I gave no thought to Indians and our safety, but continued to shout until he came back and began to hunt for the boy. We found his son sitting far out on the roots of the tree that had upset the boat, but he did not utter a sound. When asked where the boat sank he would not reply. It was very dark and raining awfully, but in the continued search the squaw caught my son by the hair as he came to the surface. It seemed an age that he had been in the water and he was unconscious, but we landed at once and succeeded in restoring him. Again we were without food; but that seemed the least of our evils when I thought of the past night's experience. We tried to sleep, but every one was too excited, the Indian fearing we would be attacked before morning. We started as usual in the early morning, and about 9 o'clock reached the place where the ferry had been opposite the agency. Seeing the mill and the house still standing I told the Indian that I meant to stop and see if I could recover anything. I knew where my husband kept his papers, and knew also that they would probably not be destroyed unless the house was burned. Feeling something would be needed in setting up business, I resolved to stop. The Indian was very angry, and said everything he could to hinder me. But I was obdurate, and for once had my own way. Seeing that I was determined he also landed and all went up to the house which I had once called home. It was a sad sight which was there presented. Everything which could not be taken away was torn up and thrown about, feather beds emptied, furniture hacked to pieces and otherwise destroyed. But I found the books and accounts which I was after, and, taking an old satchel, I packed them in it, together with a Bible, which I greatly prized, and we quickly returned to the boats. This visit proved most advantageous to the settlement of my business matters, and the Bible I still keep as a treasured memento of past happy days, the only article which remains to me of all my former possessions. We passed what we thought the body of Capt. Marsh a short distance below the mill, lying in an eddy among the brush wood, and paddled hastily on, still fearing we would be overtaken. The tortuous river seemed endless, and I often begged the Indian to leave the boats and go on foot the rest of the way. But

he would grow angry whenever we broached the subject, always telling how much he had done for us and ending by saying that now, when we were so near our liberties we did not care for his safety. We did not realize, as he did, the danger to which he would be exposed from our troops had we gone in unannounced, for we all looked more or less like aboriginals. The days went by, however, until Sunday evening came, when suddenly there broke upon our ears a bugle note, followed by the quick tattoo of drums, which told us our long journey was nearly ended and we would again be among friends. From that moment I felt assured of our safety, a feeling to which I had been a stranger for so many dreadful days it seemed that I could not compute them. As we turned a bend in the river the Indian espied a wild goose, which he shot, and we landed. How I besought him to go on! The rain had commenced falling heavily and how could we endure another night lying on the wet ground with our friends so near? But the indomitable will of the Indian prevailed, and we were treated to another lecture on ingratitude, which I made haste to deny, and submitted as cheerfully as possible to the inevitable. The storm raged furiously all that night, which seemed almost an eternity to me, waiting for I knew not what. Hope and fear alternately seized me. Would I find my husband and we be once more united? Or would my children, whom I had brought so far and through such terrible dangers, be fatherless? The storm at last drove the Indian to our boats, which nearly capsized with the wind and rain, and when we reached the ferry he landed. Leaving his wife and the French woman with their children in the boats, he took my little boy in his arms and we started for the fort. It was situated on a hill some distance from the river, and the rain was running in torrents down the hill. I felt that I could never reach the top so exhausted had I become. My clothing was in rags, an old piece of gingham enveloped my head; my feet were bare and bleeding, as were my childrens'; but, oh, joy! we were at last free! Reaching the top of the hill I saw a gentleman come out of the garrison toward us, who proved to be Rev. Joshua Sweet, the chaplain of the post. He advanced to meet us. I asked him if my husband were there. Tears choked his utterance as he said: "I

buried him ten days ago." No words can describe the awful desolation of that hour. Every hope seemed blotted out from the horizon of my existence, and life and liberty bought at such a price seemed worthless as I looked at the future of my fatherless children, without a home and many hundred miles from my people. Every one in the garrison showed us the greatest kindness and means were speedily raised and given me to go to my friends. An escort was also provided to take us to St. Peter, Lieut. Sheehan commanding. It is needless to state that his gentlemanly kindness to us was most gratefully received, as well as that of the other officers who were of the escort, but whose names I do not now remember. From St. Peter I was sent in the stage coach to Shakopee, where we had formerly lived and where we were welcomed back as if raised from the dead, so great was the enthusiasm of our reception. Homes were offered by generous friends, clothing was prepared for us, and in a short time my father, an old man of seventy, came as fast as steam could bring him to take me to his Southern home. There, amid the conflict and din of battle, my mother had been laid to rest just one month before the death of my husband. In a few weeks after our arrival I again became a mother, my family now numbering four sons, and we remained in the South until after the war was over and peace restored to the nation as well as families and friends of whom mine were about equally divided.

In 1866 I again returned to Fort Ridgely as the wife of Rev. J. Sweet, the chaplain of the garrison.

I have omitted many things which would be of interest to the reader, and one which I cannot let go unmentioned. Of the many heroic deeds which history has recorded there is one which should be preserved and told to children and their children's children for generations. It is of the heroic ferryman, Manley, who refused time after time to escape, saying "that as long as he knew there was one white person to be ferried over the river, so long would he be there to cross them over." Every heart thrills at deeds of valor done, and every schoolboy has read of Leonidas and his brave men at the pass of Thermopylae who said to his men "that they were a small number to fight, but enough to die." But Manley knew that he alone must

endure the rage of those infuriated savages. His name should be inscribed among those whom their country delights to honor, for, though an obscure man, he was a hero of the grandest type amidst the many heroes of that dreadful time. Time would almost fail to record the deeds of heroism and bravery of both men and women during the period of which I am writing. In the tent, on the battle-field, at home praying for the loved ones, five awful years were passing, years which now recorded seem like a passing tale, but to the participants so awfully real that memory cannot even now dwell upon them without a pity so vast as to be unexplainable.

This narrative would not be complete without an account of the participation of my husband in the battle of Birch Coulie, where he fell mortally wounded. Being almost distracted in mind at the probable fate of his family, he and others used every exertion to prevail on the commander to send out a party to bury the dead or seek the living. Accordingly, he with others started on that ill-fated expedition from which he was destined to return with no knowledge of his loved ones and only death awaiting him. Of his bravery he gave ample proof, as is recorded by those who were with him and saw him shot down. Maj. Galbraith told me the story afterward, how his old Sharp's rifle did rapid work as soon as they were attacked, and that while he was standing at his side holding up something to shield my husband from the enemy's firing he saw an Indian aim directly at him. He fell down and evaded the bullet, rising again to shoot before the other could load, but the Indian had a double-barrel and shot just as he raised up, the ball entering his head on the left side of the forehead. For thirty hours the carnage lasted, and all that time the wounded lay without a drop of water to quench their awful thirst. Then when deliverance came they were carried back to the fort, many of them to die. I know not whether his name is engraved on any monument which commemorates the deeds wrought by those brave men, but it will live in the hearts of those who knew him and loved him best. I would also add that the Indian, Ton-wan-I-ton, or Lorenzo Lawrence, who brought us to the fort, was taken into Gen. Sibley's employ as scout and returned with him, guiding and directing them to the enemy. The General came to see me in regard to their

numbers and position and the probability of getting the captives. I referred him to Lorenzo as perfectly reliable and trustworthy, and he did not fail to fill the recommendation. The poor fellow was sadly wounded at the battle of Wood Lake, but never got a pension so far as I know. He and his wife came to visit us at Fort Ridgely after I returned there and he made us several visits afterward. Whether he is now living I do not know, but for his faithful kindness to me and mine I shall never cease to remember him as a true friend, albeit an Indian, and one who did not fear to sacrifice all he had for the safety of his white friends. There were many others I could mention as deserving the highest praise for their devotion to the whites and but for whom many who were afterward restored to friends would have been of the number whose bones may even now be bleaching in some lonely spot. To such as those I owed my safety from dishonor and death.

I leave this imperfectly written sketch to the mercy of my kind friends, who, I trust, will understand how hard a task it has been for me to live over those unhappy days which are here recorded and which for many years I have striven to forget; and to all those who are now living that befriended me in those days of adversity I tender my heartfelt thanks, and, in the language of Wabasha, "I shake hands."

J. E. De C. SWEET.

Centreville, March 14, 1893.

BIG EAGLE.

MANKATO.

RED LEGS.

Group of Sioux Leaders.

(See Page 383.)

A SIOUX STORY OF THE WAR.

THE INDIANS' SIDE OF THE STORY, TOLD BY ONE OF THEIR LEADERS — THE STORY FROM OUTBREAK TO SURRENDER — WHY AND HOW THE SIOUX FOUGHT — CAUSES OF THE WAR, COMMENTS ON THE CAMPAIGNS, AND BATTLE MEMORIES OF FORT RIDGELY, NEW ULM, BIRCH COULIE, WOOD LAKE, ETC., ETC.

CHIEF BIG EAGLE'S STORY OF THE SIOUX OUTBREAK OF 1862.

The stories of the great Sioux war in Minnesota in 1862 never grow old. They are always new to many and never dull to anybody. Although thirty-two years, nearly a third of a century, have passed since that eventful episode, yet to many it seems but a few months since barbarism rode rampant over a great part of the state, and civilization, gashed and bleeding, was prone on the prairies, with none to bind up the wounds. All over the state are survivors of that terrible contest who remember its incidents and relate them as if the crack of the rifle and the din of the war-whoop yet rang in their ears. The story is always of interest to them.

There are two sides to this as to every other story. The version of the white people ought to be well enough known. But the Indian side, strangely enough, has not been recorded. The soldiers of the Union read no stories of the great Rebellion with more interest than the narratives of the ex-Confederates, and we never got the full and true story of the war until they began to write. So we can never fully understand the Sioux war of 1862 until the Indians tell their story.

In June, 1894, Mr. Robert I. Holcombe of St. Paul (who had become familiar with the history of Gen. Sibley's campaigns against the Sioux in 1862 and 1863, from having been employed several months in examining and classifying the letters and papers of Gen. Sibley for the Minnesota Historical society), made a trip to Flandrau, S. D., to get from Mrs. Huggan and others the Indians' side of the story of the great outbreak of 1862. He there met Big Eagle, a chief, who had taken part with Little Crow in the battles, but had not been engaged in the massacre of whites. His narrative was taken down from his own lips, through Mrs. Huggan, Rev. Mr. Eastman and other competent interpreters. (This story was first published in the St. Paul Pioneer Press, July 1, 1894.)

Perhaps the most notable survivor of the old Sioux hostiles is Mr. Jerome Big Eagle, now residing near Granite Falls, in this state. His true Christian name, however, is Elijah. His Indian name is "Wamdetonka," which literally means Great War Eagle, but he was commonly called Big Eagle. The Sioux for the common bald eagle is "hu-ya" and "wamde" means war eagle, "tonka" meaning great or big. He was a sub-chief, and may be termed one of the Sioux generals, since he had a band or division of his own. A representative of the Pioneer Press, who for some time has been engaged in the work referred to, recently interviewed Mr. Big Eagle at Flandrau, S. D., where he was temporarily on a visit, upon the subject of the war of 1862. He cannot speak English, and Rev. John Eastman of Flandrau, an educated and intelligent gentleman, and Mrs. Nancy Huggan, a sketch of whose adventurous life appears in this volume, kindly acted as interpreters during the "talk," which lasted several hours.

Mr. Big Eagle was first informed that his statements were wanted solely in order that a correct knowledge of the military movements of the Indians during the war might be learned. It was suggested to him that no harm therefrom could come to him or any of his people; that neither the war banner nor the "bloody shirt" waved any longer in Minnesota; that it was well known that he was a prominent character in the war, but that he was now and had been for many years a quiet, industrious Christian citizen, respected by all who knew him, and he was assured that he would be correctly reported. He readily consented to tell his story, and gave full permission to use his name. Other Indians interviewed on the same subject gave certain information, but requested that their names be not printed. Big Eagle's story is here given substantially as related to the reporter by the two intelligent interpreters, or at least as it was understood.

The old man was very frank and unreserved. He did not seem to wish to avoid or evade an answer to a single question. He is of more than ordinary intelligence, and spoke candidly, deliberately and impassively, and with the air and manner of one striving to tell "the whole truth and nothing but the truth." He proved a mine of information, and his story contains many items of history never before published.

(The portraits of Big Eagle, Red Legs and Blue Earth, shown on page 381, are from photographs taken in 1858, when on

their way to Washington, and which are now in the possession of the Historical society.)

"I was born in the Indian village of my father near Mendota, in 1827, and am now sixty-seven years old. My father was Grey Iron, a sub-chief of the Midawa-xanton Sioux. When he died I succeeded him as chief of the band and adopted the name of his father, Wambde-tonka, which, as is commonly called, means the Big Eagle. When I was a young man I often went with war parties against the Chippewas and other enemies of my nation, and the six feathers shown in the head-dress of my picture in the Historical society at St. Paul stand for six Chippewa scalps that I took when on the warpath. By the terms of the treaties of Traverse des Sioux and Mendota in 1851, the Sioux sold all of their lands in Minnesota, except a strip ten miles wide on each side of the Minnesota river from near Fort Ridgely to the Big Stone lake. The Medawakantons and Wacoutas had their reservation up to the Yellow Medicine. In 1858 the ten miles of this strip belonging to the Medawakanton and Wacouta bands, and lying north of the river were sold, mainly through the influence of Little Crow. That year, with some other chiefs, I went to Washington on business connected with the treaty. The selling of that strip north of the Minnesota caused great dissatisfaction among the Sioux, and Little Crow was always blamed for the part he took in the sale. It caused us all to move to the south side of the river, where there was but very little game, and many of our people, under the treaty, were induced to give up the old life and go to work like white men, which was very distasteful to many.

"Of the causes that led to the outbreak of August, 1862, much has been said. Of course it was wrong, as we all know now, but there were not many Christians among the Indians then, and they did not understand things as they should. There was great dissatisfaction among the Indians over many things the whites did. The whites would not let them go to war against their enemies. This was right, but the Indians did not then know it. Then the whites were always trying to make the Indians give up their life and live like white men—go to farming, work hard and do as they did—and the Indians did not know how to do that, and did not want to anyway. It seemed too sudden to make such a change. If the Indians had tried to make the whites live like them, the whites would have resisted, and it was the same way with many Indians. The Indi-

ans wanted to live as they did before the treaty of Traverse des Sioux—go where they pleased and when they pleased; hunt game wherever they could find it, sell their furs to the traders and live as they could.

"Then the Indians did not think the traders had done right. The Indians bought goods of them on credit, and when the government payments came the traders were on hand with their books, which showed that the Indians owed so much and so much, and as the Indians kept no books they could not deny their accounts, but had to pay them, and sometimes the traders got all their money. I do not say that the traders always cheated and lied about these accounts. I know many of them were honest men and kind and accommodating, but since I have been a citizen I know that many white men, when they go to pay their accounts, often think them too large and refuse to pay them, and they go to law about them and there is much bad feeling. The Indians could not go to law, but there was always trouble over their credits. Under the treaty of Traverse des Sioux the Indians had to pay a very large sum of money to the traders for old debts, some of which ran back fifteen years, and many of those who had got the goods were dead and others were not present, and the traders' books had to be received as to the amounts, and the money was taken from the tribe to pay them. Of course the traders often were of great service to the Indians in letting them have goods on credit, but the Indians seemed to think the traders ought not to be too hard on them about the payments, but do as the Indians did among one another, and put off the payment until they were better able to make it.

"Then many of the white men often abused the Indians and treated them unkindly. Perhaps they had excuse, but the Indians did not think so. Many of the whites always seemed to say by their manner when they saw an Indian, 'I am much better than you,' and the Indians did not like this. There was excuse for this, but the Dakotas did not believe there were better men in the world than they. Then some of the white men abused the Indian women in a certain way and disgraced them, and surely there was no excuse for that.

"All these things made many Indians dislike the whites. Then a little while before the outbreak there was trouble among the Indians themselves. Some of the Indians took a sen-

sible course and began to live like white men. The government built them houses, furnished them tools, seed, etc., and taught them to farm. At the two agencies, Yellow Medicine and Redwood, there were several hundred acres of land in cultivation that summer. Others staid in their tepees. There was a white man's party and an Indian party. We had politics among us and there was much feeling. A new chief speaker for the tribe was to be elected. There were three candidates—Little Crow, myself and Wa-sui-hi-ya-ye-dan ('Traveling Hail'). After an exciting contest Traveling Hail was elected. Little Crow felt sore over his defeat. Many of our tribe believed him responsible for the sale of the north ten-mile strip, and I think this was why he was defeated. I did not care much about it. Many whites think that Little Crow was the principal chief of the Dakotas at this time, but he was not. Wabasha was the principal chief, and he was of the white man's party; so was I; so was old Shakopee, whose band was very large. Many think if old Shakopee had lived there would have been no war, for he was for the white men and had great influence. But he died that summer, and was succeeded by his son, whose real name was Ea-to-ka ('Another Language'), but when he became chief he took his father's name, and was afterwards called 'Little Shakopee,' or 'Little Six,' for in the Sioux language 'Shakopee' means six. This Shakopee was against the white men. He took part in the outbreak, murdering women and children, but I never saw him in a battle, and he was caught in Manitoba and hanged in 1864. My brother, Medicine Bottle, was hanged with him.

"As the summer advanced, there was great trouble among the Sioux—troubles among themselves, troubles with the whites, and one thing and another. The war with the South was going on then, and a great many men had left the state and gone down there to fight. A few weeks before the outbreak the president called for many more men, and a great many of the white men of Minnesota and some half-breeds enlisted and went to Fort Snelling to be sent South. We understood that the South was getting the best of the fight, and it was said that the North would be whipped. The year before the new president had turned out Maj. Brown and Maj. Cullen, the Indian agents, and put in their places Maj. Galbraith and Mr. Clark Thompson, and they had turned out the men under them and put in others of

their own party. There were a great many changes. An Indian named Shonka-sha ('White Dog'), who had been hired to teach the Indians to farm, was removed and another Indian named Ta-opi ('The Wounded Man'), a son of old Betsy, of St. Paul, put in his place. Nearly all of the men who were turned out were dissatisfied, and the most of the Indians did not like the new men. At last Maj. Galbraith went to work about the agencies and recruited a company of soldiers to go South. His men were nearly all half-breeds. This was the company called the Renville Rangers, for they were mostly from Renville county. The Indians now thought the whites must be pretty hard up for men to fight the South, or they would not come so far out on the frontier and take half-breeds or anything to help them.

"It began to be whispered about that now would be a good time to go to war with the whites and get back the lands. It was believed that the men who had enlisted last had all left the state, and that before help could be sent the Indians could clean out the country, and that the Winnebagoes, and even the Chippewas, would assist the Sioux. It was also thought that a war with the whites would cause the Sioux to forget the troubles among themselves and enable many of them to pay off some old scores. Though I took part in the war, I was against it. I knew there was no good cause for it, and I had been to Washington and knew the power of the whites and that they would finally conquer us. We might succeed for a time, but we would be overpowered and defeated at last. I said all this and many more things to my people, but many of my own bands were against me, and some of the other chiefs put words in their mouths to say to me. When the outbreak came Little Crow told some of my band that if I refused to lead them to shoot me as a traitor who would not stand up for his nation, and then select another leader in my place.

"But after the first talk of war the counsels of the peace Indians prevailed, and many of us thought the danger had all blown over. The time of the government payment was near at hand, and this may have had something to do with it. There was another thing that helped to stop the war talk. The crops that had been put in by the 'farmer' Indians were looking well, and there seemed to be a good prospect for a plentiful supply of provisions for them the coming winter without having to depend on the game of the country or without going far out to the west

on the plains for buffalo. It seemed as if the white men's way was certainly the best. Many of the Indians had been short of provisions that summer and had exhausted their credits and were in bad condition. 'Now,' said the farmer Indians, 'if you had worked last season you would not be starving now and begging for food.' The 'farmers' were favored by the government in every way. They had houses built for them, some of them even had brick houses, and they were not allowed to suffer. The other Indians did not like this. They were envious of them and jealous, and disliked them because they had gone back on the customs of the tribe and because they were favored. They called them 'farmers,' as if it was disgraceful to be a farmer. They called them 'cut-hairs,' because they had given up the Indian fashion of wearing the hair, and 'breeches men,' because they wore pantaloons, and 'Dutchmen,' because so many of the settlers on the north side of the river and elsewhere in the country were Germans. I have heard that there was a secret organization of the Indians called the 'Soldiers' Lodge,' whose object was to declare war against the whites, but I knew nothing of it.

"At last the time for the payment came and the Indians came in to the agencies to get their money. But the paymaster did not come, and week after week went by and still he did not come. The payment was to be in gold. Somebody told the Indians that the payment would never be made. The government was in a great war, and gold was scarce, and paper money had taken its place, and it was said the gold could not be had to pay us. Then the trouble began again and the war talk started up. Many of the Indians who had gathered about the agencies were out of provisions and were easily made angry. Still, most of us thought the trouble would pass, and we said nothing about it. I thought there might be trouble, but I had no idea there would be such a war. Little Crow and other chiefs did not think so. But it seems some of the tribe were getting ready for it.

"You know how the war started—by the killing of some white people near Acton, in Meeker county. I will tell you how this was done, as it was told me by all of the four young men who did the killing. These young fellows all belonged to Shakopee's band. Their names were Sungigidan ('Brown Wing'), Ka-om-de-i-ye-ye-dan ('Breaking Up'), Nagi-wi-cak-te

('Killing Ghost'), and Pa-zo-i-yo-pa ('Runs against Something when Crawling') I do not think their names have ever before been printed. One of them is yet living. They told me they did not go out to kill white people. They said they went over into the Big Woods to hunt; that on Sunday, Aug. 17, they came to a settler's fence, and here they found a hen's nest with some eggs in it. One of them took the eggs, when another said: 'Don't take them, for they belong to a white man and we may get into trouble.' The other was angry, for he was very hungry and wanted to eat the eggs, and he dashed them to the ground and replied: 'You are a coward. You are afraid of the white man. You are afraid to take even an egg from him, though you are half-starved. Yes, you are a coward, and I will tell everybody so.' The other replied: 'I am not a coward. I am not afraid of the white man, and to show you that I am not I will go to the house and shoot him. Are you brave enough to go with me?' The one who had called him a coward said: 'Yes, I will go with you, and we will see who is the braver of us two.' Their two companions then said: 'We will go with you, and we will be brave, too.' They all went to the house of the white man (Mr. Robinson Jones), but he got alarmed and went to another house (that of his son-in-law, Howard Baker), where were some other white men and women. The four Indians followed them and killed three men and two women (Jones, Baker, a Mr. Webster, Mrs. Jones and a girl of fourteen). Then they hitched up a team belonging to another settler and drove to Shakopee's camp six miles above Redwood agency, which they reached late that night and told what they had done, as I have related.

"The tale told by the young men created the greatest excitement. Everybody was waked up and heard it. Shakopee took the young men to Little Crow's house (two miles above the agency), and he sat up in bed and listened to their story. He said war was now declared. Blood had been shed, the payment would be stopped, and the whites would take a dreadful vengeance because women had been killed. Wabasha, Wacouta, myself and others still talked for peace, but nobody would listen to us, and soon the cry was 'Kill the whites and kill all these cut-hairs who will not join us.' A council was held and war was declared. Parties formed and dashed away in the darkness to kill settlers. The women began to run bullets and the men to clean their guns. Little Crow gave orders to attack the agency

early next morning and to kill all the traders. When the Indians first came to him for counsel and advice he said to them, tauntingly: 'Why do you come to me for advice? Go to the man you elected speaker (Traveling Hail) and let him tell you what to do'; but he soon came around all right and somehow took the lead in everything, though he was not head chief, as I have said.

"At this time my village was up on Crow creek, near Little Crow's. I did not have a very large band—not more than thirty or forty fighting men. Most of them were not for the war at first, but nearly all got into it at last. A great many members of the other bands were like my men; they took no part in the first movements, but afterward did. The next morning, when the force started down to attack the agency, I went along. I did not lead my band, and I took no part in the killing. I went to save the lives of two particular friends if I could. I think others went for the same reason, for nearly every Indian had a friend that he did not want killed; of course he did not care about anybody's else friend. The killing was nearly all done when I got there. Little Crow was on the ground directing operations. The day before, he had attended church there and listened closely to the sermon and had shaken hands with everybody. So many Indians have lied about their saving the lives of white people that I dislike to speak of what I did. But I did save the life of George H. Spencer at the time of the massacre. I know that his friend, Chaska, has always had the credit of that, but Spencer would have been a dead man in spite of Chaska if it had not been for me. I asked Spencer about this once, but he said he was wounded at the time and so excited that he could not remember what I did. Once after that I kept a half-breed family from being murdered; these are all the people whose lives I claim to have saved. I was never present when the white people were willfully murdered. I saw all the dead bodies at the agency. Mr. Andrew Myrick, a trader, with an Indian wife, had refused some hungry Indians credit a short time before when they asked him for some provisions. He said to them: 'Go and eat grass.' Now he was lying on the ground dead, with his mouth stuffed full of grass, and the Indians were saying tauntingly: 'Myrick is eating grass himself.'

"When I returned to my village that day I found that many of my band had changed their minds about the war, and wanted

to go into it. All the other villages were the same way. I was still of the belief that it was not best, but I thought I must go with my band and my nation, and I said to my men that I would lead them into the war, and we would all act like brave Dakotas and do the best we could. All my men were with me; none had gone off on raids, but we did not have guns for all at first.

"That afternoon word came to my village that soldiers were coming to the agency from Fort Snelling. (These were Capt. Marsh and his men.) At once I mounted the best horse I had, and, with some of my men, rode as fast as I could to meet them at the ferry. But when I got there the fight was over, and I well remember that a cloud of powder smoke was rising slowly from the low, wet ground where the firing had been. I heard a few scattering shots down the river, where the Indians were still pursuing the soldiers, but I took no part. I crossed the river and saw the bodies of the soldiers that had been killed. I think Mr. Quinn, the interpreter, was shot several times after he had been killed. The Indians told me that the most of them who fired on Capt. Marsh and his men were on the same side of the river; that only a few shots came from the opposite or south side. They said that White Dog did not tell Mr. Quinn to come over, but told him to go back. Of course I do not know what the truth is about this. White Dog was the Indian head farmer who had been replaced by Taopi and who was hanged at Mankato.

"I was not in the first fight at New Ulm nor the first attack on Fort Ridgely. Here let me say that the Indian names of these and other places in Minnesota are different from the English names. St. Paul is the 'White Rock;' Minneapolis is 'the Place Where the Water Falls;' New Ulm is 'the Place Where There Is a Cottonwood Grove on the River;' Fort Ridgely was 'the Soldiers' House;' Birch Coulie was called 'Birch Creek,' etc. I was in the second fight at New Ulm and in the second attack on Fort Ridgely. At New Ulm I had but a few of my band with me. We lost none of them. We had but few, if any, of the Indians killed; at least I did not hear of but a few. A half-breed named George Le Blanc, who was with us, was killed. There was no one in chief command of the Indians at New Ulm. A few sub-chiefs, like myself, and the head soldiers led them, and the leaders agreed among themselves what was to be done.

I do not think there was a chief present at the first fight. I think that attack was made by marauding Indians from several bands, every man for himself, but when we heard they were fighting we went down to help them. I think it probable that the first attack on Fort Ridgely was made in the same way; at any rate, I do not remember that there was a chief there.

"The second fight at Fort Ridgely was made a grand affair. Little Crow was with us. Mr. Good Thunder, now at Birch Coulie agency, was with us. He counted the Indians as they filed past him on the march to the attack, and reported that there were 800 of us. He acted very bravely in the fight, and distinguished himself by running close up to the fort and bringing away a horse. He is now married to the former widow of White Dog, and both he and his wife are good Christian citizens. We went down determined to take the fort, for we knew it was of the greatest importance to us to have it. If we could take it we would soon have the whole Minnesota valley. But we failed, and of course it was best that we did fail.

"Though Little Crow was present, he did not take a very active part in the fight. As I remember, the chief leaders in the fight were 'The Thief,' who was the head soldier of Mankato's band, and Mankato ('Blue Earth') himself. This Mankato was not the old chief for whom the town was named, but a subchief, the son of old Good Road. He was a very brave man and a good leader. He was killed at the battle of Wood lake by a cannon ball. We went down to the attack on both sides of the river. I went down on the south side with my men, and we crossed the river in front of the fort and went up through the timber and fought on that side next the river. The fight commenced about noon on Friday after the outbreak. We had a few Sissetons and Wakpatons with us, and some Winnebagoes, under the 'Little Priest,' were in this fight and at New Ulm. I saw them myself. But for the cannon I think we would have taken the fort. The soldiers fought us so bravely we thought there were more of them than there were. The cannons disturbed us greatly, but did not hurt many. We did not have many Indians killed. I think the whites put the number too large, and I think they overestimated the number killed in every battle. We seldom carried off our dead. We usually buried them in a secluded place on the battle-field when we could. We always tried to carry away the wounded. When we re-

treated from Ridgely I recrossed the river opposite the fort and went up on the south side. All our army but the scouts fell back up the river to our villages near Redwood agency, and then on up to the Yellow Medicine and the mouth of the Chippewa.

"Our scouts brought word that our old friend Wapetonhonska ('The Long Trader'), as we called Gen. Sibley, was coming up against us, and in a few days we learned that he had come to Fort Ridgely with a large number of soldiers. Little Crow, with a strong party, went over into the Big Woods, towards Forest City and Hutchinson. After he had gone, I and the other sub-chiefs concluded to go down and attack New Ulm again and take the town and cross the river to the east, or in the rear of Fort Ridgely, where Sibley was, and then our movements were to be governed by circumstances. We had left our village near the Redwood in some haste and alarm, expecting to be followed after the defeat at Ridgely, and had not taken all our property away. So we took many of our women with us to gather up the property and some other things, and we brought along some wagons to haul them off.

"We came down the main road on the south side of the river, and were several hundred strong. We left our camps in the morning and got to our old villages in the afternoon. When the men in advance reached Little Crow's village—which was on the high bluff on the south side of the Minnesota, below the mouth of the Redwood—they looked to the north across the valley, and up on the high bluff on the north side, and out on the prairie some miles away, they saw a column of mounted men and some wagons coming out of the Beaver creek timber on the prairie and going eastward. We also saw signs in Little Crow's village that white men had been there only a few hours before, and judging from the trail they had made when they left, these were the men we now saw to the northward. There was, of course, a little excitement, and the column halted. Four or five of our best scouts were sent across the valley to follow the movements of the soldiers, creeping across the prairie like so many ants. It was near sundown, and we knew they would soon go into camp, and we thought the camping ground would be somewhere on the Birch Coulie, where there was wood and water. The women went to work to load the wagons. The scouts followed the soldiers carefully, and a little after sundown returned with the information that they had gone into

camp near the head of Birch Coulie. At this time we did not know there were two companies there. We thought the company of mounted men (Capt. Anderson's) was all, and that there were not more than seventy-five men.

"It was concluded to surround the camp that night and attack it at daylight. We felt sure we could capture it, and that 200 men would be enough for the undertaking. So about that number was selected. There were four bands—my own, Husha-sha's ('Red Legs'), Gray Bird's and Mankato's. I had about thirty men. Nearly all the Indians had double-barreled shotguns, and we loaded them with buckshot and large bullets called 'traders' balls.' After dark we started, crossed the river and valley, went up the bluffs and on the prairie, and soon we saw the white tents and the wagons of the camp. We had no difficulty in surrounding the camp. The pickets were only a little way from it. I led my men up from the west through the grass and took up a position 200 yards from the camp, behind a small knoll or elevation. Red Legs took his men into the coulie east of the camp. Mankato ('Blue Earth') had some of his men in the coulie and some on the prairie. Gray Bird and his men were mostly on the prairie.

"Just at dawn the fight began. It continued all day and the following night until late the next morning. Both sides fought well. Owing to the white men's way of fighting they lost many men. Owing to the Indians' way of fighting they lost but few. The white men stood up and exposed themselves at first, but at last they learned to keep quiet. The Indians always took care of themselves. We had an easy time of it. We could crawl through the grass and into the coulie and get water when we wanted it, and after a few hours our women crossed the river and came up near the bluff and cooked for us, and we could go back and eat and then return to the fight. We did not lose many men. Indeed, I only saw two dead Indians, and I never heard that any more were killed. The two I saw were in the coulie and belonged to Red Legs' band. One was a Wakpaton named Ho-ton-na ('Animal's Voice') and the other was a Sisseton. Their bodies were taken down the coulie and buried during the fight. I did not see a man killed on the prairie. We had several men wounded, but none very badly. I did not see the incident which is related of an Indian, a brother of Little Crow, who, it is said, rode up on a white horse near the camp with a

white flag and held a parley and had his horse killed as he rode away. That must have happened while I was absent from the field eating my dinner. Little Crow had no brother there. The White Spider was not there. I think Little Crow's brothers were with him in the Big Woods at this time. The only Indian horse I saw killed that I remember was a bay. Buffalo Ghost succeeded in capturing a horse from the camp. Late in the day some of the men who had been left in the villages came over on their horses to see what the trouble was that the camp had not been taken, and they rode about the prairie for a time, but I don't think many of them got into the fight. I do not remember that we got many re-enforcements that day. If we got any, they must have come up the coulie and I did not see them. Perhaps some horsemen came up on the east side of the coulie, but I knew nothing about it. I am sure no re-enforcements came to me. I did not need any. Our circle about the camp was rather small and we could only use a certain number of men.

"About the middle of the afternoon our men became much dissatisfied at the slowness of the fight, and the stubbornness of the whites, and the word was passed around the lines to get ready to charge the camp. The brave Mankato wanted to charge after the first hour. There were some half-breeds with the whites who could speak Sioux well, and they heard us arranging to assault them. Jack Frazer told me afterward that he heard us talking about it very plainly. Alex Faribault was there and heard the talk and called out to us: 'You do very wrong to fire on us. We did not come out to fight; we only came out to bury the bodies of the white people you killed.' I have heard that Faribault, Frazer and another half-breed dug a rifle pit for themselves with bayonets, and that Faribault worked so hard with his bayonet in digging that he wore the flesh from the inside of his hand. One half-breed named Louis Bourier attempted to desert to us, but as he was running towards us some of our men shot and killed him. We could have taken the camp, I think. During the fight the whites had thrown up breastworks, but they were not very high and we could easily have jumped over them. We did not know that Maj. Joe Brown was there; if we had, I think some of our men would have charged anyhow, for they wanted him out of the way. Some years ago I saw Capt. Grant in St. Paul and he told me he was in command of the camp at Birch Coulie.

"Just as we were about to charge word came that a large number of mounted soldiers were coming up from the east toward Fort Ridgely. This stopped the charge and created some excitement. Mankato at once took some men from the coulie and went out to meet them. He told me he did not take more than fifty, but he scattered them out and they all yelled and made such a noise that the whites must have thought there were a great many more, and they stopped on the prairie and began fighting. They had a cannon and used it, but it did no harm. If the Indians had any men killed in the fight I never heard of it. Mankato flourished his men around so, and all the Indians in the coulie kept up a noise, and at last the whites began to fall back, and they retreated about two miles and began to dig breastworks. Mankato followed them and left about thirty men to watch them, and returned to the fight at the coulie with the rest. The Indians were laughing when they came back at the way they had deceived the white men, and we were all glad that the whites had not pushed forward and driven us away. If any more Indians went against this force than the fifty or possibly seventy-five that I have told you of I never heard of it. I was not with them and cannot say positively, but I do not think there were. I went out to near the fortified camp during the night, and there was no large force of Indians over there, and I know there were not more than thirty of our men watching the camp. When the men of this force began to fall back, the whites in the camp hallooed and made a great commotion, as if they were begging them to return and relieve them, and seemed much distressed that they did not.

"The next morning Gen. Sibley came with a very large force and drove us away from the field. We took our time about getting away. Some of our men said they remained till Sibley got up and that they fired at some of his men as they were shaking hands with some of the men of the camp. Those of us who were on the prairie went back to the westward and on down the valley. Those in the coulie went down back southward to where their horses were, and then mounted and rode westward across the prairie about a mile south of the battle-field. There was no pursuit. The whites fired their cannons at us as we were leaving the field, but they might as well have beaten a big drum for all the harm they did. They only made a noise. We went back across the river to our camps in the old villages, and then

on up the river to the Yellow Medicine and the mouth of the Chippewa, where Little Crow joined us.

"For some time after the fight at Birch Coulie the greater part of the Indians remained in the camps about the Yellow Medicine and the mouth of the Chippewa. At last the word came that Sibley with his army was again on the move against us. Our scouts were very active and vigilant, and we heard from him nearly every hour. He had left a letter for Little Crow in a split stick on the battle-field of Birch Coulie, and some of our men found it and brought it in, and correspondence had been going on between us ever since. Tom Robinson and Joe Campbell, half-breed prisoners, wrote the letters for Little Crow. It seems that some letters were written to Gen. Sibley by the half-breeds which Little Crow never saw. I and others understood from the half-breeds that Gen. Sibley would treat with all of us who had only been soldiers and would surrender as prisoners of war, and that only those who had murdered people in cold blood, the settlers and others, would be punished in any way. There was great dissatisfaction among us at our condition. Many wanted to surrender; others left us for the West. But Sibley came on and on, and at last came the battle of Wood lake.

"When we learned that Sibley had gone into camp at the Wood lake, a council of the sub-chiefs and others was held and it was determined to give him a battle near there. I think the lake now called Battle lake was the old-time Wood lake. As I understand it, there once were some cottonwoods about it, and the Indians called it 'M'da-chan'—Wood lake. The larger lake, two miles west, now called Wood lake, was always known to me by the Indian name of 'Hinta hauk-pay-an wo-ju,' meaning literally, 'the Planting Place of the Man who ties his Moccasins with Basswood Bark.' We soon learned that Sibley had thrown up breastworks and it was not deemed safe to attack him at the lake. We concluded that the fight should be about a mile or more to the northwest of the lake, on the road along which the troops would march. This was the road leading to the upper country, and of course Sibley would travel it. At the point determined on we planned to hide a large number of men on the side of the road. Near the lake, in a ravine formed by the outlet, we were to place another strong body. Behind a hill to the west were to be some more men. We thought that

when Sibley marched out along the road and when the head of his column had reached the farther end of the line of our first division, our men would open fire. The men in the ravine would then be in the rear of the whites and would begin firing on that end of the column. The men from behind the hill would rush out and attack the flank, and then we had horsemen far out on the right and left who would come up. We expected to throw the whole white force into confusion by the sudden and unexpected attack and defeat them before they could rally.

"I think this was a good plan of battle. Our concealed men would not have been discovered. The grass was tall and the place by the road and the ravine were good hiding places. We had learned that Sibley was not particular about sending out scouts and examining the country before he passed it. He had a number of mounted men, but they always rode together, at the head of the column, when on a march, and did not examine the ground at the sides of the road. The night he lay at Wood lake his pickets were only a short distance from camp—less than half a mile. When we were putting our men into position that night we often saw them plainly. I worked hard that night fixing the men. Little Crow was on the field, too. Mankato was there. Indeed, all our fighting chiefs were present and all our best fighting Indians. We felt that this would be the deciding fight of the war. The whites were unconscious. We could hear them laughing and singing. When all our preparations were made Little Crow and I and some other chiefs went to the mound or hill to the west so as to watch the fight better when it should commence. There were numbers of other Indians there.

"The morning came and an accident spoiled all our plans. For some reason Sibley did not move early as we expected he would. Our men were lying hidden waiting patiently. Some were very near the camp lines in the ravine, but the whites did not see a man of all our men. I do not think they would have discovered our ambuscade. It seemed a considerable time after sun-up when some four or five wagons with a number of soldiers started out from the camp in the direction of the old Yellow Medicine agency. We learned afterwards that they were going without orders to dig potatoes over at the agency, five miles away. They came on over the prairie, right where part of our line was. Some of the wagons were not in the road, and if they had kept straight on would have driven right over our men

as they lay in the grass. At last they came so close that our men had to rise up and fire. This brought on the fight, of course, but not according to the way we had planned it. Little Crow saw it and felt very badly.

"Of course you know how the battle was fought. The Indians that were in the fight did well, but hundreds of our men did not get into it and did not fire a shot. They were out too far. The men in the ravine and the line connecting them with those on the road did the most of the fighting. Those of us on the hill did our best, but we were soon driven off. Mankato was killed here, and we lost a very good and brave war chief. He was killed by a cannon ball that was so nearly spent that he was not afraid of it, and it struck him in the back, as he lay on the ground, and killed him. The whites drove our men out of the ravine by a charge and that ended the battle. We retreated in some disorder, though the whites did not offer to pursue us. We crossed a wide prairie, but their horsemen did not follow us. We lost fourteen or fifteen men killed and quite a number wounded. Some of the wounded died afterwards, but I do not know how many. We carried off no dead bodies, but took away all our wounded. The whites scalped all our dead men—so I have heard.

"Soon after the battle I, with many others who had taken part in the war, surrendered to Gen. Sibley. Robinson and the other half-breeds assured us that if we would do this we would only be held as prisoners of war a short time, but as soon as I surrendered I was thrown into prison. Afterward I was tried and served three years in the prison at Davenport and the penitentiary at Rock Island for taking part in the war. On my trial a great number of the white prisoners, women and others, were called up, but not one of them could testify that I had murdered any one or had done anything to deserve death, or else I would have been hanged. If I had known that I would be sent to the penitentiary I would not have surrendered, but when I had been in the penitentiary three years and they were about to turn me out, I told them they might keep me another year if they wished, and I meant what I said. I did not like the way I had been treated. I surrendered in good faith, knowing that many of the whites were acquainted with me and that I had not been a murderer, or present when a murder had been committed, and if I had killed or wounded a man it had been in fair,

open fight. But all feeling on my part about this has long since passed away. For years I have been a Christian and I hope to die one. My white neighbors and friends know my character as a citizen and a man. I am at peace with every one, whites and Indians. I am getting to be an old man, but I am still able to work. I am poor, but I manage to get along. This is my second wife, and this little girl is our adopted daughter. I will come and see you when I come to St. Paul. Good-bye."

INCIDENTS OF THE THREATENED OUTBREAK OF HOLE-IN-THE-DAY AND OTHER OJIBWAYS AT TIME OF SIOUX MASSACRE OF 1862.

By George W. Sweet.

Considering it the duty of each of the old settlers of the state, and especially members of the Minnesota Historical society, to contribute facts within their personal knowledge relating to the principal events in the early settlement of our state, in order that a record thereof may be preserved, I beg leave to offer the following account of the part taken by the undersigned in the suppression and settlement of the troubles with the Chippewas, in August, 1862, at the outbreak of the Sioux massacre.

On the 20th day of August, 1862, a messenger came to me at Sauk Rapids, requesting me without delay to call upon the commissioner of Indian affairs, Wm. P. Dole, at the Stearns House in St. Cloud. Having just heard of the outbreaks at Acton and Redwood, and the slaughter of Capt. Marsh's company, I lost no time in complying with the request. I found on reaching there, Maj. L. C. Walker, Chippewa agent, who had just arrived from the Chippewa agency, above Crow Wing, bringing startling accounts of the hostile attitude of Hole-in-the-Day and the Indians under him. He was greatly excited, and expressed the opinion that Hole-in-the-Day and Little Crow,* of the Sioux, had been in communication with each other and had agreed to begin a simultaneous attack upon the whites, with the belief that, as most of the able-bodied men of Minnesota had gone South, they would be able to drive all others out of the country and recover their lands. He feared that the prisoners in the hands of the Indians had already been massacred, in retaliation for the unsuccessful attempt made by him to capture Hole-in-the-Day, in

George W. Sweet came to Minnesota in 1849. He was a carpenter, but studied law later. He married a daughter of Charles H. Oakes, the long-time trader among the Ojibways of Lake Superior. Mr. Sweet has been a member of the legislature, and has lived on the frontier, at Sauk Rapids and elsewhere, for forty-five years. M.

*It was every way impossible that there was any concert of action between Little Crow and Hole-in-the-Day. The like causes of unrest existed among the Ojibways as among the Sioux, but not to the same extent. Difficulties in regard to treaties, dissatisfaction with traders and agents, were comomn to both nations. W. R. M.

which case he thought the massacre would become general and indiscriminate. He urged me to attempt to open communication with the hostiles, who were camped near Gull lake, with a view to their pacification, if possible. After considerable parley, and upon the urgent solicitations of Commissioner Dole, I reluctantly consented to attempt the mission.

Under instructions to report to Commissioner Dole at St. Paul, I started with private team, and on my route met scores of settlers fleeing from their homes, some bound for St. Paul, some for the states below and others for the forts. Their countenances blanched with fear, they imagined that every clump of timber and ravine along the line of their flight had hostile Indians lying in wait to slaughter them.

On reaching Little Falls I made inquiry as to who were then at Long Prairie, and was informed that a Mrs. Weeks was there with her children, without a man in the settlement, her husband being then absent on business in Cincinnati. I sent a team after them, with instructions to lose no time in getting them away from there. Mrs. W. was almost forced into the wagon, as she had heard nothing of any Indian troubles and was daily looking for the return of her husband. Their departure was none too soon, for they were but a short distance from their house, when, looking back, they saw the Sioux in the act of firing the buildings. On meeting Mr. Weeks two days after in St. Paul, and informing him of their safety, his happiness was so great that he threw his arms around me and fairly overwhelmed me with expressions of his thankfulness. Between Fort Ripley and Crow Wing I met Peter Roy, United States interpreter, accompanied by Bad Boy, one of the chiefs, both of whom urged me to turn around and not expose myself to danger by attempting to open negotiations with the hostiles at Gull lake, as they had both done their best to avert a general war and massacre, but had failed, and were now fleeing to save their own lives. At Crow Wing I sought out Clement H. Beaulieu, Sr., who had been formerly the foremost trader among the Chippewas, but who had been refused a renewal of his license to trade in the Indian country on the ground, as stated to me by Clark W. Thompson, superintendent of Indian affairs, that in politics Beaulieu was not in accord with the administration, and whatever good things there were, they proposed to have.

I informed Mr. Beaulieu of the mission I had undertaken, and requested him to accompany me to the hostile camp. He con-

sented, though he expressed his fears that we were too late to save the lives of the prisoners in the hands of the Indians, and suggested that we might possibly share their fate. Taking a team with George Fairbanks as driver, we reached within a half mile of the Indian camp, where we left our team, and proceeded on foot to the creek between Gull and Round lakes, where we were stopped by an armed Indian, a picket guard, but pushing by him, he gave the alarm by a loud cry of "A white man in camp," and instantly, with a terrific war-whoop, the whole force of Indians sprang to arms, and like Roderick Dhu's force, they seemed to come out of the ground, and we were surrounded by more than three hundred warriors armed, some with rifles, some with "Nor'west" guns, others with war clubs, tomahawks, scalping knives, and a few had scythes to which they had fitted handles like corn cutters. Crowding our way through the excited mass towards the headquarters of Hole-in-the-day, which was distinguished from the other wigwams by a flagstaff in front flying a small flag, not the stars and stripes, however, but one of their own make, we here met the renowned chief, whose face looked paler than usual, but in which we could discover no sign of welcome, such as I had been accustomed to receive on meeting him.

At my request, he ordered the warriors to move back and give us room, whereupon they formed themselves into a semicircle of about thirty feet in diameter. In spite of Hole-in-the-day's motions to the contrary, Big Dog, a brave old chief, a personal friend of mine, forced his way up to me, and, grasping my hand, pressed it three times distinctly, which he afterwards explained to me as meaning that he would sacrifice his own life before I should be harmed. Two or three others attempted the hand shaking, but were ordered back.

All being seated on the grass, I informed Hole-in-the-day that I had come to him from the commissioner of Indian affairs, to learn from his own mouth, what his complaints were, and what were his intentions; that is, whether he wanted war or peace with the white people. He replied that he did not want war, but only his rights; that he could not get his rights by peaceable means; that the government agents had been stealing from them; that they had brought new traders into the country with whom the agent was in partnership, and with whom the agent insisted they should do all their trading. That the agent

had put annuity goods into these traders' stores to be sold to the Indians. I replied to him that if his object was to have their wrongs redressed they could never accomplish it by force, but their only way to succeed would be to have a commission appointed to investigate these charges, and that I was authorized by the commissioner to say that he would be glad to listen to their complaints, and if well founded, they should have redress. He then said that was satisfactory, and he would meet the commissioner and settle all difficulties peaceably.

I insisted upon the release of the prisoners in his hands, as a proof of his peaceful intentions, to which he consented, and Mrs. Arthur Garden and her children were brought in and delivered up. As it was then nine at night, and I had no means of transporting the balance of the prisoners, I requested him to release them the next morning, which was done. It was further agreed between us that a truce of four days should be kept, in which the Indians should remain where they were, and not disturb anything at the agency or go near the white settlements; and on the part of the government, I agreed that there should be no further attempts by the soldiers to capture him, and in the meantime I would report to Commissioner Dole at St. Paul and return to the Indians.

Hole-in-the-day sent a guard to accompany us about three miles so as to pass us beyond their picket line. We reached Crow Wing about midnight, where I learned that during my absence at Gull lake the commandant at Fort Ridgely, in order to strengthen the force at the post, which had been reduced to twenty-six effective men, had impressed into the service temporarily all the able-bodied men found at Crow Wing, and among these my driver, who had taken with him my team. After a little delay, I found among the half-breeds a team to carry me to a point opposite the fort. When about a mile from the fort, I heard in the direction of the post a single shot, followed by a volley. It appears that a flatboat or wangan had got loose and floating down the channel, the sentinel hailed and receiving no reply, he fired at it, which brought out the guard, who delivered a volley into it, suspecting it contained a force of Indians intending to make a lodgement upon the bank of the river where there was no stockade.

Crossing the river in a small boat a few minutes after this alarm, I came near being shot by a picket in the darkness, but,

hearing the click of his gun as he cocked it, I got as near to the ground as possible, from which position I hailed the picket, and remained there until he could get the guard out, and satisfy them that I did not intend to storm the fort.

After informing the commanding officer as to the state of affairs, and requesting the military to respect the terms of the truce agreed upon, I was informed that the ladies of the post were at Chaplain Geer's quarters, where they desired my presence. It was now about two a. m., but I found the ladies, with some from Crow Wing, perspiring over a red-hot stove, casting bullets, of which they had already about a half bushel on a table, which they were trimming ready for use.

Assuring the ladies that there were no Indians within fifteen miles of them and no danger of an attack for at least four days, I left at three o'clock and reached Little Falls at sunrise, where I met Capt. Hall on his way to Fort Ripley to assume command, accompanied by Capt. Chas. H. Beaulieu. Capt. Hall assured me that the terms of the truce made with the Indians should be scrupulously kept by him.

On reaching Sauk Rapids I found the people who had not already left were on the point of abandoning their homes, to seek protection within some fortified place. I here brought into play my authority in the state militia, by ordering Capt. E. O. Hamlin to put the alarmed men at work throwing up rifle-pits around the town, and especially near the Hyperborean hotel, with directions to cease work as soon as he deemed it advisable. Two or three hours' work in the hot sun convinced them that there was no danger, and consequently no need of rifle-pits.

Reaching St. Paul, I reported to the commissioner, informing him of the release of the prisoners, of the truce and the anxiety of the Indians to meet him and settle all the troubles, requesting him to accompany me on my return to the Indians and make a settlement with them before any new complications should arise; but he stated that he would only go there with sufficient troops as an escort to be able to protect him from them, and for this purpose he must have at least two full companies. His request for the troops was taken by me to Gov. Ramsey at his house, who informed me that Fort Snelling had scarcely enough men for guard mount, as he had ordered every available man to join Gen. Sibley's expedition against the Sioux.

I informed the Governor that I had passed Capt. Libby's and another company on their way to Fort Snelling to be mustered in, and requested him to issue the order to Col. Smith, then in command at Fort Snelling, for two companies, so that I could return to the Indians and assure them that the commissioner would meet them in council. The Governor seemed to think there was no real necessity for the troops, and even if there was, it was improper to issue the order before they had the men. I found the commander-in-chief firm in his refusal, until I was warmly seconded by Mrs. Ramsey, who had been a silent listener to our discussion.

About 1 a. m. I was able to exhibit to the commissioner the order for the troops, and early the next morning I delivered it in person to Col. Smith at Fort Snelling, who informed me that he had no transportation for the troops. To make sure of transportation I went on and met Capt. Libby near Minneapolis, and, calling him aside, requested him to detain all of the teams on reaching the fort, as he would have need of them to move his men as soon as they were mustered in, clothed and equipped.

I reached the Indian camp again before the expiration of the four days, and found them all ready for a council, having in the meanwhile erected a large council wigwam with a capacity for a hundred men or more. A quarter of an hour after my arrival the chiefs and head men were all here assembled, and, after the ordinary preliminaries, and a smoke of the pipe of peace, Hole-in-the-day came forward and, shaking hands with me, said, "We have faithfully kept our agreement made with you and are glad you have kept your promise and come back to us. Now what message and reply do you bring to us from our father in Washington?" (Commissioner.) I arose and replied that their father in Washington was pleased to hear that they had released the prisoners, and that they wanted peace rather than war, and that he would come to them and listen to their complaints, and if he found they had been wronged, they should have all their wrongs righted. The question then put to me was, "How soon will he be here?" I could not reply, "as soon as he gets sufficient troops to guard him," but gave an answer that from the "how, hows" seemed to satisfy them in these words: "I have been to St. Paul and back almost as quick as a bird would fly, as I am not a big chief but a small

man; you know you can throw a small stone more swiftly than a big one."

The council ended, many of the Indians gathered around me and warmly shook my hand, stating they were glad the troubles were about to be all settled. I desire here to say that in all these negotiations at Gull lake I had Clement H. Beaulieu, Sr., with me, and it was largely owing to his tact and intimate knowledge of the Indians that I was enabled to succeed in this difficult and dangerous undertaking. I feel that he has never had justice done him for the magnanimous part he took during those few momentous days. He had been debarred from collecting the just demands against the Indians for goods sold to individuals on credit while he was a licensed trader, refused a renewal of his license, thus reducing him from affluence to comparative penury, and still, smarting under all these wrongs, he was ready and willing to risk his life to save the lives and property of those who were trying to ruin him.

Having reported again to Commissioner Dole as to the result of my second visit to Hole-in-the-day's camp, and not agreeing with him as to the propriety of making a show of military force at the council to be held with the Indians, I left him at Fort Ripley, desiring a little rest, not having slept an average of two hours in the twenty-four for a week or more. In his attempt to get the Indians under Hole-in-the-day into a cul de sac, at Crow Wing on the 10th of September, Gen. Dole found himself outgeneraled by the wily Indian, and was completely surrounded and at the mercy of the Indians.

Realizing his perilous situation after an ineffectual attempt to send to Fort Ripley for reinforcements, he essayed conciliation in a harangue contrasting strongly with the terrible threats made a few hours before at Fort Ripley. In trembling accents he commenced, "My dear red brethren," and by these means a conflict was avoided. Had a single shot been fired by some hot headed, reckless scamp, nothing could have saved a slaughter of these raw troops together with the commissioner and attendants. Among these was A. S. H. White, chief clerk of the interior department, and a number of other civilians.

Hole-in-the-day afterwards stated to me that he only wanted to show Gen. Dole that he was not so easily to be outgeneraled.

In his annual report for 1862, p. 17, Commissioner Dole says that "the prisoners after being taken to the camp at Gull lake

had been liberated through the influence of the chiefs of the Pillagers." He knew that they were liberated upon my request. James Whitehead, afterwards agent for these same Indians, can state how he came to be released. Only for some emphatic expressions of mine in relation to a want of courage on the part of the commissioner, a very different account of the part taken by me would have been given, and I should have received pay for my services. As it was I received nothing, either in per diem or credit for time and risk of life.

Apologizing to the society for the length of this communication, and especially for what may appear egotistical in relating so much of my own doings, I can only say that it has seemed to me the better way for each one to record the part taken by him personally, and then it can be sifted by the compiler of future histories.

Sauk Rapids, Minn., March 1, 1887.

DAKOTA SCALP DANCES.

By Rev. T. S. Williamson.

Thirty to fifty years ago scalp dances were common among the Dakotas, or as they were then more commonly called, "Sioux" of Minnesota. They were never a pleasant or interesting sight to me; but I have frequently passed near them and sometimes stopped and looked on for some minutes. It was customary to have such a dance whenever a scalp was brought to a village, and the same scalp was taken to several villages and danced around at each, and might be danced around many times at the same village. In all the scalp dances I ever saw men and women danced together, not mingled, but the men on one side of the circle and the women on the other, facing them; and though the women were close to each other, and the men were also, the men did not come very near the women. A woman, generally quite old, held the pole to which the scalp was attached, and shook it as they danced. I think these things were all customary in scalp dances, and that men and women, or boys and girls both, were necessary to a scalp dance, and aside from the sight of the scalp, these were the pleasantest of all their dances.

If a scalp was taken after the trees were green it might be danced to till the leaves fell; if taken after the leaves fell, till new ones grew; but they were not infrequently buried sooner.

St. Peter, Minn., March, 1878.

This description of Sioux scalp dances was written by the venerable Dr. Williamson at the request of Mr. Frank L. Randall, March, 1878

EARLIEST SCHOOLS IN MINNESOTA VALLEY.

By Rev. T. S. Williamson.

The first school ever taught in the Minnesota valley, and I suppose the first in what is now Minnesota, outside of Fort Snelling, was begun at Lac qui Parle in the latter part of July, 1835, and was taught by Miss Sarah Poage, younger sister of my wife, who subsequently became the wife of Mr. Gideon H. Pond, recently deceased. The teaching was in English and was for several years in our dwelling house, which, for the first year, consisted of a single room. The pupils were Dakotas and metis females and small boys. The full Dakota females had too many other things to do to profit much by learning to read English. Of the mixed bloods, four of the first who attended are still living and have families of children grown up and some of them married, namely: Mrs. Hypolite Depuis and Mrs. Duncan Campbell of Mendota; Mrs. Henry Belland of West St. Paul (mother-in-law of Francis Baasen, Esq., of this county), and Mrs. Magdalen Campbell of the Sisseton reservation. These and some others learned to read English, but I never heard any of them speaking it much. Three of the boys who attended this school, and are living, learned to speak as well as to read English. These are Antoine Le Clerc, who is interpreter for some of the Indian agents on the Missouri, (I think at Crow creek), and Lorenzo Lawrence, who got some fame in the time of the Indian war by rescuing Mrs. J. W. De Camp and her children and bringing them to Fort Ridgely. She afterward became the wife of Rev. Mr. Sweet. Last summer he, Lorenzo, was at the Braru, or Yellow Earth river, not far east of the Two Woods in Dakota territory. The other, Enoch Mahpiyahohinape, is now chief of a small band at Fort Ellice, west of Manitoba. He, with his relatives, assisted in rescuing the white prisoners and delivering them to Gen. Sibley at Camp Release, but soon after, fearing treachery, he and his father and brothers and their families fled to the British and have not returned. He and Lorenzo Lawrence are full Indians, and I think they did not attend Miss Poage's school much the first year.

The first school for teaching to read Dakota I began at Lac qui Parle in December, 1835. I taught in a large Dakota tent belonging to Mr. Renville, then trader there. My pupils were men, most of them his relatives, and might have been appropriately called his bodyguard. He called them his soldiers. They were about twenty in number. Some of them were too old to see without glasses and so too old to learn to read. Others took no interest in learning, and some of those who were most interested in learning had their families to support by hunting. The average attendance did not much exceed half a dozen. I had no books from which to teach, as the first printing in the language was not done till three years later; yet, at the end of three months, three of my pupils had learned to read and write their own language and some half a dozen others got such a start that they afterward learned to read and write with very little schooling. And in the whole Sioux nation there cannot be named twenty other men who have done so much in helping the whites, and in civilizing their own people, as the members of that school. Some of them were the first Dakota men to dress as white men and work as white men. They and their children, and other near relatives, were the leading farmers on the reservation till 1862. The services they rendered to our people in the war of that year were worth far more than all the money which has been expended in missions and schools for the Dakotas. One of them, John Otherday, led more than sixty employes of the government, including the family of the agent, Galbraith, from the Upper or Yellow Medicine agency safely across the trackless prairie to the white settlements. Two others, Simon Angwangmani and Paul Mazokutirnani, who are still living, together with Rev. J. B. Renville, who received the rudiments of his education in Miss Poage's school, of which I have made mention above, were the chief agents in rescuing and delivering to Gen. Sibley the nearly 280 prisoners at Camp Release. In 1840, or about that time, we built at Lac qui Parle a house, 24x36 feet, for a meeting house and schools. It was built of unburnt brick, with a good shingle roof, plastered inside on the walls with lime, and ceiled with boards over head, and a folding partition; and, with

some repairs, was in good condition till the mission was moved from the neighborhood in 1854. This was the first building for a church or school house in the valley of the Minnesota.

In the summer of 1863 Rev. S. R. Riggs and family came to Traverse, and Mr. Robert Hopkins and wife joined them the next spring, and, in the autumn of that year, a school was begun for the Dakotas in the neighborhood; but as most of them strongly opposed it, not much was accomplished in teaching them to read. The second school house in the valley was erected in Traverse in 1845 or 1846. (I have no record of the date.) After the Indians left, it was sold, and for several years was occupied as a store by Bruce Pierce.

In the autumn of 1852 I took my family to Pajutazizi, and in the spring of 1853 we began a school there, and during the summer built a good frame school house, the third in the valley.

In March, 1854, the dwellings of the missionaries at Lac qui Parle took fire and were consumed, in consequence of which Rev. S. R. Riggs moved to the neighborhood of Pajutazizi, or Yellow Medicine, during the summer, and in a few years erected more and better buildings than were built at any other mission station among the Dakotas in Minnesota.

About this time a school was opened for white children in Traverse, but there are many in the neighborhood better informed about this than I am.

TRADITIONS OF SIOUX INDIANS.

By Maj. Wm. H. Forbes.

The Sioux Indian, or rather the Dakota Indian, is a Deist. He believes in one Great Spirit—Wahkon-(spirit)-Tonkah (great)—the creator of all things, who made the earth and all that belongs to it. He is God. He always was. What is now the world was at first one vast lake or sea. Wahkon-Tonkah cast thereon two black balls. The first became this earth, and with the other he created two of each, male and female, of every kind of living thing—beasts, birds, fishes, insects, reptiles—all of every moving or stirring object; and the same with the vegetable world. Lastly, he made man from three kinds of clay, white, red and black: the first white man and woman from the white clay, the Indian from the red, and the negro from the black. The white man was the most prudent. He immediately turned his intelligence toward the cultivation of the earth, and from the flint rock he made himself tools wherewith he erected a dwelling for protection from the cold, and caused the black, who appeared not to be able to plan anything, to assist him in his labor, and thereby making him dependent, he became the white man's servant. He tried the same with the Indian, but he would not submit. The Indian did not like the toiling life of the others. He turned his attention to the different kinds of animals, etc. He devised the bow and arrows, pointing the arrows with the flint, which he saw the others use to make their tools, and made himself a knife. He killed his game, which served him for food, cloth-

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Maj. Forbes was born on the island of Montreal. His father was a native of Scotland and member of Hudson Bay company as early as 1785. Maj. F. came to Minnesota in 1837. He was clerk and friend and intimate associate of H. H. Sibley many years. In 1847 he took charge of a branch of the fur trade at St. Paul; was postmaster of St. Paul in 1853-56; was partner of N. W. Kittson in St. Paul for supplying the Indian traders; had a trading post at Redwood agency, August, 1862, at the time of the outbreak. He served on Gen. Sibley's staff during the campaign of 1862-3; was appointed commissary of subsistence and captain of United States volunteers, serving to the close of the war. After the war was Indian agent at Fort Totten, Devils lake. He died July 20, 1875. (See vol. 4, Minnesota Historical Collection, page 54.)

ing and shelter. He followed the wild beasts, in his chase, into the forests and gradually wandered afar off, and thus, with his descendants, lost sight of the other two races. At last, after the white man had built up his country with cities, and had cultivated all the land, and had so multiplied that they encroached upon "one and another's" rights, they made war upon each other until some were compelled to seek for other lands, where they thought they might regain peace, when they discovered where dwelt the Indians, who were then happy, living by the chase, with plenty of game and but few wants. They took them by the hand; they welcomed them warmly; told them their medicine men had foretold their coming, and that they would come in big canoes, for they (the Indians) claim to have come in small canoes away far south; gave their visitors lands to till, and they soon went back and again returned with a great many more, bringing the black man to labor for them. But they soon took possession of all they saw and dispossessed the Indian of his most desirable and sacred locations. The Indian, feeling his wrongs, resisted. Wars ensued; but the white man, with his guns and other formidable implements of war, soon had the advantage, and other white men crossed the "waters" to assist, and the Indian was soon driven far away from his home and left all he once owned and had offered to share, in the hands of his visitors.

There are also among these Indians those who adore minor, or evil, spirits. These are embodied in rocks and such like. Such as believe thus are the "pow-wow" doctors, jugglers and "partisans," or war leaders. The Great Spirit has nothing to do with such, but can protect the good man if he asks for it, and the most certain protection is to join the medicine dance, a secret and religious society in its intention, although oftentimes perverted by the leaders or high priests to gratify some unholy act. But they are not singular in this respect. Their principal prayer and cry during an initiation to these rites is, "Wahkon-Tonkah, Oh-shee-mondah-yea!" Great Spirit, have pity on me. They sacrifice to the Great Spirit only objects of some value. These wild fellows would, for instance, sacrifice a dressed buffalo robe, dressed with tail, head and hoofs attached; or others, a valuable (to them) piece of scarlet cloth, etc.

The jugglers sacrifice small objects of no great value to their demons—an arrow, or a pipe of kinnikinic and tobacco, vermillion, etc., upon a stone painted red, as an altar, and supposed to embody their spirit.

They believe in a future existence; but, like "Mahomet's" heaven, its joys are sensual and such as please the taste and appetite of them while living in the body. My "relator" told me, that tradition said: "One man died and his spirit traveled away south, through a beautiful region and over an elegant road until he came to an immense place, the residence of many people, among whom he recognized some whom he had known in the body. He was kindly welcomed; he saw all kinds of game, fish, etc.; deer and buffalo seemed to predominate. He was invited to visit in several habitations, and his appetite was tempted with the most delicious food, all of which he refused to partake of, and was allowed to return to his body, and lived again." Others have told that they believed in the transmigration of spirits, the soul or spirit not always returning as a human being, but sometimes as a grizzly bear, wolf-dog, etc. This is about as near to the "totem" as I could learn, except in the "medicine dance." The sacred sacks used by its members are all different; when a member dies the sack is handed down to his nearest relative, who, in turn, becomes initiated, and so great is his respect for that animal from which the skin has been taken for the sacred sack that, even if starving, he would not eat of its flesh. But I noticed that, generally, the sacks are made from such animals or birds as are not deemed, even among themselves, table luxuries. They have loon skins instead of ducks', turkey buzzard, otter, mink, and such like. These animals or birds, I think, answer to the families by whom they are used, to what is termed "totem."

Upon the subject of future punishments, they have no very distinct theory; but there is evidently a practical belief, for, if a woman commits suicide (men, they think, do no such foolish and cowardly act) the cord by which she hangs herself (the mode of "suiciding") is left suspended, for the spirit of the deceased will remain there hanging. When a murderer is buried, he is placed face downward and something tied across the mouth, seemingly to keep the spirit there confined; but if forever, or for a time, I could never learn. It is the same with the soul of any very bad man—it does not leave the place where

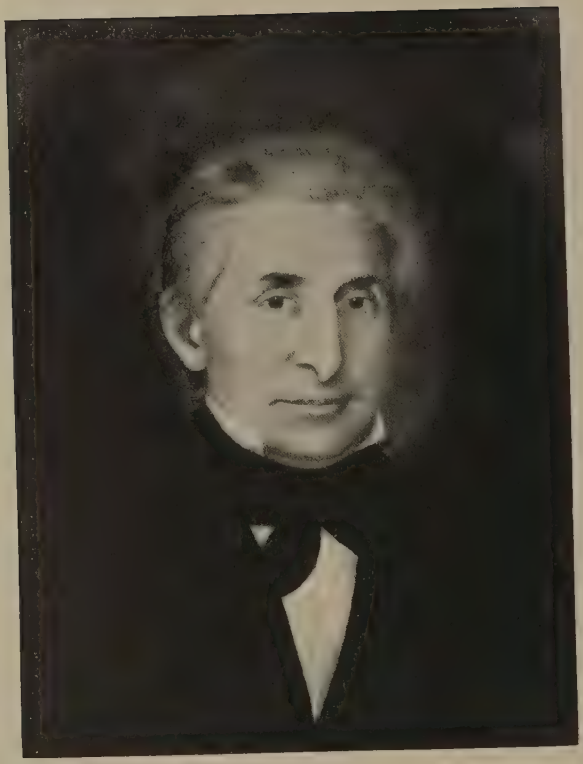
is placed the "remains," but hovers constantly around them, and of a dark, still night is heard to whistle the notes of a death song, detained from entering that pleasant "southern country."

The "spiritualists" who deal with the minor, or evil, spirits, have in their war-spear covers, "medicine," so termed, which is eaten or drunk just as they go into a battle, and of which they never otherwise partake. Our lower Sioux, about St. Paul, generally used whisky, and but very little in a small vial, which was drunk on going into the fight, and the vial thrown away. Many such vials have I furnished, with the liquor, to those who had returned from their Chippewa forays; and that is the way I account for the so few drunkards there were among those Indians, compared with other tribes or bands. I have been informed by those who have thus drunk the sacred whisky, on the eve of battle, that the effect was instantaneous, making the drinker frenzied and like a "madman" —"Dutch courage."

These last spiritualists have the most followers among the masses, owing to their reputation as doctors, although all who believe thus never deny the existence of the one and only all-powerful God.

I have thrown together these few traditions and customs of the Sioux, relating to their supernatural belief, in a hurry and without much care, putting them down as I have heard them; and I hope that even thus they may be useful in compiling a history of this strange people before the last disappears from his "hunting ground." But when he does, he will go to a better home, where justice will be done to him and to those who have wronged him.

Fort Totten Indian Agency, D. T., Jan. 22, 1872.



GABRIEL FRANCHERE.

(From a photograph, taken from a portrait.)

DEATH OF A REMARKABLE MAN.

By Hon. Benjamin P. Avery.

Gabriel Franchere, the last survivor of the little band of fifty-seven men who made the first American settlement on the Pacific coast, died at St. Paul, Minn., on the 12th of April, 1863, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. Mr. Franchere was born in Montreal, Canada, in 1786, of highly respectable parents, who gave him an excellent French and English education. In 1810, when in his twenty-fourth year, he joined the expedition fitted out by John Jacob Astor and others, to establish a fur-trading station on the Columbia river, in Oregon, which territory had then first come into notice through the reports of those energetic travelers, Lewis and Clarke, who had lately returned from an overland trip to the mouth of the Columbia, which they undertook under government auspices. Astor and his associates, constituting the American Fur company, conceived the idea of sending a party of Canadian boatmen up the Missouri river to its source, whence they were to strike across the country for the mouth of the Columbia to form a junction with another party who were to go round by way of Cape Horn. By both these routes, within the last fifteen years, have mainly poured those great currents of emigration which have peopled this coast with more than half a million Americans, and given to the Union two states, and three territories that soon will be states. Mr. Franchere sailed from New York with the Cape Horn expedition in September, 1811, acting as one of the clerks of the expedition. The little party that accompanied them from Montreal made the trip to New York city in a birch bark canoe by the St. Lawrence and St. John rivers, Lake Champlain and Hudson river, transporting their frail bark on

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Sept. 27, 1889.

With the photograph of Gabriel Franchere, which, at my request, is herewith presented to the Historical society by my friends, his son, E. Franchere, and grandsons, G. W. and F. Franchere, of Lake Crystal, this state, I wish to present the following from the pen of Benjamin P. Avery, late United States minister to China, and editor of the Overland Monthly. It is of real historical value beyond the biography of the man it honors.

Very truly,
T. H. KIRK.

wheels over the land intervening between these water courses. He has left a lively picture of their arrival at New York, a city which then contained only 90,000 inhabitants, while Brooklyn was a small village.

He says in his journal: "We had landed at the north end of the city, and the next day, being Sunday, we re-embarked, and were obliged to make a course round the city in order to arrive at our lodgings on Long Island. We sang as we rowed, which, joined to the unusual sight of a birch-bark canoe impelled by nine stout Canadians, dark as Indians and as gayly adorned, attracted a crowd upon the wharves to gaze at us as we glided along."

The whole expedition consisted of four of Astor's partners, eleven clerks, (of whom Mr. Franchere was one), thirteen Canadian boatmen, five mechanics and a crew of twenty-four. The vessel in which they sailed was called the Tonquin, of about 300 tons burden, commanded by Capt. Thorn, a first lieutenant of the United States navy. Most of the men claimed to be British subjects, but the expedition sailed under the American flag, and was commanded, as we have seen, by an American naval officer. The voyage was a long and perilous one. Touching at the Sandwich islands, several natives joined the expedition and shared its subsequent fortunes. After landing all but the officers and crew at the mouth of the Columbia, the Tonquin was under orders to open a trade with the Indians at Nootka sound. It was attacked by the savages shortly after arrival at its destination, every man aboard killed and the ship destroyed. This was a severe blow to the colonists, but they proceeded vigorously to build and fortify the settlement, which was called Astoria, after the proprietor of the enterprise. A thrifty trade for furs was begun with the Indians, and several exploring parties were sent into the interior, one of which Mr. Franchere accompanied, encountering great dangers and hardships. Astor sent another expedition around Cape Horn to re-enforce the little colony, which was further strengthened by the arrival of a portion of the party of boatmen who had previously sailed up the Missouri. At the breaking out of the War of 1812, the English sent a man-of-war brig, the Raccoon, to break up the settlement at Astoria. The post was necessarily surrendered, and its inhabitants made their way back

to the United States, overland, as best they could, by way of the Columbia and Saskatchewan rivers and the great lakes. Mr. Franchere arrived at Montreal in August, 1814, and the writer of this, who was so fortunate as to know him intimately within the last twenty years, has heard him describe, with great animation, the particulars of his perilous trip across the continent, and how he was hailed by his friends, and not least by the true girl who was still waiting for him, as one returned from the dead.

Mr. Franchere wrote and published in the French language a beautiful narrative of the expedition to Astoria and its varied fortunes and those of the persons composing it up to the time of his return to Montreal. Nearly forty years afterward —that is, in 1854—when he had long been a resident of New York City, he published an English translation of his work, which, as its editor says, possesses a Defoe-like simplicity of style, gives a remarkable description of travel and adventure in the Northwestern wilderness of fifty years ago, is a valuable fragment of our history snatched from oblivion, "and is, in fact, the only account by an eye-witness and a participator in the enterprise, of this first attempt to form a settlement on the Pacific under the stars and stripes." In 1846, when the Oregon boundary question was agitating the country and threatening to involve us in a war with Great Britain, a copy of the French edition of this little work furnished conclusive evidence of the priority of an American occupation and settlement in Oregon, and established the rightfulness of our claim to that territory. Thomas H. Benton quoted and praised "Franchere's Narrative" in a decisive speech on that question in the United States senate. Washington Irving had previously made it, to some extent, the basis of his charming "Astoria," borrowing from it largely. The English translation was published by Redfield of New York. It has gone through several editions, and is not yet out of print.

Mr. Franchere, subsequent to his return from Oregon, was connected with the American Fur company down to the time of its failure, and, in an extremely honorable manner, sacrificed his own personal fortune to assist in meeting its liabilities. He was afterward associated with the well-known house of Pierre Choteau, Jr., & Co. in their extensive operations in

the Northwest. Latterly he has been engaged in the fur business at New York in his own name. At the time of his death he was on a visit to his stepson, J. S. Prince, mayor of St. Paul, Minn. He was a man below the medium stature, of very simple and correct habits, which insured him good health and cheerful spirits. He possessed a blithe disposition, veined with a kindly humor; was very active and intelligent, exceedingly kind-hearted, true to his adopted country, and had a firm faith in the Christian religion. He left a wife (his second), several married daughters, and one son, who has been a resident of California since 1849, and is now in business in Nevada county. We believe he was the very last survivor of the Astoria expedition. He lived to see on the Pacific coast, which he found a complete wilderness, a young empire, growing to greatness under the most remarkable conditions known in human annals.

FIRST SETTLEMENT ON RED RIVER OF THE NORTH, 1812. CONDITION IN 1847.

By Mrs. Elizabeth T. Ayers.

This region of country was explored and first occupied by fur traders about the middle of the 17th century. Prince Rupert and other British lords undertook, at their own expense, an expedition to Hudson bay for the discovery of a passage into the South seas, or to China, and for finding trade for furs, minerals and other commodities. They made some discoveries, and were in 1670 incorporated under the title of Hudson Bay company. They received a charter from Charles II., granting to them and their successors exclusive right and jurisdiction over a territory larger than all Europe, which they called Rupert's Land. The charter has long since expired, but they continue to receive license from the British government for trading, and still enjoy superior rights and privileges.

But the first permanent settlement (put down on many of our school maps "Selkirk's Settlement") was made by a company of Scotch Highlanders in the years 1812 and 1815. They were driven from farms which they had rented in the north of Scot-

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Mrs. Elizabeth T. Ayer, the widow of Frederick Ayer, sent this manuscript to the Minnesota Historical Society with the following note written in a clear, firm hand.—W. R. M.

"Soon after missionaries went among the Indians of Red lake, which was in 1843, friendly relations sprang up between them and the settlers of Red river. The missionaries were hungry, and two of their number went to Fort Garry for food. They were given much more than the worth of their money. This was done repeatedly. After awhile the missionaries had an opportunity of securing and returning $1,800, which had been stolen from the bank of the Hudson Bay company. This little circumstance was much in their favor.

"In 1847 I went with our two children, eleven and thirteen years of age, to spend a winter with the Highlanders. While the boys were in school the mother spent some of her leisure time in writing 'The First Settlement of the Place.'

Yours truly,

"Belle Prairie, Minn., April 7, 1892. E. T. AYER"

August, 1894—Mrs. Ayer, aged ninety-two, is still living where her husband located in 1849.—W. R. M.

land, because the British government thought it more profitable to stock the land with sheep.

Being in distressed circumstances, they forwarded a petition to the British parliament for relief. This petition fell into the hands of Lord Selkirk, and he went in person to see the Highlanders. He owned a share in the profits of Hudson Bay company, and had purchased a large tract of land in that region, though he had never seen it.

He told the Scotch Highlanders that if they would leave their native country he would be at the expense of removing them to America, and would give them a free settlement on his possessions at Red river. He suggested that two from each family should first go and make preparation for the parents and children who might follow.

Accordingly in the summer of 1812 about sixty young men and women, mostly relatives, left Scotland to find a home in the American wilderness. They had a rough passage, and many of them died of typhoid fever after they entered Hudson bay. The remainder were obliged to winter at Fort Churchill and they did not arrive at the place of their destination on Red river till the next summer. While at Fort Churchill they were short of provisions, and those who were trading with the Indians at that place took advantage of their destitute circumstances and greatly oppressed them. They even took the locks from their fowling pieces to prevent their killing game, and then sold them stale provisions at a great price. The winter to them was a long one. They all left Fort Churchill in March on snowshoes, and, after encountering many difficulties, arrived near the mouth of the Assinaboine on Red river—not to find their appointed home, but to meet a continuation of troubles.

A company of fur traders, known by the name of "Nor'west company," after the cession of Canada to Great Britain, had spread themselves rapidly over the interior of North America to the Arctic circle and Pacific ocean—and finally extended their establishments to Hudson bay. A contest between this company and the Hudson Bay company, marked with great bitterness and animosity, was carried on for many years, and ended only in the coalition of the parties in 1821.

It was during these quarrels that the first company of Scotch Highlanders sent out by Lord Douglas, Earl of Selkirk, arrived

at Red river. The Hudson Bay company, of course, favored their settling there, while the Nor'west sternly opposed it. They feared that it might strengthen the Hudson Bay company against them. They treated the emigrants kindly in other respects. While they told them that they must expect trouble if they attempted to settle at Red river, they offered them a free passage to Canada and promised to see them comfortably settled there. Remembering the ill-treatment from some of the Hudson Bay company the previous winter, they more readily acceded to the proposal of the Nor'west company, and they went to Canada that same summer and settled on the north of Lake Erie. (Judge Ross in his corrections says, "A few of them went over the line into the United States.")

According to the original plan a second and larger party came over in 1815. The first party had written from Canada to their parents, giving an account of their troubles, but their letters were intercepted and never reached Scotland.

When this company of fathers and mothers arrived at Hudson bay they found at Fort York two of the children who were sent out in 1812 to make them a home in America. These two had refused to go with the rest to Canada, but were determined, if possible, to find their way back to Scotland. These two told the whole story. It was the first that the parents had heard from their children in three long years. Their hearts fainted. In bitter anguish they cried, "What shall we do?—what can we do?" They were refused a return passage to Scotland, and could they go back, not one of them had a home in the land of his birth. For them there was no alternative. They were obliged to go forward, well aware that trouble was before them.

Their fears were realized. It was seven long years before they were comfortably and peacefully settled. Alex. Ross says it was twelve years. Both parties are right, allowing them to reckon from their different standpoints.

This second party arrived at Red river in October, 1815, but not being able to get provision for the winter they went out on the plains to hunt buffalo. In the spring they returned to Red river; and notwithstanding the opposition of the Nor'west company, who wished them to follow their children to Canada, their lands were measured off according to the directions of

Lord Selkirk, and they put in their seed; but the threats against them were so dreadful that they could not be happy. Some of these threats were soon executed.

On the 19th of June, 1816, the Nor'west company, having come from their hunting grounds, presented themselves at the Hudson Bay company's fort on Red river. With them were a company of men, mostly half-breeds—in all they numbered 70 men, well prepared for slaughter. Their plan was, first, to take the fort, and thus to make themselves masters of the place; next to kill all the Scotchmen to prevent their settling at Red river, and should this be accomplished each one of these half-breeds was to have a wife or daughter of the slain for his services.

The Hudson Bay company, fearing an attack, had all gathered into their fort, which was, at that time, a poor security against such a company as stood, all mounted, before them. Gov. Semple and two of the Hudson Bay company went out to meet them—others gathered around to see what would follow. Twenty-two were slaughtered and six were taken prisoners. The massacre exhibited a scene of savage cruelty. The governor fell first, and though helpless, was not mortally wounded. He gave his gold watch to his antagonist to spare his life, but he was soon after shot through the head by Ma-ji-ga-ba-ne, a well-known conjurer and medicine man at Leech lake. The governor's faithful servant, who held his master clasped in his arms, shared a similar fate. Others pleaded for their lives, declaring that they would go immediately to England and never show themselves in this country again. But pleading and promising were vain. The Scotch settlers, however, were saved by a young Scotch half-breed who had been educated in England—he interposed in their behalf. But they were saved only on condition that they should all leave the place.

The dead, twenty-four in number, lay on the field, stripped and mangled, till the evening of the next day. The fort was then surrounded, and the conquered were allowed to bury their dead. The conquerors furnished them a guard while doing it, but still they feared that the more savage and bloodthirsty among them might disobey orders; and their slain were buried superficially.

Early the next morning, June 21, the Scotch Highlanders all started off according to promise and went with the Hudson

Bay company to Fort York. Earl Selkirk, being in Canada, heard of this outbreak, and sent soldiers to retake the fort. This was done, and the subdued parties who had wintered at Fort York, Hudson bay, returned to Red river in the summer of 1817, but too late to cultivate their fields and lay up a supply for winter. In this distressed and unhappy condition Earl Selkirk found his colony. This was the only time he ever saw his possessions on Red river. The sight affected his health, and is supposed to have shortened his life. He had expended £80,000 on his colony, and it seemed to bring only trouble and sorrow. The lands he had purchased of the Indians, excepting what were occupied by the Highlanders, he made over to the Hudson Bay company and returned to Europe.

When the party returned from Fort York, after Earl Selkirk had retaken their fort, they met a horrible sight. The wolves and dogs had taken from their shallow graves the bodies of those they had buried in haste after the massacre and had strewn them over the ground to a great distance. After reburying the dead, nearly the whole settlement, which at this time had some additions from Europe, were driven by hunger to winter again on the plains—a mixed company, as may be seen from the fact that in their camp that winter they spoke nine different languages. In the spring they returned and did what they could to make themselves comfortable. They put in what seed they had, but for three years their crops were partly or entirely cut off by locusts. The first appearance of the locusts was on a Sabbath. People going from church met a cloud of them so dense that they with difficulty made their way through it. The barley, then in the ear, was in two hours completely cut off. The wheat that year was saved. The locusts deposited their eggs, and were soon gone. Afterwards they were seen by voyagers on the shores of Lake Winnipeg, heaped up in drifts as high as a man's head. The next year locusts sprung up from the soil and destroyed everything. The year following there were fewer locusts, but enough to destroy the crops.

In 1821 the contending companies united under the name of Hudson Bay company. Since that time all parties have been wonderfully careful to make no allusion to past troubles, and they are a happy community. The older children know but

little of former quarrels, and the younger children almost nothing. The different parties, including the Scotch, are now (1847) intermarrying with the full consent and approbation of parents.

The present number of inhabitants is five thousand five hundred, including the Indian settlement, which contains six hundred. These Indians have always been under the care of Rev. Mr. Cochrane. He is styled "Father of the Settlement." They are in a good state of civilization, and are thriving.

When the two fur companies were united in 1821, a small lot of land was given to each of their discharged servants. They are settled between Fort Garry and Pembina. The Scotch and English are farther down the river, between upper and lower Fort Garry, occupying a distance along the river of eighteen or twenty miles.

The Scotch are partial to the Presbyterian form of worship. When they left Scotland they had promise of a preacher who could speak Gaelic, and it was a grievous disappointment to them that he did not come. At present (1848) nearly all understand English, but the few who cannot understand still mourn, and still hope to see him before they die.

There are six Episcopal churches in the settlement, a Catholic cathedral, one or two chapels and a nunnery. The Scotch Highlanders worship with Episcopalians. There are seven schools in the settlement. There is also an academy near Fort Garry patronized by Hudson Bay company. Most of its pupils have been children of the chief fur traders throughout Rupert's land. It is a boarding school—they live in good style. Order and neatness are visible throughout the whole establishment. The boys are trained for business and the girls for wives and mothers. Rev. J. Macallum, Mr. Jones' successor, has been superintendent fifteen years.

The training of the children in the settlement is strictly religious. When children eat by themselves they always "say grace." At the boaring school the pupils take turn in expressing thanks, even when the master is present at the table.

In the Scotch and English settlements, between upper and lower Fort Garry, their houses, parks and cultivated fields are between the river and the "king road" (carriage road). West of this carriage road is an extensive prairie, where all their

cattle feed in common, and just before sunset they may be seen, as far as the eye can reach, every man's herd taking a straight course to its owner's gate. Their hay field, also, is in common —far out on the plains—and that every man may have an equal chance, it is the law of the place that no one shall commence making hay till the 20th of July. They are a generous people, but hard on trespassers.

Very liberal premiums are given from the public treasury to those who excel in the manufacture of any useful article. A lady of the writer's acquaintance just received about $8 for a small skein of very fine, nice yarn. So small was the skein that she could easily pass it through her finger ring.

The people are industrious and economical. They card and spin their own wool, and full their own cloth. This they do by kicking it. When a web of cloth that they want fulled is brought from the weavers a party of young men are invited in. The cloth is wet in strong soapsuds and thrown on the floor. The operators sit down, facing each other, with a support at their backs, and commence their work. The time they kick depends on how thick they want the cloth. The steam from the cloth, added to the labor of kicking, gives them a good bath. They retire to change their clothes for dry ones. In the meantime the women and girls are loading the tables, and a pleasant pastime ends the scene.

The general hospitality of the Selkirkers is so great that it must be both natural and acquired. They are not forgetful in entertaining strangers. Travelers have only time to introduce themselves before attention is paid to their wants. If tired and foot-sore, a small tub of water is brought, and even the matron, in her snowy-white, broad-ruffled cap, does not think it beneath her dignity to kneel, and, with her own hands, dress the feet of the weary stranger. They manifest the same kind heart with folks at home. It seems a pleasure rather than a hardship to the Scotch woman and girls when a father, husband or brother, returned from a long trip on a cold, stormy day, to take the whip from his hand and care for the team, while he warms himself and partakes of refreshments that are waiting for him. The women help in the harvest field. They know as well as the men when grain is ready for the sickle, and they do their share in harvesting the crops. Their fields

are not large, and they are near the houses. They have not much market for produce. There is much work to be done in which women cannot help. The principal jobs are getting hay and wood, for which they go ten or fifteen miles. Very, very few do that at present—1847-8.

FREDERICK AYER, TEACHER AND MISSIONARY TO THE OJIBWAY INDIANS 1829 TO 1850.

(Written at request of Rev. Mr. Boutwell.)

Frederick Ayer was born in Stockbridge, Mass., in 1803. When he was two years old the family moved to Central New York. His father was a Presbyterian minister, and he intended that his son should follow the same profession; but before he was prepared his health failed and he turned his attention to other business.

He commenced his labors for the Indians in 1829 by teaching the mission school at Mackinaw under the superintendence of Rev. Wm. M. Ferry. The pupils of this school were not all Ojibways, but were from many different tribes and spoke different languages.

Mackinaw was then a general depot of the North American fur traders. They brought not only their own children to the school, but such others as parents among whom they were trading wished to send. They were gathered from Lake Winnipeg, B. A., north, to Prairie du Chien and the head of Lake Michigan south. They were taught in English only.

In the summer of 1830 Mr. Ayer went to La Pointe, Lake Superior, with Mr. Warren, opened a school and commenced the study of the Ojibway language. In 1831 he met at Mackinaw Rev. Messrs. Hall and Boutwell, who were sent out by the A. B. C. F. M. to the Indians, and he returned with Mr. and Mrs. Hall and their interpreter to spend another winter at La Pointe.

The next year, 1832, Mr. Ayer wintered with another trader at Sandy Lake. He opened a school there and completed a little Ojibway spelling book, which was commenced at La Pointe. In the spring of 1833 he left Sandy Lake for Utica, N. Y., to get the book printed. Mr. Aitkin, with whom he had wintered, gave him $80, and, with a pack on his back and an experienced guide, he started on his journey. Before they reached Sault Ste. Marie the ice in Lake Superior was so weak that Mr. Ayer broke through and was saved only by carrying horizontally in his hands a long pole to prevent his sinking.

(Before arriving at any settlement they were out of provisions; but fortunately, providentially, I should say, they came to a sugar camp. Here they got fish of the Indians and a quart of corn, which they crushed between two stones, and this sufficed till they reached Fort Brady.)

Mr. Ayer hastened on to complete the object of his journey that he might return to Mackinaw in time to go up Lake Superior with the traders.

Hitherto Mr. Ayer had been an independent worker. He now put himself under the direction of the "American Board" (he married a teacher of the Mackinaw school) and was sent to Yellow Lake, Wis., within the present bounds of Burnett county. Miss Delia Cook, whose name should never be forgotten among the early missionaries, of the American Board to the Indians, and Miss Hester Crooks, daughter of Ramsey Crooks, a girl educated at Mackinaw, and who had some experience in teaching, were among the number who coasted up Lake Superior in a mackinaw boat; the former to La Pointe mission, the latter to Yellow Lake, * with Mr. and Mrs. Ayer. They wintered in Dr. Borup's family at La Pointe. Mrs. Borup also had for some years been a pupil at Mackinaw. The next year Miss Crooks married Rev. Mr. Boutwell and went to Leech Lake; and John L. Seymour and Miss Sabrina Stevens, sister of J. D. Stevens, also Henry Blatchford, an interpreter from Mackinaw, were added to Yellow Lake mission. When Mr. Ayer told the Indians his object in coming among them they gave him a welcome. But six months later, seeing two or three log houses in process of building, they were much troubled, and met in a body to request him to go away. A Menomonee, from the region of Green Bay, had stirred them up, not against the missionaries, but against the general government. The speaker said: "It makes the Indians sad to see the white man's house go up on their land. We don't want you to stay; you must go." And further on he said: "You shall go." Mr. Ayer answered him. The party left at midnight, and the missionaries went to bed with heavy hearts, thinking that they might be thrust out almost immediately. But before sunrise the next morning about two-thirds of the

*Yellow Lake river, which flows into the St. Croix from the Wisconsin side half way between Lake Superior and the Mississippi, is the outlet of Yellow lake.

same party returned and said they had come to take back what they had said the night before. The war chief was speaker, but his words were mild. "Why," said he, "should we turn these teachers away before they have done us any harm?" They would like to have us stay, he said, but added that they did not want any more to come, for the result might be the loss of their lands. We might use whatever their country afforded, but they would not give us any land nor sell us any. "For," said the speaker, "if we should sell our land where would our children play?"

Mr. Ayer finished his school house and went on with his work as though nothing had happened. But evidently things were not as they should be. The old chief seemed to "sit on the fence" ready to jump either way. The war chief was always friendly, but he had not so much control over what concerned us. He did what he could without giving offense and was anxious that his daughter of fourteen years should be taken into the mission family. Mr. Ayer remained two years longer at Yellow Lake. In the meantime the chief of Snake River band sent messages inviting the teachers to come and live among them. Accordingly in the spring of 1836 the mission was removed to Pokaguma lake, eighteen miles up the river. The chief did all he had promised, and showed himself a man. Nothing was said here to remind the missionaries that they were using the Indians' wood, water and fish. On the contrary, when they sold their land it was urged that the teacher's children should be enrolled for annual payment the same as their own. The chief said that as they were born on the land it was no more than right, and he wished it might be done. Franklin Steele was the first white man who came to visit the missionaries at Yellow Lake. For sufficient reasons, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour had gone to Quincy, Ill., to pursue their studies, and Rev. Mr. Boutwell and Mr. Ely had been added to the mission. A school had been opened, some Indian houses built, gardens enlarged, a church organized, and the future looked hopeful. "But things have an end."

In 1840 the Sioux selected this settlement as the place to avenge the wrongs of the Ojibways—some of recent date; the principal of which was the killing of two sons of Little Crow, done in self-defense, between Pokaguma and the Falls of the St. Croix.

The Sioux arrived at Pokaguma in the night and stopped on the opposite side of the lake, two miles from the mission. The main body went to the other side, and, after examining the ground where they intended to operate, hid among the trees and brush back of the Indian gardens, with orders that all keep quiet on both sides of the lake till the given signal, when the Indians were busy in their gardens, and then make quick work. But their plans failed. Most of the Ojibways of the settlement had, from fear of the Sioux, slept that night on an island half a mile out in the lake (I mean the women and children), and were late to their gardens. In the meantime a loaded canoe was nearing the opposite shore, and the few Sioux who had remained there to dispatch any who, in time of battle, might attempt to escape by crossing over, fired prematurely. This gave the alarm and saved the Ojibways. The chief ran to Mr. Ayer's door and said expressively, "The Sioux are upon us," and was off. They seemed at once to understand that the main body of the enemy was close at hand. The missionaries stepped out of the door and had just time to see a great splashing of water across the lake, when bullets came whizzing about their ears, and they went in. The Sioux had left their hiding place, and the battle commenced in earnest. Most of the women and children of the settlement were yet on the island. The house of the war chief was well barricaded, and most of the men gathered in there. The remainder took refuge in a house more exposed at the end of the village. The enemy drew up very near and fired in at the window. One gun was made useless, being indented by a ball. The owner retired to a corner and spent the time in prayer. The mother of the house, with her small children, was on her way to the island under a shower of bullets, calling aloud on God for help.

The missionaries, seeing from their window quantities of bloody flesh thrown upon stumps in the battlefield, thought surely that several of their friends had fallen. It proved to be only a cow and a calf of an Ojibway. The mission children were much frightened, and asked many questions, and for apparent safety went up stairs, and were put behind some well-filled barrels. In the heat of the battle two Ojibways came from the island and landed in front of Mr. Ayer's house. They drew their canoe ashore and secreted themselves as

well as surroundings would permit. Not long after three Sioux ran down the hill and toward the canoe. They were fired upon and one fell dead. The other two ran for help, but before they could return the Ojibways were on the way back to the island. Not having time to take the scalp of their enemy, they hastily cut the powder horn strap, dripping with blood, from his breast as a trophy of victory. The Sioux drew the dead body up the hill and back to the place of fighting. The noise ceased. The battle was over. The missionaries soon heard the joyful words, quietly spoken, "We still live." Not a warrior had fallen. The two school girls who were in the canoe at the first firing in the morning were the only persons killed, though half of the men and boys in the fight were wounded.

The Sioux women and boys who had come with their warriors to carry away the spoil had the chagrin of returning as empty as they came.

The Ojibways were careful that no canoes should be left within reach of the Sioux. The Sioux marauders found a log canoe, made by Mr. Ely, and removed their dead two miles up the river, dressed them (seemingly) in the best the party could furnish, with each a double-barreled gun, a tomahawk and scalping-knife, set them against some large trees and went on their way. (Some of these articles, also their elegant (?) head-dresses were sent to the museum of the American Board in Boston.)

In the closing scene the missionaries had the opportunity of seeing the difference between those Indians who had listened to instructions and those who had not. The second day after the battle the pagan party brought back to the island the dead bodies of their enemies, cut in pieces, and distributed parts to such Ojibways as had at any time lost friends by the hands of the Sioux. One woman, whose daughter was killed and mutilated on that memorable morning, when she saw the canoes coming with a head raised in the air on a long pole, waded out into the water, grabbed it like a hungry dog and dashed it repeatedly on the stones with savege fierceness. Others of the pagans conducted themselves in a similar manner. They even cooked some of the flesh that night in their kettles of rice. Eunice (as she was named at her baptism) was offered an arm. At first she hesitated; but for reasons, suffi-

cient in her own mind, thought best to take it. Her daughter-in-law, widow of the son who had recently been killed and chopped in pieces by the Sioux, took another, and they went into their lodge. Eunice said, "My daughter, we must not do as some of our friends are doing. We have been taught better." And, taking some white cloths from her sack, they wrapped the arms in them, offered a prayer and gave them a decent burial.

About this time a Mr. Kirkland was sent from Quincy, Ill., by a party who wished to plant a colony not far from the mission station. He arrived at Pokaguma very soon after the battle. Notwithstanding what had happened he selected a location on Cross lake, just where a railroad has now been in operation for some years (Pine City). He worked vigorously for two or three weeks and then went to consult the Indian agent and the military at Fort Snelling. They gave him no encouragement that the two tribes would ever live in peace and he went home.

The Ojibways lived in constant fear, and the place was soon deserted. This was a great trial to the missionaries, but they did not urge them to stay. They separated into small parties and went where they could get a living for the present and be out of danger. The teachers remained at their post, occasionally visiting the Indians in their retreat, hoping they might soon think it safe to return to their homes. In this they were disappointed. These visits were not always very safe. On one of these trips Mr. Ayer was lost, and from cold and hunger came near perishing. Not finding the party he sought, he wandered about for a day or two. In the meantime the weather became much colder. Not expecting to camp out he took only one blanket and food enough for one meal. In crossing Kettle river on a self-made conveyance, and there being ice on the opposite shore, he got wet. The Indians, anticipating his visit, had sent a young man to the mission station to guide him to their new locality. He returned in haste, fell on Mr. Ayer's track, and a light sprinkle of snow enabled him to follow it till he was found.

In 1842 Mr. Ayer went with his family to the States, and in Oberlin was ordained preached to the Ojibways. He soon returned to the Indian country, and David Brainerd Spencer, an Oberlin student went with him. They spent the winter of

1842-3 in traveling from one trading post to another, selecting locations for missionary labor. For their own field they chose Red Lake. When Mrs. Ayer, with her two little boys, six and eight years old, went to join her husband at the new station, Alonzo Barnard and wife and S. G. Wright, all of Oberlin college, went with her. Other missionaries soon followed, and that station was for many years supplied with efficient laborers. More recently the work there was assigned to Bishop Whipple, and is still carried on. The Red Lake Indians were a noble band—they had a noble chief. In civilization he led the way, in religion he did not oppose. He shouldered a heavy ax, and could be seen chopping on one side of a large tree in profuse perspiration, while his wife was on the other side helping what she could with her hatchet. This chief was also an advocate of temperance. Not that he did not love whisky, but he hated the effect of it on his band. He dictated a letter to the president, begging him not to let the white-faces bring any more fire-water to his people, giving as one reason that they had teachers among them who must be protected, and if they had whisky he did not know what might happen.

In the church there was much childish simplicity. Once, when Mr. Ayer was lecturing on the eighth commandment, he paused, and, without expecting an answer, said: "Now who is there among you who has not stolen?" One woman began to confess, another followed, then another. One thought she had stolen about seven times. Another entered more into particulars, mentioning the things she had stolen, till the scene was quite amusing. Another rose to confess, but was cut short by her husband, who said: "Who knows how many times she has stolen? We are a nation of thieves." And with a few remarks the meeting closed.

Mr. Ayer's health required more out-door exercise, and early in 1849 he left Red Lake, taking with him his eldest son, and went to the frontier of the newly purchased territory, locating on the east bank of the Mississippi river about twenty miles below the Crow Wing river (now Belle Prairie, 1894). His plan was to open an independent school there for the more advanced and promising children in different parts of the Ojibwa country. His wife and other son joined them in July, but in three weeks after the son passed away like a flower, to the great grief of the lonely little family. But Mr. Ayer was prospered

in his undertaking. That same year he raised a crop of potatoes and oats, for all of which those who were building Fort Ripley gave him $1 a bushel, taking them from the field.

J. C. Burbank (afterwards prominent in business in St. Paul) was hired to hew the frame of a school house, and while Mr. Ayer was putting it up his wife went to the Eastern states and got money to foot the bill and at the same time engaged teachers. Mr. E. D. Neill said it was the best school house in the territory at that time.

Several of the fur traders and others gave him some aid, and when the school was opened sent their children. At first all the pupils had more or less Ojibway blood flowing in their veins. Over twenty were taken into the family, but in process of time, as the country settled, the school became more white than Indian. Mr. Ayer was particular to have good help. During the progress of the school one gentleman and two ladies from Vermont, two ladies from Mount Holyoke seminary, two from the college in Galesburg, Ill., a Mrs. Mahan of Oberlin and two or three others were for a longer or shorter time assistants in the work. They had a varying number of pupils till the commencement of the civil war and the Indian outbreak. When a district school was first organized it was joined with Mr. Ayer's school and remained so for some years.

Mr. Ayer's health improved, and when, after the war, men and women were called to go among the freedmen, he had his wife offered their services. In 1865 they were sent to Gallatin, Tenn., but finding the place occupied by earnest Quakers, they went to open a school in Atlanta, Ga. He stopped at Chattanooga and shipped a soldiers' chapel for a school house. Ten days after his wife joined him, and they immediately commenced school in the African church. On the first day they had seventy-five pupils—on the next day over one hundred. In less than a week the chapel was ready for use, more teachers had arrived, and both houses were filled. The work increased rapidly, and Mr. Ayer was obliged to leave the schools to attend to other matters. But his place was filled in the person of the late Mr. Ware, president of Atlanta university. The American Missionary association built two large houses under his supervision and remodeled another. His varied duties led to an acquaintance with different classes of men, and all seemed to respect him. He looked on most of them with favor,

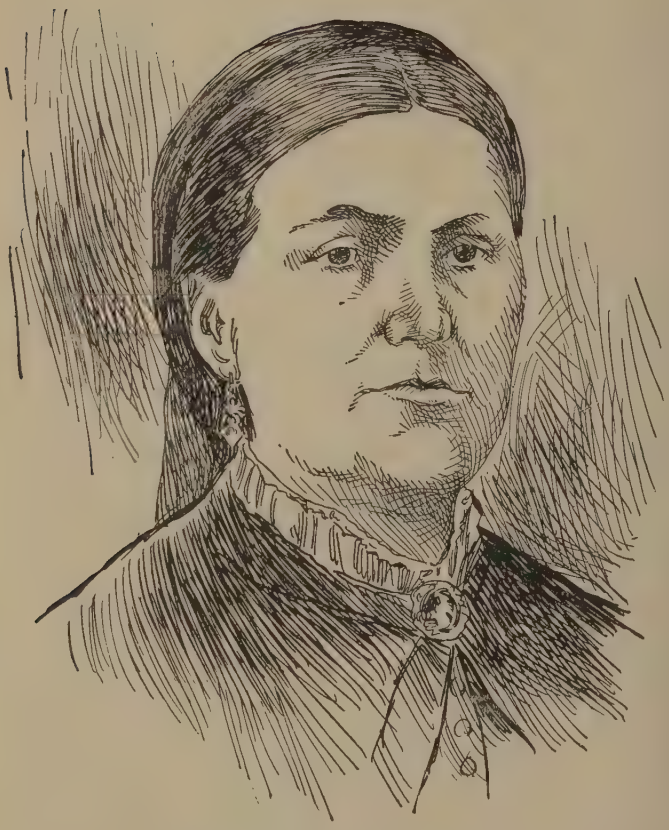
and the feeling was reciprocated. His first year in Atlanta was a peculiarly trying one. Members of families who had been long separated were in search of each other. They were cold and hungry. Mr. Ayer, by little and little, from his own private purse, saved many from starvation. He gave them no money, but for some time he had quite a bill to pay monthly at a grocer's. He gave tickets of small value for something eatable, just enough to keep them from starvation. Many did starve—both whites and negroes. Many others fed themselves by digging bullets from embankments in and around the city. There were others who lived by gathering bones, which were stacked in the heart of the city till they were shipped and ground to fertilize the surrounding country. It was whispered by anatomists that there was a large sprinkle of human bones among them. At the same time the smallpox was raging in the city.

Mr. Ayer organized a Congregational church and had a baptistry connected with the house of worship (Storrs school) that he might baptize by immersion, or otherwise, according to the wishes of the candidate. He also formed a temperance society, which, some months before his death, numbered more than six hundred members.

He was sick only three weeks, and in that time he was carried out two or three days to attend to important business which no other could as well do. To facilitate labor, his son, who, with his wife, had remained South after the war, had given his horse to his father and the latter bought himself a buggy. This enabled him to accomplish twice the work he could otherwise have done. In that hot climate he was industrious to a fault. He worked in summer as well as in winter, and seemed to enjoy it. "The spirit of a man sustaineth his infirmity." But his work was done.

At his death there was great lamentation. One aged rebel, who had lost a small fortune by the war, embraced the corpse, and, with sobs, said: "If he had not holpen me I should have gone before him." Many others, in word or action, expressed a similar feeling. All classes of people were represented at his funeral to the number (as was estimated) of three thousand. His remains were buried in Atlanta cemetery, Oct. 1, 1867.

Thus passed away one who had spent a life for the benefit of others.



MRS. NANCY MCCLURE-HUGGAN.

THE STORY OF NANCY McCLURE.

CAPTIVITY AMONG THE SIOUX.

I was born at Mendota, then called St. Peters, in 1836. My father was Lieut. James McClure, an officer in the regular army stationed at Fort Snelling for several years. He was a native of Pennsylvania and graduated from the West Point Military academy in 1833, and was sent to Fort Snelling to join his regiment soon after. In the fall of 1837 he was ordered to Florida, and died at Fort Brooke, near Tampa Bay, in the month of April following, at the early age of twenty-six. Of course I cannot remember him, but from what my mother and others have told me, I feel very proud that I had such a father. He was a brave, gallant and noble man, and had he lived he probably would have made a good record, and my life would have been far different from what it has been. He married my mother at Fort Snelling, and she always cherished his memory. Not long ago some letters of his were found among the papers of Gen. Sibley at St. Paul, and they show that he loved dearly my mother and me, his only child. I know very little of my relatives on my father's side. It is only lately, through the help of Gov. Marshall and another gentleman in St. Paul, that I have been able to hear directly from any of them, though I have tried for many years often and over again; but I am now in communication with them, and it gives me much happiness.

On my mother's side I know my family history pretty well. My great-great-grandfather was named Ta-te-mannee, or the Walking Wind. He was one of the principal chiefs of the great Sioux or Dakota Indian nation of Minnesota. My great-

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Mrs. McClure-Haggan's father was Lieut. James McClure, of the United States army. She was born in Mendota in 1836. Her mother was daughter of a Dakota chief. Her father died in Florida in 1838. His letters (among Gen. Sibley's papers in possession of the Historical society) show great affection and solicitude for his daughter, for whose care and education he provided.

W. R. M.

grandfather's name was Ma-ga-iyah-he, or the Alighting Goose. He was a sub-chief and a noted man. Of him Neill's History of Minnesota (page 903), giving an account of happenings at Fort Snelling in 1828, says:

"One day this month (February) an old Sioux named Ma-ga-iyah-he visited the fort and produced a Spanish commission, dated A. D. 1781, and signed by Col. Francisco Cruzat, military governor of Louisiana, the valley of the Minnesota at that time having been a portion of the Spanish domain, subsequently ceded to France."

I think it probable this commission had been given to my great-great-grandfather, the Walking Wind, and that he journeyed away down to St. Louis to receive it from his Spanish "Father." I do not, of course, know the circumstances, but would like to. The Indians greatly prize papers of this kind, and take good care of them, sometimes preserving them for many years. I have in my possession a paper given the Walking Wind in 1806, by Gov. William Clark, Indian commissioner. I am now trying to find the Spanish commission, and think I have discovered a trace of it. I know that some of my Indian relatives have some old papers, and I hope it is among them. But when I was a little girl my mother told me that once on a time, fifty years ago, some of my great-grandfather's brothers were drowned in a flood on the Missouri river. They were encamped on the river bottom, and during the night the water suddenly rose and swept them and nearly all the village away. It may be that they had this paper, and that it was lost with them.

The name of my mother's father was Manza-ku-te-mannee, or the Walking Shooting Iron—or gun. Another Indian of the same name, though commonly called Paul, was known to many of the old settlers and noted for his many services to the whites. My grandfather died when mother was about six years old, and she was raised by my grandmother. My mother's name was Winona, and my Indian name is also Winona, which, among the Sioux, means the first-born female child, and is as common a name among the Indians as Mary is among the white people. She was born at Redwood Falls. When she was young she was a very pretty woman, and very nice always. Before she met my father she was courted by

two respectable mixed-blood gentlemen, Joseph Montreille and Antoine Renville, and Mr. Montreille wanted very badly to marry her; but the young white officer, my father, won her heart. Two years after my father's death, though, she married Antoine Renville, and removed to Big Stone lake. His father, Joseph Renville, was a very prominent trader in early days. There were three children by her second marriage—Sophia, now living at the Sisseton agency, South Dakota; Isaac, now a Presbyterian minister at that agency, and William, now dead. My stepfather, Mr. Renville, always treated me very kindly, and I have nothing but respect for his memory. My dear mother died at Lac qui Parle in 1850, after a long illness. I was with her and cared for her a long time, and her death nearly broke my heart. My stepfather died a true Christian death in 1884.

Until I was about two years old I lived with my mother at Mendota, where I was born. Then my grandmother took me to live with her at Traverse des Sioux, and cared for me two years. Then, as mother was married again, and wished it so much, I went to live with her and my stepfather at Lac qui Parle, and my home was with them for ten years, or until my mother's death.

I had a pretty good start in the world for a poor little half-blood "chincha," if all the good intentions toward me had been carried out. By a treaty made with the Indians in 1837 the mixed-blood children were each to receive a considerable sum of money—$500, I think. My money, with that of some other children, was put into the hands of a man named B. F. Baker,—the Indians called him "Blue Beard,"—a trader at Fort Snelling, to be held by him in trust for us. But in 1841 he went down the river and died at St. Louis, and that was the last of the money. I never got a cent of it. There is a record of all this matter, but there might as well not be. My father, when he was in Florida, wrote to Gen. Sibley, who was then at Mendota—but he was not a general then, only the head trader—and sent him money to provide for mother and me. Then, when I was about eight years old, Mr. Martin McLeod—I think all the old settlers of Minnesota know who he was—began to give me clothing, one or two suits every year, out of his store. He said my father had loaned him some money, and when he

was sent away, he (Mr. McLeod) could not pay him, and that my father told him to pay when he could, but to see that my mother and I were cared for, and if anything happened to my father the money was to be mine. I have forgotten the amount; I think it was $700, and yet that seems too large a sum. I do not pretend to know how much I got of it. After I was married Mr. McLeod came to see me and gave me what he said was the last of it, I think it was $15, but I am not certain. Of one thing I am certain—he gave me a good scolding for getting married.

When I was a very little girl, perhaps about eight years old, I was put to school. My mother was very anxious that I should be educated, and that I should become a good Christian. It was lucky that those noble men and women, the missionaries, had established schools among us at that early day, and were willing to make such sacrifices of their own comfort to instruct the Indians in the true way of life. I try to be grateful to those dear souls for what they did for me and others, and yet I feel that I can never be sufficiently so. The first school I attended was the Rev. Dr. Thomas Williamson's at Lac qui Parle. While here I was the only girl that boarded in the Doctor's household, and was treated as one of the family. Quite a number of the other Indian children attended the school during the day, but they went home to their parents at night. Some of them lived in lodges or "tepees." Dr. Williamson's sister taught us. I do not remember her full name; we always called her "Aunt Jane." They were most excellent people and true Christians. I attended this school for two years, when Dr. Williamson removed to another Indian village at Traverse des Sioux. Rev. Adams took Dr. Williamson's place as missionary at Lac qui Parle. When the Doctor and his family were about to leave Lac qui Parle they were very anxious to have me go with them, and I was just as anxious to go; but my mother was not willing I should leave her to go so far away. I stayed with them to the last minute, and when they were ready to start "Aunt Jane" said she would go part of the way home with me, for I had two miles to walk to my stepfather's house. She went about half the way, and then came the time for us to part. I was only a little girl, but I was in great distress and sorrow at losing my friend. She

took my hands in hers and talked to me a long time. Then we kneeled down and she prayed long and earnestly; then we parted, and I ran home crying, and was the most miserable girl in the world, and I never saw dear "Aunt Jane" any more.

While at Dr. Williamson's school I had my first "Indian scare." How well I remember it! It was some time in the summer. The Doctor had some pretty young calves in a little yard near the house. He had three or four young children at this time, and we used to water these calves and care for them in other ways, and each of us claimed one. One day we heard an Indian coming toward the house, singing in a wild sort of way, and when we looked out we saw that he was drunk. He came up, jumped into the yard where the calves were, sprang at them like a panther, and killed every one of the little innocent creatures with his cruel knife. We were all terrified at the sickening sight, and screamed at the top of our voices. My stepfather's house was not very far away, and I ran to it as fast as I could and told him. He came at once and stopped the wicked wretch from doing any further damage and drove him away. When the mother cows came home that evening and smelled the blood of their murdered offspring they filled the air with their wailings, and we children all had a good cry. I felt very wretched that night, but little did I think then that I was destined in after years to witness far more dreadful scenes.

After Dr. Williamson moved away I was sent to Jonas Pettijohn's school at Lac qui Parle. Here four of us mixed-blood girls boarded in the house. Rose Renville was one of them, and she was my roommate. The other two were named Caroline and Julia. I do not remember their family names; indeed I do not think they had any, except, perhaps, their Indian names. I attended this school for two years. Mrs. Riggs was our teacher. At these mission schools we girls were given religious instruction and taught reading, writing and something of the other lower branches, and to sew, knit, and, as we grew older, to spin, weave, cook and do all kinds of housework. We were taught first in Indian, then in English. I was not much of a little numskull, and I learned pretty fast and without much difficulty. My teachers were very kind to me—praised me and encouraged me, and I hope I did not give them very much trouble.

I remember another trouble we had while I was at Pettijohn's school. About this time the work of the missionaries among the Indians was beginning to show. A great many were joining the church and becoming good Christians. The Indians, who were still in heathenism—or belonged to the "medicine dance," as we called them—did not like this. One Sunday when we went to church, twenty or thirty "medicine" Indians, all armed, were at the building and calling out that they would take away the blankets from all who entered and destroy them. In those days every Indian who could get one wore a blanket. We girls had one apiece, and on Sundays, when we went to church, we took care to have a nice clean one to wrap our little brown forms in, and we were as proud of it as the grandest lady in the land can be to-day of her sealskin. I can tell you, too, that it was not an easy matter for an Indian to get a blanket, either. A good one cost $5, and that was a big sum then. But the threats of the "medicine men" did not stop the Christian Indians from entering the church. They very readily gave up their blankets and went in to worship God, and to pray to him that he would soften the hearts of their wicked brethren outside and make them his servants, too. After we all got in and the services began, the men outside began to shoot at the church bell as at a target. They shot it several times, and actually cracked it so that it would not ring. Rev. S. R. Riggs was the preacher that day, and he was so affected that he cried before us all.

Mr. Riggs suffered many other insults from those Indians. He lived in the next house to Mr. Pettijohn's, only a few steps away. One day in winter he was hauling wood with an ox team, and some Indians came and shot the oxen while they were hitched to the load. I think this was all the team Mr. Riggs had at the time. The Indians acted very badly, and I thought they would kill the people next, but after they had cut up the meat so that they could carry it they took it and went away. It was in the winter, as I have said, and meat was scarce and could not well be had without going out on the plains where the buffalo were, and it was easier to kill the missionary's oxen than to do that.

When I left Mr. Pettijohn's school I went home to take care of my mother, who was sick. As she was confined to her bed so long, I did not get to return to school for some time. Her

death was a great blow to me, for we were much attached to each other, and now I was left alone in the world, an orphan girl of fourteen, with no one to care for me but my Indian relatives, and though they were kind enough, I did not wish to live with them. How much I longed to be with some of my father's people then, I cannot tell you. I was always more white than Indian in my tastes and sympathies, though I never had cause to blush for my Indian blood on account of the character of my family. My mother knew my disposition and hopes and ambitions, and, on her death bed, she told me to either stay with my grandmother, who had raised her, or go to Rev. Mr. Hopkins, one of the missionaries, and not to stay with the Indians. During mother's illness Rev. Adams and his good wife, the missionaries at Lac qui Parle, came often to see her, and were most kind to her. When she died the body was dressed and prepared for burial by Mrs. Riggs, my former teacher, who was the wife of Rev. S. R. Riggs. Mr. and Mrs. Adams were here in 1891, and I had a good long talk with them over the old times. They live in St. Paul now.

So, after mother's death, I went to Mr. Hopkins and was taken into his school at Traverse des Sioux. I attended his school for about six months. His wife was my teacher. While here my intimate schoolmates were Victoria Auge and her sister, Julia La Framboise, three mixed-blood girls, and Martha Riggs, a daughter of Rev. S. R. Riggs, the missionary. I learned very fast at this school, for I was now almost a woman. I was large for my age and strong and active. I could do all kinds of housework, and was a pretty good seamstress. My home was with my Indian grandmother, and I was the maid of all work. I was often flattered, and I am afraid I became a little vain. I know that I used to try to dress myself well and to appear well. I was fond of reading, and read what I could, but reading matter was scarce. One thing we had in plenty that I liked—flowers. The prairies were full of them, and I delighted to gather them.

In the summer of 1851 a great event happened at the Traverse des Sioux. This was the celebrated treaty between the government and the Indians, when the Sioux sold all their land in Minnesota to the whites. It was a grand affair. All the bands of Indians were there in great numbers. The commissioners came up, and with them a number of other white

men, traders, attorneys, speculators, soldiers, etc. They had great times, to be sure, and I have always wondered how so much champagne got so far out on the frontier! Gov. Ramsey was there, the governor of the new territory, a handsome man with a kindly face; he was a commissioner. Mr. Luke Lea, a one-legged man, was another commissioner. Another man with the commissioners was Mr. Hugh Tyler. He was a young man, very smart, with attractive manners, and a fine talker; he was there as an attorney for the traders, who were to get something by the treaty on old debts that the Indians owed them. Mr. Tyler came often to my grandmother's "tepee" to see me, and when he left he gave me a little Bible with his name in it.

Gov. Ramsey, too, came two or three times to see me. I remember well that he came once with Mr. Luke Lea. My grandmother and I had two tents, or "tepees." One we used to cook and eat in, and the other was what might be called our parlor. The Governor and Mr. Lea came into the parlor tent, and, after a few minutes, they said: "Well, you are very nicely fixed here, but we don't see anything to eat." Then I laughed, because I saw that they thought we had but one tent and did not know of our kitchen; but I said nothing, though it was true that we did not have a very great supply. When they left, Gov. Ramsey told me to send my grandmother over to headquarters and he would give her some provisions. So she went over, and they gave her more good things than she could carry. I suppose that was what might be called an Indian trick played off on Gov. Ramsey.

Soon after this I was married. I was only about sixteen, and too young to marry, but nothing would do my lover but I must marry him, and I suppose many another woman, from her own experience, knows how it was. My husband was David Faribault, a son of John Baptiste Faribault, one of the first Frenchmen in Minnesota. He was a mixed-blood, a tall, fine looking man, and had a good reputation. He was a trader and very well-to-do for those days. I went to Gen. Sibley for advice on this subject, for we all looked up to him in those days and thought whatever he said was right. He advised me to marry Mr. Faribault, said he was a good man, a fine money-maker and would always treat me well. So at last I consented and the wedding day was set.

The wedding came off at the time of the treaty, and it was quite an occasion. There was a great crowd present, Indians and whites. I wore a pretty white bridal dress, white slippers and all the rest of the toilet, and I had taken pains to look so as to please my husband, and all those grand gentlemen crowded about me and made so many pretty speeches and paid me so many nice compliments that they quite turned my young and foolish head. Gov. Ramsey, Gen. Sibley, Mr. Lea, Mr. Tyler and all the rest were there, and some army officers, too, and so were the head chiefs and principal men of the great Sioux nation, and the affair even got into the papers. There was a wedding dinner, too, and somebody furnished wines and champagne for it, and I was toasted and drunk to, over and over again. I could do nothing in return for these compliments but bow my thanks, for I was a stout Presbyterian then and a teetotaler, and I would not take even the smallest sip of the lightest wine on any account.

About a month after my marriage a man came out from the East searching for me. He told me he had been sent by my father's people to take me back to them. I was much distressed. But I was a wife now, and my duty was with my husband, and I could not go. The man seemed disappointed when he found I was married, and would not talk to me or give me any information. I do not know who he was, but I heard that he died on his way back to Pennsylvania, or wherever he came from.

Two years after I was married I went down to St. Louis with my husband. He was going down to purchase a stock of goods and some horses. We went to St. Paul, and there took a steamboat, which was owned and commanded by Louis Robert. Mrs. Robert went with us, and we had such a delightful time throughout the trip. I saw so many things I had long wanted to see, the great city—though it really wasn't very great then —and the thousand other sights. On the boat, both going down and coming back, were a great many fine ladies and gentlemen, and they were all very kind to me. Indeed, the young Indian wife (I was only eighteen then) had far more attention than she deserved. In one thing I was disappointed. I had hoped that among so many people I would find someone that knew my father, but I did not. Mrs. Robert was my guide and kept me from becoming embarrassed, and I enjoyed myself

so much. She and her husband have been dead some years, but I think all the people in St. Paul must know who they were, for they lived there so long, and there is a street in St. Paul named for Capt. Robert.

Some time after my marriage my husband and I removed to Shakopee, where my husband continued in trade with the Indians for, I think, two years. He trusted the Indians to a large amount and they never paid him. Then we moved to Le Sueur and lived one year; then to Faribault, where we lived four years, and then to Redwood agency, where we were living at the time of the great Indian outbreak of August, 1862. Then it was that sad and hard times fell upon us and nearly crushed us.

At the time of the outbreak we were living two miles from the Redwood agency, on the road to Fort Ridgely. We had a log house, but it was large and roomy and very well furnished. When we first came my husband intended engaging in farming and stock raising, but he soon got back to his former business, trading with the Indians, and when they rose against the whites he had trusted them for very nearly everything he had, for they were very hard up, and the other stores would not trust them for anything. Besides the goods he sold them on credit, he let them have fourteen head of cattle for food. The winter and spring before had been very enjoyable to me. There were a good many settlers in the country, some few French families among them, and the most of them were young married people of pleasant dispositions. We used frequently to meet at one another's houses in social gatherings, dancing parties and the like, and the time passed very pleasantly. I was twenty-five years of age then, had but one child and could go about when I wanted to, and I went frequently to these gatherings and came to know a good many people. Then came the summer, and the Indians came down to the agency to receive their annual payments under the treaty of 1851; but the paymaster with the money was delayed on the road until the time for the payment had passed. He was at Fort Ridgely with the money, all in gold, when the Indians rose. There were mutterings of trouble for some time, but at last it seemed the danger had passed away.

On the very morning of the outbreak my husband and I heard shooting in the direction of the agency, but supposed

that the Indians were out shooting wild pigeons. As the shooting increased I went to the door once or twice and looked toward the agency, for there was something unusual about it. My husband was out attending to the milking. All at once a Frenchman named Martelle came galloping down the road from the agency, and, seeing me in the door, he called out: "Oh, Mrs. Faribault, the Indians are killing all the white people at the agency! Run away, run away quick!" He did not stop or slacken his speed, but waved his hand and called out as he passed. There was blood on his shirt, and I presume he was wounded.

My husband and I were not prepared for trouble of this kind. Our best horses and wagons were not at home. We had two horses in the stable and harness for them, but no wagon. My husband told me to get my saddle ready and we would go away on horseback, both of us being good riders. We were getting ready to do this when we saw a wagon, drawn by two yoke of oxen and loaded with people, coming down the road at a good trot. My husband said we would wait and see what these people would say. When they came up to us we saw there were five or six men, three or four women and some children, and they were all in great fright. They asked us to put our horses to their wagon—as they could travel faster than oxen—and to get in with them. This we agreed to do, and soon had the change made. When they were harnessing the horses I ran to the house to try to secure some articles of value, for as yet we had taken nothing but what we had on our backs, and I had many things I did not want to lose. Woman-like, I tried first to save my jewelry, which I kept in a strong drawer. This drawer was swelled and I could not open it, and I was running for an ax to burst it, when my husband said, "Let it go—they are ready to start." So I took my dear little daughter, who was eight years old and my only child, and we started for the wagon. Just as I was about to get in—everybody else was in—I looked up the road toward the agency and saw the Indians coming. I was afraid they would overtake the wagon; so I declined to get in, and my husband got out with me, and we took our child and ran for the woods, while the wagon started off, the men lashing the horses every jump.

Just as we started for the woods, Louis Brisbois and his wife and two children, mixed-blood people, came up and went with us. We all hid in the wood. In a few minutes the Indians came up, and somehow they knew we were hidden, and they called out very loudly: "Oh, Faribault, if you are here, come out; we won't hurt you." My husband was armed and had determined to sell his life for all it would bring, and I had encouraged him; but now it seemed best that we should come out and surrender, and so we did. The Indians at once disarmed my husband. They seemed a little surprised to see the Brisbois family, and declared they would kill them, as they had not agreed to spare their lives. Poor Mrs. Brisbois ran to me and asked me to save her, and she and her husband got behind me, and I began to beg the Indians not to kill them. My husband asked the Indians what all this meant—what they were doing anyhow. They replied, "We have killed all the white people at the agency; all the Indians are on the war-path; we are going to kill all the white people in Minnesota; we are not going to hurt you, for you have trusted us with goods, but we are going to kill these Brisbois." And then one ran up and struck over my shoulder and hit Mrs. Brisbois a cruel blow in the face, saying she had treated them badly at one time. Then I asked them to wait until I got away, as I did not want to see them killed. This stopped them for half a minute, when one said: "Come to the house." So we started for the house, and just then two more wagons drawn by oxen and loaded with white people came along the road. All the Indians left us and ran yelling and whooping to kill them.

We went into the house. At the back part of the house was a window, and a little beyond was a corn field. I opened the window and put the Brisbois family out of it, and they ran into the corn field and escaped. They are living somewhere in Minnesota to-day. The white people were nearly all murdered. I could not bear to see the sickening sight, and so did not look out, but while the bloody work was being done an Irish woman named Hayden came running up to the house crying out for me to save her. I saw that she was being chased by a young Indian that had once worked for us, and I called to him to spare her, and he let her go. I heard that she escaped all

right. Now, all this took place in less time than one can write about it.

When the killing was over the Indians came to the house and ordered us to get into one of the wagons and go with them back to the agency. This we did, my husband driving the team. The Indians drove the other team. Soon after we started an Indian gave me a colt to lead behind the wagon. About half way to the agency we saw the dead body of a man lying near the road. Just before we reached the ferry over the Minnesota river we saw a boy on the prairie to the right. There were but three Indians with us now. One of them ran to kill the boy. At this moment a German rode up to us. I have forgotten his name, but the Indians called him "Big Nose." I think he is living at Sleepy Eye, Minn., now. One of the Indians said to the other Indian, "Shoot him and take his horse." The other said, "Wait till my son comes back and then we will kill him." (His son was the one that had gone to kill the boy.) All this time I was begging them not to kill the man. I asked my husband to plead with them, but he seemed to be unable to speak a word. At last I told the German to give them his horse and run into the brush. This he did and escaped.

When we got to the ferry the boat was in the middle of the stream, and standing upon it was a young white girl of about sixteen or seventeen years of age. The Indians called to her to bring the boat ashore, but she did not obey them. They were about to shoot her, when my husband told her they would kill her if she did not do as they ordered, and she brought the boat ashore. When it touched the bank a young Indian made this girl get on a horse behind him and he rode away with her, and I never heard what became of the poor creature. When I saw her being taken away I felt as badly as if she was being murdered before my eyes, for I imagined she would suffer a most horrible fate.

When we reached the agency there was a dreadful scene. Everything was in ruins, and dead bodies lay all about. The first body we saw was that of one of La Bathe's clerks. It lay by the road some distance from the buildings. The rest were nearer the buildings, Mr. Myrick's among them. We did not stay long here, but pushed on to Little Crow's camp. We

stayed that night with the Indians that brought us. Soon other prisoners, many of them half-bloods like ourselves, were brought in.

While we were in this camp we saw Capt. Marsh and his men coming from Fort Ridgely along the road towards the ferry. They could not see us, but we saw them, though at some distance. You know they were going to the agency, having heard that the Indians were rising. They stopped at our house and seemed to be getting water from the well. Poor fellows! Little did some of them think they were taking their last drink. They went on, and soon came to the ferry and fell into that bloody ambush where Capt. Marsh, Mr. Quinn and so many others were killed.

The next day the Indians under Little Crow went to attack Fort Ridgely. When they came back they reported that there were many half-breeds in the fort that fought against them, and shouted to them: "We will fix you, you devils; you will eat your children before winter." This made them very bitter against us, for they said we were worse than the whites, and that they were going to kill all of us. Most of them had whisky, and it was a dreadful time. Towards evening a heavy storm came up, and a thunderbolt struck and killed an Indian. Some one raised a cry, "They are killing the half-breeds now!" I caught up my child and ran. I saw my husband, with Alex Graham, running into Little Crow's corn field, and I saw him no more that night. An Indian woman went with me, and we did not stop until we got to Shakopee's camp, seven miles away. It was Indians, any way, the best I could do, and I had some distant relatives in that camp, and I would rather trust myself there than with Little Crow's drunken and infuriated warriors. My friends treated me very kindly—gave me a dry blanket and some dry clothes for my little girl, who was quite sick by this time. It was an awful night. Towards midnight the Indians brought in a lot of captive white women and children, who cried and prayed the rest of the night. How I felt for them, but of course I could not help them.

The next morning I left my child with my Indian friends and I and the woman who had come with me went back to Little Crow's camp to see what had become of my husband and how things were. No one had been killed except the Indian who was struck by lightning. To our surprise we found my hus-

band in the camp, and my companion's husband sitting over him very drunk, and with a butcher knife in his hand! The woman took the knife from her husband, and all was quiet for a time. My husband said he came back soon after we left, and that the Indian had been following him and threatening to kill him all night.

The team of horses we let the white people have at our house took them safely to Fort Ridgely. Just outside the fort one of the horses dropped dead. The other was left on the prairie, and the Indians that attacked the fort caught it. I think it was the fourth day of the outbreak that I was strolling through Little Crow's camp, when I saw my horse "Jerry." I untied him and was leading him away when an Indian ran up and said: "Here, I captured that horse at the fort, and he is mine." I told him I did not care how he got him; he was mine, and I was going to take him. At last he allowed me to have him. I had that horse at Camp Release, and took him with me to Faribault, Minn. The funny part of this story is that this same Indian is living here, near Flandrau, now. About two years ago he wanted to borrow some money from one of the banks here and wanted me to go with him and recommend him to the bank. He said he thought I ought to go, as he let me take that horse!

Another day the cry was raised that the half-breeds were all to be killed. Little Crow held a council and would allow no Indians to attend it that had half-breed relatives. We thought this looked bad for us, and there were all sorts of alarming reports. Three young Indians came and sat by our camp and talked, and were heard to say that when the half-blood men were killed one of them should have me for his wife; I presume they meant the one that should murder my husband. A few minutes afterward my uncle, with three of his cousins, rode into the camp. My uncle's name was Rday-a-mannee (the Rattling Walker). He was a very brave, good man, and had taken no part in the outbreak. To my great joy, he said he had come to take us away. When Little Crow heard this he came out and told my uncle that he would not allow any one to take away half-bloods from the camp, and if any one tried to he would order his warriors to kill him. How proud I was of my brave uncle when he made this reply: "Little Crow, I only

want the people who belong to me, and I will take them. You think you are brave because you have killed so many white people. You have surprised them; they were not prepared for you, and you know it. When we used to fight the Chippewas you were all women; you would not fight. If I leave these people here you will worry them to death. Now, I am going to take my people, and I would like to see the man that will try to stop me!" With this we started, and some of the Indians raised the war-whoop. But we kept on, my uncle and his cousins riding in the rear, their guns in their hands, and Little Crow and his warriors looking sullenly but silently at us.

The first day out we got as far as Yellow Medicine. From here we went to the mouth of the Chippewa river, where my uncle lived. Here I found my old grandmother, too, for she was the mother of Rday-a-mannee, and he and my own mother were full brother and sister. I now felt much better, and my appetite came back. Since the outbreak I had scarcely eaten anything. Grandmother died only a few years ago in Manitoba; she was very old. My uncle is still living in Manitoba. He was accused of taking part in the outbreak, I suppose, and that is why he left the United States. But I know he was innocent; if I knew he was not, I would be very sorry, but I would say so. Some of the Indians have been accused of taking part in that dreadful thing who are innocent; but a great many more are said to be innocent who are really guilty.

Some days after we got to the mouth of the Chippewa, Little Crow's and Shakopee's bands and all the other Indians came up. We all stayed here until Gen. Sibley and his troops came into the country, and then the Indians went out to meet them. In a few days we heard the booming of the cannon in the battle of Wood lake. Commonly the roar of cannon is a dreadful sound in the ears of women, but to us captives in the Indian camp the sound of Gen. Sibley's guns was as sweet as the chimes of wedding bells to the bride. Very soon stragglers came in bearing wounded, singing the death song and telling the tale of defeat. They were cursing the half-breeds, saying that Gen. Sibley had numbers of them with him in the battle, and that every shot that one of them fired had hit an Indian. It did me real good to learn that so many of my race had stood loyal and true and had done such good service. You know

that only a very few half-breeds took part in the outbreak. The Indians have always bitterly hated the half-breeds for their conduct in favor of the whites in that and other wars, and they hate them still. It seems they can forgive everybody but us.

But then came the word that the defeated Indians would take vengeance on the half-breed captives and the whites, too, as soon as they got back. It was another exciting time. Some of us dug holes in the ground and hid ourselves. I dug a hole large enough to hide myself and child in a few minutes, and I had only a little fire shovel to dig with, but I made the dirt fly. When the excitement was over—for the alarm was false—I tried again to dig with that same shovel, and somehow it wouldn't dig a little bit! I kept that shovel for years, but finally lost it.

When the warriors came back they had numbers of wounded, and the death song was going all night. I began to be very brave. The soldiers were near, the half-bloods were in the saddle and I felt that I would soon be safe. An Indian woman near me began abusing us. She said: "When we talk of killing these half-breeds they drop their heads and sneak around like a bird-dog." Her taunting speech stung me to the heart, and I flew at that woman and routed her so completely that she bore the marks for some time, and I am sure she remembered the lesson a great deal longer! Perhaps it was not a very ladylike thing to do, but I was dreadfully provoked. Most of my companions were greatly pleased, and the Indians did not offer to interfere.

I heard the Indians plan their part of the battle of Wood lake. About twenty of the chiefs and head warriors sat down near our tent one evening and talked it all over in my hearing. I do not now remember who all of them were. Little Crow was there, and with him were Pa-ji-ro-ta (Gray Grass), Hu-sap-sa-pa (Black Leg) and his brother, Ta-taka-wa-nagi (Buffalo Ghost), Shakopee (Six) and others. I did not understand the plan very well, but it was agreed that Gen. Sibley's forces were to be cut into two or three parts by the Indian movements. A strong party was to go into a large ravine. Another party was to show itself at another point and attract the attention of the soldiers; then the ravine party was to come up and cut the white forces in two, and so on. When I heard

all this it did not alarm me the least bit. I knew that Gen. Sibley and Col. Marshall and Col. McPhail and the other officers would have something to say and do about that fight. But the Indians were confident, and, as they were leaving the camp, many of them said: "We will have plenty of pork and hard-tack to-night!"

At last Gen. Sibley came and surrounded our camp. A great many officers came with him, and I remember that Col. Marshall was one of them. They came into the camp and took away the white captives first. Gen. Sibley knew me, and told me to take my child and go with them. I asked him if all the half-bloods were going and he said they were not. I did not understand it all then, and I said I would stay awhile. Maj. Fowler, who was married to my husband's sister, then came and told me I had better go, as the soldiers were greatly enraged at some of the half-bloods, and their officers were afraid they could not "hold them." I told him I had a half-brother and a half-sister there, and I would stay to protect them. So I stayed that night there, and went over into Camp Release in the morning. I was a witness before the military commission that tried the Indians, and called several times, but I could not recognize any of the prisoners as those I saw taking part in the murders of the whites. I was sorry that the guilty wretches I had seen were not brought up. I think I was at Camp Release about two weeks.

I cannot tell all of the scenes I saw while I was a captive. Some were very painful. I knew a great many of the white prisoners I was with, but now I only remember the names of Mrs. Crothers, Mrs. White and her daughter and Miss Williams. Some of the women came to me at times and asked me to let them stay with me. It was hard to refuse them, but I thought it best. I saw many women, some of them French women, that I had met the winter before at the country dances and other parties I have spoken of. I saw George H. Spencer quite often; he was still suffering from his wounds.

The night before the troops came to Camp Release, twenty or thirty Indians came in with a young white girl of sixteen or seventeen. She was nearly heartbroken, and quite in

despair. When the half-breed men saw her they determined to rescue her, and we women encouraged them. Joe Laframboise and nine other mixed bloods went boldly up and took the girl from her brutal captors. The Indians threatened to shoot her if she was taken from them; but Joe was very brave, and said: "We are going to have her if we have to fight for her; and if you harm her it will be the worse for you. Remember, we are not your prisoners any more." So they took her, and she was rescued at Camp Release. Two other half-breed boys acted very bravely on this occasion—the Robertson boys; each was named Thomas, but they were not related. One of them is living at Sisseton; the other died five years ago, but his family lives near Flandrau.

One day Shakopee came to our camp and talked with me. He said he would not have taken part in the outbreak but for the fact that his son had gone off hunting and the whites had killed him. "And now," said he, "my arm is lame from killing white people." A few days afterward his son returned all safe. The only time I spoke to Little Crow was the day my uncle came for us. He ordered my husband to hitch up a team for him that he had taken. The horses were not well broken and were quite wild, and he could not hitch them up himself.

When we were at Camp Release a Mrs. Huggins, who had been the wife of Amos Huggins, who had been killed, lived near us. He and I were children together at Lac qui Parle. One day her little girl, three years of age, a bright child, came to our tent when my husband and I were eating dinner, and we gave her a seat with us. The little thing said: "This is not like the dinner mamma made the day papa was killed. The Indians killed my papa on his very birthday. We were going to have a good dinner. Mamma made a cake and everything nice, and papa came home with a load of hay, and the Indians shot him. But my papa isn't dead for sure. He is in heaven with God. You know, Mrs. Faribault, God is everywhere." We could not eat another bite after that.

I think the only time I laughed while I was a captive was at an Irish woman, another captive. She was about forty-five years of age and not very shapely of form. Just before Camp

Release we made many moves of a mile or two. The Indians had taken her ox team, and had often let her ride on the marches; but on the last march they made her walk. She came to our camp and inquired of my husband for John Mooer. She had on squaw clothes, had a baby in her arms, her face was very dirty, her hair towzled, and she was sputtering away in her Irish brogue and was a comical sight. She knew my husband, and she said: "Mr. Faribault, where are we goin' anyways?" My husband said: "We are going to the whites pretty soon." Then she said: "Well, I wish they would do something; I am sick of this campin' and trampin' all the time. That's my team they have, and the blackguards do be makin' me walk, and, be gosh, I am goin' to see John Mooer about it," and off she went to find Mr. Mooer.

While the Indians were away fighting at Wood lake, I and others of the mixed-bloods could have gone away from the camp; but Little Crow said if any of us did so those who remained should be killed; and so I thought it better to stay. Some women went away all the same, and escaped, too—Mrs. Quinn, Mrs. Prescott, with their children, and others. They seemed to know that Little Crow's threat was only a bluff, but he might have carried it out had he won that battle.

At last a lot of us released captives were started off for the settlements below. There were seven wagon loads of us in the party, whites and mixed-bloods, all women. At St. Peter's a store building was cleared out, cooking stoves put up, and bedding given us. An officer, whose name I am sorry I cannot remember, was in charge of us. Joe Coursalle, a noted half-blood scout, was with us. In the evening the German, whose life I saved the first day of the outbreak, came into the room. He was intoxicated, had a knife in his hand, and said he was looking for an Indian to kill. The officer had gone out, but Coursalle was in and said to the reckless fellow, pointing to me, "Here is the woman that saved your life." This seemed to quiet him, and he thanked me very kindly. Then the officer came in and said to him: "Get out, you rascal. If you want to kill an Indian so bad, go West, to the front. There are lots of them out there, and they want to fight," and he put him out.

I went to Faribault and stayed at the home of my brother-in-law, Maj. Fowler, for some time. My husband remained with the troops under Gen. Sibley. All we had left was my horse, "Jerry." Our property had all been taken or destroyed by the Indians, but our log house was not burned. Our loss, besides what the Indians owed my husband, was fully $3,000. Our home was at Faribault for two years. We then moved back to Redwood, and then to Big Stone lake. Here, through Mr. L. Quinn, the scout, who has always been my staunch friend, my husband got employment as interpreter under Maj. Crossman, who, with a party of soldiers, was on the way to build Fort Ransom, 150 miles northwest of Big Stone lake. We reached the site of the new fort in June, 1867. My husband was placed in charge of the scouts at this fort.

In the fall of 1867 we went out about thirty miles from the fort on the Cheyenne river and kept a mail station, where the horses of the mail coaches were changed. We also kept a house of entertainment for travelers. While here we had much trouble from the Indians. We were beginning to "pick up" a little after losing everything in the outbreak of 1862, when another loss came. In June, 1868, my husband went to Winnipeg—or Fort Garry—to put our daughter in school. While he was away the scouts rode up one day and told me that a strong Indian war party was not far off, and that we had better run away. I and others connected with the station got ready at once. Our wagon was not at home, and my husband had the buggy. We put some things into two carts and hid some other goods and went as fast as we could to Fort Abercrombie, forty miles away. We stayed at Abercrombie two weeks, until my husband came; and when we went back home we found that everything had been taken by the Indians, even the things we had hidden in the woods. So we were empty-handed again. Twice, while we lived here, the Indians stole horses from us, and at other times they tried to, but our men drove them off. One time our men had a fight with them in the night. My present husband was with us then, and came near being killed. When we left Cheyenne we went to Sisseton agency, but only remained a few weeks. My life since then is hardly worth writing about.

My first husband died about eight years ago. Since then I have remarried to Mr. Charles Huggan. We live on a farm, near Flandrau. My only child, who was a captive with me, is the wife of Rev. John Eastman, a Presbyterian minister and a mixed-blood. They have six children, all bright, interesting and promising. When I was first married I was a Presbyterian, but Mr. Faribault and all his family were Catholics, and I became a Catholic, and am a member of that church still. I think Christian churches are like so many roads, all leading to the heavenly land. If we follow them carefully and walk uprightly in them, the All-Father will bring us to him at last.

NANCY HUGGAN.

Flandrau, S. D., May, 1894.

MARY SCHWANDT-SCHMIDT,

One of the Captives in the Sioux Outbreak of 1862.

THE STORY OF MARY SCHWANDT.

HER CAPTIVITY DURING THE SIOUX "OUTBREAK"—1862.

I was born in the district of Brandenburg, near Berlin, Germany, in March, 1848. My parents were John and Christina Schwandt. In 1858, when I was ten years of age, our family came to America and settled near Ripon, Wis. Here we lived about four years. In the early spring of 1862 we came to Minnesota and journeyed up the beautiful valley of the Minnesota river to above the mouth of Beaver creek and above where the town of Beaver Falls now stands, and somewhere near a small stream, which I think was called Honey creek,—though it may have been known as Sacred Heart,—my father took up a claim, built a house and settled. His land was, I think, all in the Minnesota bottom or valley, extending from the bluff on the north side to the river. Our family at this time consisted of my father and mother; my sister Caroline, aged nineteen, and her husband, John Waltz; myself, aged fourteen; my brothers, August, Frederick and Christian, aged respectively ten, six and four years, and a hired man named John Fross. We all lived together. My brother-in-law, Mr. Waltz, had taken up a claim and expected to remove to it as soon as he had made certain necessary improvements. The greater part of the spring and summer was spent by the men in breaking the raw prairie and bottom lands so that the sod would be sufficiently rotted for the next season's planting. My father brought with him from Wisconsin some good horses and wagons and several head of cattle and other stock. He also brought a sum of money, the most of which was in gold. I remember that I have seen him

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I remember Mary Schwandt at Camp Release, Sept. 26, 1862, when she, with other captives, was surrendered after the battle of Wood lake. I was a member of the military commission before whom were tried the 306 Sioux, convicted of taking part in the outbreak (thirty-eight of whom were executed at Mankato, the others kept prisoners at Rock Island until after the close of the civil war). Mary Schwandt, then a girl of sixteen, testified against the prisoners, relating the same facts substantially given in this narrative. W. R. M.

counting the gold, and I once testified that I thought he had at least $400, but some of my relatives say that he had over $2,000 when he came to Minnesota. He had brought some money from Germany, and he added to it when in Wisconsin.

Our situation in our new home was comfortable, and my father seemed well satisfied. It was a little lonely, for our nearest white neighbors were some distance away. These were some German families, who lived to the northward of us, I believe, along the small stream which I remember was called Honey creek. One of these families was named Lentz or Lantz, and at this time I cannot remember the names of the others. The country was wild, though it was very beautiful. We had no schools or churches, and did not see many white people, and we children were often lonesome and longed for companions.

Just across the river, to the south of us, a few miles away, was the Indian village of the chief of Shakopee. The Indians visited us almost every day, but they were not company for us. Their ways were so strange that they were disagreeable to me. They were always begging, but otherwise were well behaved. We treated them kindly, and tried the best we knew to keep their good will. I remember well the first Indians we saw in Minnesota. It was near Fort Ridgely, when we were on our way into the country in our wagons. My sister, Mrs. Waltz, was much frightened at them. She cried and sobbed in her terror, and even hid herself in the wagon and would not look at them, so distressed was she. I have often wondered whether she did not then have a premonition of the dreadful fate she was destined to suffer at their cruel and brutal hands. In time I became accustomed to the Indians, and had no real fear of them.

About the 1st of August a Mr. Le Grand Davis came to our house in search of a girl to go to the house of Mr. J. B. Reynolds, who lived on the south side of the river on the bluff, just above the mouth of the Redwood, and assist Mrs. Reynolds in the housework. Mr. Reynolds lived on the main road, between the lower and Yellow Medicine agencies, and kept a sort of stopping place for travelers. I was young, but rather well de-

veloped for a girl of fourteen and a half years, and I could do most kinds of housework as well as many a young woman older than I, and I was so lonesome that I begged my mother to let me go and take the place. She and all the rest of the family were opposed to my going, but I insisted, and at last they let me have my way. I do not think the wages I was to receive were any consideration; indeed, I do not know what they were. Mr. Davis said there were two other girls at the Reynolds house, and that the family was very nice, and these inducements influenced me. So I packed a few of my things together and was soon ready. My mother and sister seemed to feel badly about my going, but I was light-hearted, and said to them: "Why is it as if I were going back to the old country, or somewhere else a long way off, that you act so, when it is not very far and I shall come back soon, and it is best for me, since I am of little help to you here." So, at last we bade one another good-bye, and I went away down the beautiful valley, never to see my good father nor my precious mother nor my lovely sister nor my two dear little brothers any more—any more in this life. How little did I think, as I rode away from home, that I should not see it again, and that in less than a month of all that peaceful and happy household but one of its members—my dear, brave brother August—should be left to me. Many years afterward my husband and I visited the region of my former home, and I tried hard to locate its site. But the times had changed, and the country had changed. There were new faces, new scenes and new features, and so many of them, and such a flood of sorrowful recollections came over me, that I was bewildered, and could recognize but few of the old landmarks, and I came away unable to determine where our house stood, or even which had been my father's land.

When I came to Mr. Reynolds' house I was welcomed and made at home. The inmates of the house at the time, besides Mr. Reynolds, were his wife, Mrs. Valencia Reynolds, and their two children; Mr. Davis, who was staying here temporarily; William Landmeier, a hired man; Miss Mattie Williams of Painesville, Ohio, a niece of Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds; Mary An-

derson, a Swedish girl, whose father had been a blacksmith in the employ of the government at one of the agencies, and myself. In a narrative, published by Mrs. Reynolds (now dead), which I have seen, she mentions a boy that lived with them, but somehow I cannot remember him. I do not now recall anything of special importance that occurred during my stay here until the dreadful morning of the outbreak. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds had been in charge of the government school for the Indians which had been established at Shakopee's village, only a mile away. Travelers frequently stopped at the house, Mattie and Mary were very companionable, and I was not lonesome, and the time passed pleasantly. I was so young and girlish then that I took little notice of anything that did not concern me, but I know that there was no thought of the terrible things about to happen nor of any sort of danger.

The morning of Aug. 18 came. It was just such a morning as is often seen here in that month. The great red sun came up in the eastern sky, tinging all the clouds with crimson, and sending long, scarlet shafts of light up the green river valley and upon the golden bluffs on either side. It was a "red morning," and, as I think of it now, the words of an old German soldier's song that I had learned in my girlhood come to my mind and fitly describe it:

"O, Morgen-roth! O, Morgen-roth!
Leuchtet mir zum fruehen todt," etc.
(O, morning red! O, morning red!
You shine upon my early death!)

It was Monday, and I think Mary Anderson and I were preparing for the week's washing. A wagon drove up from the west, in which were a Mr. Patoile, a trader, and another Frenchman from the Yellow Medicine agency, where Mr. Patoile's store was. They stopped for breakfast. While they were eating, a half-breed, named Antoine La Blaugh, who was living with John Mooer, another half-breed, not far away, came to the house and told Mr. Reynolds that Mr. Mooer had sent him to tell us that the Indians had broken out and had gone down to the lower agency, ten miles below, and across the river to the Beaver creek settlements to murder all the whites! A lot of squaws and an Indian man were already at the house.

The dreadful intelligence soon reached us girls, and we at once made preparations to fly. Mr. Patoile agreed to help us. Mr. Reynolds had a horse and buggy, and he began to harness his horse, having sent La Blaugh to tell Mr. Mooer to come over. Mr. Mooer came and told Mr. Reynolds to hasten his flight, and directed him what course to take. I was much excited, and it has been so long ago that I cannot remember the incidents of this time very clearly. I remember that Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds and the two children got into the buggy, and that we three girls got into Mr. Patoile's wagon with him and Mr. Davis and followed. We did not take many things with us. In our wagon was a feather bed and at least one trunk, belonging to Miss Williams. Mrs. Reynolds' statement says that the boy started with an ox team and was killed near Little Crow's village, but I cannot now remember about this. It is singular that I cannot well remember the Frenchman who was with Mr. Patoile, when, in my statement before the commission the following year, I gave full particulars regarding him, stating that he was on horseback, and how he was killed, etc. I cannot account for this discrepancy, except that I have often honestly and earnestly tried hard to forget all about that dreadful time, and only those recollections that I cannot put away, or that are not painful in their nature, remain in my memory. The hired man, Landmeier, would not leave with us. He went down the river by himself and reached Fort Ridgely in safety that night. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds also reached Fort Ridgely, taking with them two children of a Mr. Nairn that they picked up on the road.

Mr. Patoile was advised by Mr. Mooer to follow close after Mr. Reynolds in the buggy and not follow the road. But Mr. Patoile thought best to keep the road until we crossed the Redwood river. He then left the road and turned up Redwood some distance, and then struck out southeast across the great wide prairie. It seems to me now that we followed some sort of road across this prairie. When we had got about eight miles from the Redwood a mounted Indian overtook us and told us to turn back and go up to Big Stone lake, and that he would come up the next day and tell us what to do. I do not

know his name, but he seemed very friendly and to mean well; yet I do not think it would have been better had we done as he directed. At any rate, Mr. Patoile refused to return, and continued on, keeping to the right or south of the lower agency. At one time we were within two miles of the agency and could see the buildings very plainly. We now hoped that it was all a false alarm. It seemed that the agency had not been attacked, at least the buildings had not been burned, and our spirits returned somewhat. But soon after we saw a smoke in the direction of the agency, and then we were fearful and depressed again. And yet we thought we could escape if the horses could hold out, for they were getting tired, as Mr. Patoile had driven them pretty hard. We were trying to reach New Ulm, where we thought we would be entirely safe.

About the middle of the afternoon some Indians appeared to the left or north of us. They were mounted and at once began shooting arrows at us. Some of the arrows came into the wagon. We succeeded in dodging them, and we girls picked them up. Miss Williams secured some and asked Mary and me for ours, saying she meant to take them back to Ohio and show them to her friends as mementoes of her perilous experience. (In the record of my testimony before the claims commission of 1863 I am made to say that only one Indian shot these arrows, and that he took the Frenchman's horse, but it is impossible for me now to remember the incident in this way.) When we arrived opposite Fort Ridgely—which stood about half a mile from the north bank of the Minnesota—Mr. Patoile supposed we could not cross the river, as there was no ferry there, and we continued down on the road to New Ulm. The horses were now very tired, and we frequently got out and walked.

When we were within about eight miles of New Ulm and thought all serious danger was over, we met about fifty Indians coming from the direction of the town. They were mounted, and had wagons loaded with flour and all sorts of provisions and goods taken from the houses of the settlers. They were nearly naked, painted all over their bodies, and all of them seemed to be drunk, shouting and yelling and acting very riotously in every way. Two of them dashed forward to

us, one on each side of the wagon, and ordered us to halt. Mr. Patoile turned the wagon to one side of the road, and all of us jumped out except him. As we leaped out Mr. Davis said, "We are lost!" The rest of the Indians came up and shot Mr. Patoile, four balls entering his body, and he fell dead from the wagon. I have a faint recollection of seeing him fall. He was a large man, as I remember him, and he fell heavily. Mr. Davis and we girls ran toward a slough where there was some high grass. The Indians began firing at us. Mr. Davis was killed. The Frenchman ran in another direction, but was shot and killed. Mary Anderson was shot in the back, the ball lodging near the surface of the groin or abdomen. Some shots passed through my dress, but I was not hit. Miss Williams, too, was unhurt. I was running as fast as I could towards the slough, when two Indians caught me, one by each of my arms, and stopped me. An Indian caught Mattie Williams and tore off part of her "shaker" bonnet. Then another came, and the two led her back to the wagon. I was led back also. Mary Anderson was probably carried back. Mattie was put in a wagon with Mary, and I was placed in one driven by the negro Godfrey. It was nearly 4 o'clock, as I remember from a certain circumstance. The black wretch Godfrey had been with the Indians murdering and plundering, and about his waist were strung quite a number of watches. I learn that this old villain is now at Santee Agency, Neb. He gave evidence against the Indians who were hanged at Mankato, and so escaped their deserved fate. The Indians shouted and were very joyful over the great victory, and soon we were started off. The wagon with Mattie and Mary went toward the lower agency, and the one I was in went off into the prairie. I asked Godfrey what they were going to do with me, and he said he did not know. He said they had chased Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, and he believed had killed them. He said: "We are going out this way to look for our women, who are here somewhere." About three miles out we came to these squaws, who were sitting behind a little mound or hill on the prairie. They set up a joyful and noisy chattering as we approached, and when we stopped they ran to the wagons and took out bread and other articles. Here we remained about

an hour, and the Indians dressed their hair, fixing it up with ribbons. When we came up to these Indians I asked Godfrey the time, and, looking at one of the watches, he replied, "It is 4 o'clock."

About 5 o'clock we started in the direction of the lower agency. Three hours later we arrived at the house of the chief, Wacouta, in his village, half a mile or so below the agency. Here I found Mrs. De Camp (now Mrs. Sweet), whose story was published in the Pioneer Press of July 15. As she has so well described the incidents of that dreadful night and the four following dreadful days, it seems unnecessary that I should repeat them; and, indeed, it is a relief to avoid the subject. Since it pleased God that we should all suffer as we did at this time, I pray him of his mercy to grant that all my memories of this period of my captivity may soon and forever pass away. At about 11 o'clock in the night I arrived at Wacouta's house. Mattie and Mary were brought in. The ball was yet in Mary's body, and Wacouta tried to take it out, but I am sure that Mrs. Sweet is mistaken when she says he succeeded. He tried to, in all kindness, but it seemed to me that he was unwilling to cause her any more pain. At any rate, he gave up the attempt, and I remember well that the brave girl then took his knife from his hand, made an incision over the lump where the ball lay, took out first the wadding, which was of a green color and looked like grass, and then removed the ball. I think after this Wacouta dressed the wound she had made by applying to it some wet cloths.

On the fourth day we were taken from Wacouta's, up to Little Crow's village, two miles above the agency. Mary Anderson died at 4 o'clock the following morning. I can never forget the incidents of her death. When we came we were given some cooked chicken. Mary ate of the meat and drank of the broth. Mattie and I were both with her, and watched her by turns. It rained hard that night, and the water ran under the tepee where we were, and Mary was wet and had no bedclothing or anything else to keep her dry and warm. When at Wacouta's she asked for a change of clothing, as her own were very bloody from her wounds. Wacouta gave her a black silk dress and a shawl, which some of his men had taken from some

other white woman. Mary was a rather large girl, and I remember that the waist of this dress was too small for her and would not meet or fasten. It was in this dress she died. She was very thirsty, and called often for water, but otherwise made no complaint and said but little. Before she died she prayed in Swedish. She had a plain gold ring on one of her fingers, and she asked us to give it to her mother, but after her death her finger was so swollen we could not remove the ring, and it was buried with her. I was awake when she died, and she passed away so gently that I did not know she was dead until Mattie began to prepare the face cloths. She was the first person whose death I had ever witnessed. The next morning she was buried. Joseph Campbell, a half-breed prisoner, assisted us in the burial. Her poor body was wrapped in a piece of tablecloth, and the Indians carried it to the grave, which was dug near Little Crow's house. The body was afterward disinterred and reburied at the lower agency. A likeness of a young man to whom she was to have been married we kept, and it was returned to him. Her own we gave to Mrs. Reynolds.

While in Little Crow's village I saw some of my father's cattle and many of our household goods in the hands of the Indians. I now knew that my family had been plundered, and I believed murdered. I was very, very wretched, and cared not how soon I too was killed. Mrs. Huggan, the half-breed woman whose experience as a prisoner has been printed in this paper, says she remembers me at this time, and that my eyes were always red and swollen from constant weeping. I presume this is true. But soon there came a time when I did not weep. I could not. The dreadful scenes I had witnessed, the sufferings that I had undergone, the almost certainty that my family had all been killed, and that I was alone in the world, and the belief that I was destined to witness other things as horrible as those I had seen, and that my career of suffering and misery had only begun, all came to my comprehension, and when I realized my utterly wretched, helpless and hopeless situation, for I did not think I would ever be released, I became as one paralyzed, and could hardly speak. Others of my fellow captives say they often spoke to me, but that I said but little, and went about like a sleep-walker.

I shall always remember Little Crow from an incident that happened while I was in his village. One day I was sitting quietly and shrinkingly by a tepee when he came along dressed in full chief's costume and looking very grand. Suddenly he jerked his tomahawk from his belt and sprang toward me with the weapon uplifted as if he meant to cleave my head in two. I remember, as well as if it were only an hour ago that he glared down upon me so savagely, that I thought he really would kill me; but I looked up at him, without any fear or care about my fate, and gazed quietly into his face without so much as winking my tear-swollen eyes. He brandished his tomahawk over me a few times, then laughed, put it back in his belt and walked away, still laughing and saying something in Indian, which, of course, I could not understand. Of course he only meant to frighten me, but I do not think he was at all excusable for his conduct. He was a great chief, and some people say he had many noble traits of character, but I have another opinion of any man, savage or civilized, who will take for a subject of sport a poor, weak, defenseless, broken-hearted girl, a prisoner in his hands, who feels as if she could never smile again. A few days since I saw Little Crow's scalp among the relics of the Historical society, and may I be forgiven for the sin of feeling a satisfaction at the sight.

But now it pleased Providence to consider that my measure of suffering was nearly full. An old Indian woman called Wan-nu-ka-win (meaning a peculiarly shaped bead called barley corn, sometimes used to produce the sound in Indian rattles) took compassion on me and bought me of the Indian who claimed me, giving a pony for me. She gave me to her daughter, whose Indian name was Snana (ringing sound), but the whites called her Maggie, and who was the wife of Wakin-yan Weste, or Good Thunder. Maggie was one of the handsomest Indian women I ever saw, and one of the best. She had been educated and was a Christian. She could speak English fluently (but never liked to), and she could read and write. She had an Episcopal prayer book, and often read it, so that Mrs. Sweet is mistaken in her belief that Mrs. Hunter had the only prayer book in the camp. Maggie and her mother were both very kind to me, and Maggie could not have treated me more tenderly if I had been her daughter. Often and often

she preserved me from danger, and sometimes, I think, she saved my life. Many a time, when the savage and brutal Indians were threatening to kill all the prisoners, and it was feared they would, she and her mother hid me, piling blankets and buffalo robes upon me until I would be nearly smothered, and then they would tell everybody that I had left them. Late one night, when we were all asleep, Maggie in one corner of the tent, her mother in another, and I in another, some drunken young hoodlums came in. Maggie sprang up as swiftly as a tigress defending her young, and almost as fierce, and ordered them out. A hot quarrel resulted. They seemed determined to take me away or kill me, but Maggie was just as determined to protect me. I lay in my little couch, trembling in fear and praying for help, and at last good, brave Maggie drove the villains away. Mr. Good Thunder was not there that night, but I do not know where he was. I have not much to say about him. He often took his gun, mounted his horse, and rode away, and would be absent for some time, but I never saw him with his face painted or with a war party. He is living at Birch Coulie agency now, but Maggie is not his present wife. I learn that she is somewhere in Nebraska, but wherever you are, Maggie, I want you to know that the little captive German girl you so often befriended and shielded from harm loves you still for your kindness and care, and she prays God to bless you and reward you in this life and that to come. I was told to call Mr. Good Thunder and Maggie "father" and "mother," and I did so. It was best, for then some of the Indians seemed to think I had been adopted into the tribe. But Maggie never relaxed her watchful care over me, and forbade my going about the camp alone or hardly anywhere out of her sight. I was with her nearly all the time after I went to live with her. She gave me a clean white blanket, but it was not white very long, and made me squaw clothes and embroidered for me a most beautiful pair of white moccasins, and I put them on in place of the clothing I wore when I was captured. Old Wam-nu-ka was always very good to me, too. The kind old creature has been dead many years, and Heaven grant that she is in peace. For several days after I first came to live with them they were very attentive, waking me for breakfast, and bringing me soap, water and a towel, and showing me many other considerations.

I think we remained at Little Crow's village about a week, when we moved in haste up toward Yellow Medicine about fifteen miles and encamped. The next morning there was an alarm that the white soldiers were coming. Maggie woke me, took off my squaw clothes and dressed me in my own. But the soldiers did not come, and we went on to Yellow Medicine, where we arrived about noon. On the way there was another alarm that the soldiers were coming, and there was great confusion. Some ran off into the prairie and scattered in all directions, while others pushed the teams as fast as they could be driven. Four miles from Yellow Medicine I was made to get out of the wagon and walk. From this time every day there was an alarm of some kind. One day the soldiers were said to be coming; the next day all the prisoners were to be killed, etc. On one occasion a woman was killed while trying to escape. I was again dressed in Indian garments. I was told that the Sissetons were coming down from Big Stone lake, and there was danger of my being killed if I looked like a white girl. Maggie and her mother wanted to paint my face and put rings in my ears so that I would look more like a squaw, but I refused the proposition. I assisted my Indian "mother" with her work, carried water, baked bread—when we had any—and tried to make myself useful to her. We lived chiefly on beef and potatoes; often we had no bread.

We were encamped at Yellow Medicine at least two weeks. Then we left and went on west, making so many removals that I cannot remember them. I did not go about the camps alone, and I knew nothing of what was going on outside. I saw the warriors constantly going and coming, but I knew nothing of their military movements and projects. A simple little German "maedchen" of fourteen cannot be expected to understand such things. I did not hear the cannon at Wood lake, and did not know the battle was in progress till it was all over. During my captivity I saw very many dreadful scenes and sickening sights, but I need not describe them. Once I saw a little white girl of not more than five years, whose head had been cut and gashed with knives until it was a mass of wounds. I think this child was saved, but I do not know who she was. I do not remember that I talked with my fellow prisoners. I remember Mrs. Dr. Wakefield and Mrs.

Adams. They were painted and decorated and dressed in full Indian costume, and seemed proud of it. They were usually in good spirits, laughing and joking, and appeared to enjoy their new life. The rest of us disliked their conduct, and would have but little to do with them. Mrs. Adams was a handsome young woman, talented and educated, but she told me she saw her husband murdered, and that the Indian she was then living with had dashed out her baby's brains before her eyes. And yet she seemed perfectly happy and contented with him!

At last came Camp Release and our deliverance by the soldiers under Gen. Sibley. That story is well known. I remember how angry the soldiers were at the Indians who surrendered there, and how eager they were to be turned loose upon the vile and bloody wretches. I testified before the military commission that tried the Indians. Soon after I was taken below to St. Peter, where I learned the particulars of the sad fate of my family. I must be excused from giving the particulars of their atrocious murders. All were murdered at our home but my brother August. His head was split with a tomahawk, and he was left senseless for dead, but he recovered consciousness, and finally, though he was but ten years of age, succeeded in escaping to Fort Ridgely. On the way he found a child, five years old, and carried it several miles, when, by the direction of a German woman he had fallen in with, he left it in a house eighteen miles from the fort. The child was recovered at Camp Release, but it was so much injured by wounds and exposure that it died soon after reaching Fort Ridgely. August is now a hardware merchant in Portland, Oregon.

Soon after arriving at St. Peter I was sent to my friends and relatives in Wisconsin, and here I met my brother August. It was a sad meeting for the two little orphans, though we were most happy in seeing each other. The next year I returned to Minnesota and testified before what was called the claims commission. The government had suspended the annuities usually paid the Sioux, and directed that the money should be paid to the people whose property had been destroyed by the Indians during the outbreak, or to their heirs. An admin-

istrator was appointed for my father's estate, and a guardian for me and my brother. I testified to the property my father had, all of which had been taken or destroyed by the Indians; but I do not remember that my brother and I ever received but an insignificant sum, and yet I do not know why we did not. It seems that everybody else, traders and all, were paid in full. Some gold was taken from the dead body of an Indian during the war, and, from the circumstances, Gen. Sibley thought the money had been taken from my father. The amount was $90, but there was a premium on gold at the time. Gen. Sibley purchased two $50 government bonds with the money and held them for my brother and me some years. In 1866 Gen. Sibley gave me one of the bonds and $20 in interest on it, and my receipts to him for this money are among the Sibley papers in the Historical society. A part of the year 1863 I was with the family of my old employer, Mr. Reynolds, who then kept a hotel at St. Peter. In the fall I went to Fairwater, Wis., and remained with an uncle for two years. In 1866 I married Mr. William Schmidt, then and for many years afterward one of the business men of St. Paul. We lived in St. Paul until 1889, when we removed to Portland, Ore. Two months since we returned to St. Paul. We have three living children, a daughter and two sons; four children are dead. Life is made up of shadow and shine. I sometimes think I have had more than my share of sorrow and suffering, but I bear in mind that I have seen much of the agreeable side of life, too. A third of a century almost has passed since the period of my great bereavement and of my captivity. The memory of that period, with all its hideous features, often rises before me, but I put it down. I have called it up at this time because kind friends have assured me that my experience is a part of a leading incident in the history of Minnesota that ought to be given to the world. In the hope that what I have written may serve to inform the present and future generations what some of the pioneers of Minnesota underwent in their efforts to settle and civilize our great state, I submit my plain and imperfect story.

MARY SCHWANDT-SCHMIDT.

St. Paul, July 26, 1894.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES OF PHILANDER PRESCOTT.

I was born on Sept. 17, 1801, in Phelpstown, Ontario county, New York. My father was a physician and a pioneer in the first settlement of the more central part of the state. He married a Miss Lucy Reed, and settled in Phelpstown, and lived for several years by his profession, but was attacked with dropsy in the abdomen, and after a lingering illness, he died, and left a family, rather poor. Soon after his death, I went to live with an uncle by the name of Reed. He worked me nearly to death, and I left him in the fall of 1818, and went to live with my eldest brother. My mother had married a second time, and died of consumption that fall. I was then an orphan, and what to do for a living was a serious question. There were two sisters younger than myself, and two brothers older. One of these was at Detroit, a clerk in a sutler's store, for the troops stationed at the above-named post. He wrote to me in the winter of 1819 to come out to see him, and he would try to give me some kind of employment, that I might in time make a living. So in the spring, in April, I got ready, and started, but it was much against the wishes of my relatives, for they said they never expected to see me again, and one of my uncles was so much opposed to my coming West that he would not loan me money enough to pay my expenses to Detroit. But this did not deter me from my object, and I started with only a few dollars—enough to take me to Buffalo by my walking the whole distance. I got to Buffalo the fourth day, and found that the lake was not clear of ice, and that the great steamboat "Walk-in-the-Water" would not sail for a week. I went to the landlord of the Black Rock house, and told him my circumstances, and asked him to board me for a week for my work, until the boat should leave for Detroit. Buffalo still showed the devastations of the war, and but a small portion of the city had been rebuilt.

On the 1st day of May the steamer Walk-in-the-Water was ready and I went on board. Four yoke of oxen and the strength of the engine took us over the rapids at the foot of the lake. We had not been long out before we came to ice, and found that it was very strong and dangerous to run against

with a full head of steam, and we worked along slowly. By morning we had got past all the ice, and went on well. The second night out one passenger fell overboard, owing to the carelessness of the sailors in not fastening one piece of the railing that was used for a gangway.

We reached Detroit without any further accident, and I found my brother making preparations to go still farther west. The troops had been ordered to the Mississippi to build forts and occupy that country, and my brother was to go along as clerk for the troops. He told me that I would have to wait until Mr. Devotion, the owner, went to New York and got a supply of goods, and came back, before I could go, and I must try and accompany him through the journey. I passed the summer with my books, and kept the store in order, until Mr. Devotion returned, when we started for the Mississippi.

Mr. Devotion chartered an old sloop, and we sailed in October, and reached Green Bay in the same month. In passing Mackinac we went ashore and took a look at the old fortifications that had once been surrendered to the British. In sailing along one day by Washington's Harbor, we struck some rocks, but went over them without injuring the sloop. There was a fort at the mouth of Fox river, which commanded the entrance. The town of Green Bay comprised three houses and an Indian agency. We had to wait two weeks here for a boat, as all the boats had been taken off by the traders, and it was late in the fall when we embarked from this point. Mr. Devotion started me ahead with an old boat, and only four men to ascend the Fox river, which was nothing but rapids for about twenty miles, and we made slow progress, and were finally frozen up at a lake called Rush lake. Here we built a house to store our goods in and waited for sleighs to come for us from Prairie du Chien. During the time we were waiting for the sledges, or "trains," as they were called, I went to the portage of the Wisconsin, two long days' walk from where we were frozen up. The first night I stopped on Fox river at an old trader's by the name of Grignow. I found him living in one of the Indian lodges. He said he had arrived late in the fall, and had no time for building, except a storehouse and a house for his men, and he was living in a lodge with his family, with a young Menomonee woman for a wife. I found his tribe had furnished about all the women for the traders' wives, for they are generally good-looking, and their

first children were as white as many of the white children. The old man said he had been a long time in the trade, and probably would stay there as long as he lived, as it suited him, and he did not care about seeking any other livelihood. My guide and I started the next morning and went to the portage that day, but it was a very hard day's work. My object in going to that place was to examine some goods that had been left there in the fall and reported to be wet. I found another class of people here, the Winnebagoes, an ugly race of people. They had always been abusive to the white people, but there were but a few of them about, and they did not molest me. I opened the goods and found all in good order, and returned back to our camp and waited for the trains. In about two weeks more they came, and we made preparations for our departure. I had to go alone again, for there were not trains enough to take all, so Mr. Devotion remained, and I went ahead and remained a few days at Prairie du Chien, to get more transportation to take a supply up to Fort Snelling.

After getting our complement of teams and Frenchmen to drive them, we started from the town that was older than Philadelphia, and there were only about 250 inhabitants in the place—that is of the French, who were the first settlers. The government had what they called a factory to furnish goods to Indians at cost, for the traders sold their goods so high that the Indians suffered a great deal from want, and the government proposed this plan for their relief. This made the traders angry, and they retaliated by underselling the government, and made them lose money, and the government abandoned the traffic.

It has never been determined whether Prairie du Chien was named after "dog" or "oak." Both are so much alike in French that no one knows which it took its origin from.

I arrived at a place called Mud Hen pond, between the head of Lake Pepin and St. Croix. It was very cold weather, and we concluded to lay over one day and let the horses rest, as we had good comfortable rooms at Mr. Faribault's, the trader for the American Fur company. The second day, in the afternoon, a large band of Sioux Indians arrived at the trader's, and we were obliged to leave for fear of our goods being stolen from the sleighs. We had not gone far before one of the teams broke through the ice, and some of the goods had to lay in the water

all night, and it was with much difficulty that we saved the horse. It was so very cold that we could with difficulty do anything. We got a rope about the neck of the horse, and all hands took hold and choked him out. This was easily done, for the moment we commenced pulling, the horse commenced struggling, and floated on the water, after which it was but little work to haul him up on the solid ice, and by whipping and running him around we got him limbered up, and kept him from freezing until we got a fire built, when we camped for the night. Our next place or point for stopping was Oliver's Grove, a place where a keel boat was frozen in, loaded with provisions for the troops. Lieut. Oliver was here with a few soldiers guarding the provisions, while other parties were hauling them away. Oliver's Grove is now called Hastings.

We arrived safe at the cantonment at the mouth of the St. Peter's river. I found my brother well, and full of work, as he was alone and had four companies to wait upon; but the troops were in a very unhealthy state, with the scurvy. Some fifty or sixty had died, and some ten men died after I arrived, but the groceries that I took up and a quantity of spruce that Dr. Purcell had sent to the St. Croix for, gave them relief. Col. Leavenworth, commanding officer, Maj. Hamilton, Maj. Larrabee, Maj. Vose, Capt. Gwinn, Capt. Perry, Capt. Gooding, Capt. Pelham, Lieut. McCabal, engineer of building; Lieut. Camp, quartermaster; Lieut. Green, Adjut. Lieut. Oliver, Lieut. McCartney, Lieut. Wilkins, Capt. or Maj. Foster, are all that I can recollect of the officers who first came to build the fort at the mouth of the St. Peter's river.

In the summer of 1820 there was not much done towards the building of the fort. The physician and commanding officer thought the location an unhealthful one, and moved all the troops over to some springs called "Camp Coldwater," nearly a mile above the present fort, on the Mississippi river. I think the name Mississippi was taken from the Menomonee dialect, and should be spelled Miscessepe, 'the big river." A few soldiers were employed hewing timber for the fort, and a site was selected by the commanding officer on the first rise, about 300 yards west of the present fort, and some timber was hauled to the spot. As the fort was to be built of hewed logs, it required a large quantity of timber, and a saw mill was wanted, as it would require a large amount of boards for so large a fort. An

examination of the Little Falls (Minnehaha) was made, and it was thought there was not water enough for a mill, as the water was very low in the summer of 1820, and St. Anthony was selected. An officer and some men had been sent up Rum river to examine the pine and see if it could be got to the river by hand. The party returned and made a favorable report, and in the winter a party was sent out to cut pine logs, and to raft them down in the spring, and they brought down about 2,000 logs by hand. Some ten or fifteen men would haul on a sled one log from one-fourth to one-half a mile, and lay it upon the bank of Rum river, and in the spring they were rolled into the river and floated down to the mouth and then made into small rafts and floated to the present landing above the bridge.

In the summer or fall, I think, Col. Leavenworth was ordered to the Missouri. The plans for the fort had been prepared by the above-named officer, but were somewhat altered by Col. Snelling, the officer succeeding, and the location was moved from the point that Col. Leavenworth selected to the present location, and the saw mill was commenced in the fall and winter of 1820-21 and finished in 1822, and a large quantity of lumber was made for the whole fort, and all the furniture and outbuildings, and all the logs were brought to the mill or the landing by hand, and hauled from the landing to the mill, and from the mill to the fort by teams. An officer by the name of Lieut. Croozer lived and had charge of the mill party. Supplies for the fort were all brought up in keel boats from St. Louis. It generally took from fifty to sixty days to come from St. Louis to Fort Snelling. The first steamboat that came to the Fort was a stern-wheeled boat from Cincinnati with the contract for supplies for the troops in June, 1823,—the name of the boat I have forgotten. There were no settlements on the Mississippi except Prairie du Chien and Rock Island, and the troops passed the summer at Camp Coldwater, and in the fall moved back again to the old cantonment and passed the winter, and got out timber for the soldiers' barracks, and before the autumn of 1823 nearly all the soldiers had been got into quarters, and considerable work had been done on the officers' quarters. The Indians were all peaceable,and all things progressed peaceably,and with all the speed that was possible for soldiers (for there is no hurrying of soldiers—they go just so fast, and out of that pace you cannot drive them).

In the fall of 1823 Mr. Devotion gave up the sutlership, owing to the small percentage that the government allowed the sutlers to trade upon. Twenty-five per cent was all that the government allowed them to charge, including the transportation and wastage, so Mr. Devotion would not furnish goods at those rates, and abandoned the business.

The paymaster had taken government drafts and sold them to the Missouri and Illinois banks, and brought their paper and paid the troops off with paper, there then being no law to the contrary. The sutler, Mr. Devotion, had to take such money as the soldiers had to give him, and he collected about seventy or eighty thousand dollars, and we went to St. Louis and found the banks all broken and closed. Mr. Devotion could do nothing to help himself, and it is supposed that the paymaster made a handsome profit out of the operation.

On our way down the river we found no settlements until we got to Hannibal, where there were two or three log houses, and below that place we would see now and then a house along the river. At Galena there were only two or three little log cabins, whose occupants were engaged in trading lead to the Indians. St. Louis was but a small town, and I do not recollect seeing more than one church, and that was Roman Catholic. There was a small market, two or three mills, one bakery, and about half a dozen steamboats, which supplied the place with all the goods that were wanted for the trade. Alton and Quincy had then only four or five houses each. I stayed through the winter, and in the spring Mr. Devotion obtained for me a lot of Indian goods on credit, and I took the little boat and started back to Fort Snelling to trade with the Sioux Indians. When I returned to Fort Snelling the officers had all got into quarters. I was fifty-five days going from St. Louis to the Fort.

I passed the winter trading with the Indians. In the fall my brother came up to pass the winter with me. A Mr. Baker came up with me to teach school at the Fort, and a Mr. Whitney came from Green Bay with some goods.

The Indians had been very quiet all this time, except on the Missouri, where they had killed a white man, and Col. Snelling had been ordered to demand the murderer. The Sioux brought in two Indians to leave as hostages until they could get the murderer. They were put in prison, and when they wanted to go out the sentinel would accompany them, and bring them

back again. After the lapse of a month, one morning early they wanted to go out, and the sentinel took his musket and went with them. When they had gone a short distance from the fort they started to run away from the sentinel. The man fired at them, but missed. The whole garrison was soon out, but the Indians were too swift for them and got clear. The Colonel then sent the Indians word that if they did not bring in the murderer, he would take some of their principal men and hang them; this set them to work, and they brought in the offender. Quite a number of Indians came in with the prisoner. They had a British flag and a large medal. Col. Snelling had a fire built and burned the flag before the Indians and cut the medal off the neck of the Indian murderer, who wore it, and locked him up, and sent the Indians off home again. At the first opportunity the prisoner was sent below for trial, and that was the last which was ever heard of him; for, although he was cleared by the court for want of evidence, he never reached home again.

After my winter trade was over, my brother went to St. Louis and paid up our debt with the furs I had received in trading, and tried to get more goods, but the companies had all joined together, and made a monopoly of the whole trade, and would not furnish any goods to any person to trade with on his individual account. This caused an opposition company to organize, called the Columbia Fur Company, which my brother and I joined. During the previous autumn, while I was living at Lands End, I was married to my present wife. The custom of getting wives amongst the Sioux is by purchase, and it frequently happens that there is not much love in the case, and sometimes the woman never expects to marry the man that she is sometimes compelled to marry. Therefore, suicide is not an uncommon thing among the women, as was the case on Lake Pepin at Maiden Rock. I also know of several cases of suicide by hanging. Two young girls hung themselves within one week, in Little Crow's band, because they did not love the men that their parents had selected as husbands for them. Another went over the falls because her husband had slighted her and married another, and in his presence, with her boy in the bow of the canoe, and painted and decorated in the finest of the Indian style, she paddled over the Falls of St. Anthony. During that

year (1824) many of the Indians died of starvation and cold. They had been out west of Lake Traverse on the Cheyenne river in search of buffalo, but were not successful, and the snow fell very deep and they could not follow the game, and they turned back, hoping to reach their old villages, where they had some corn cached in holes in the ground. They had eaten all of their dogs and horses, and had become so weak they could with difficulty walk. Another blinding storm of wind came on, and they could not see where to go, and there was no timber or wood with which to make a fire, and none but the strongest survived the storm.

The lands around the Fort, except the military reservation, belonged to the Indians, and the country could not be settled, and here a few of us lived about thirty years, seeing very little change in the position of affairs from Galena to this place. Galena sprung up as soon as the lead trade was opened up.

The following spring the Indian agent, Major S. Taliaferro tried to induce the Indians to engage in farming at Lake Calhoun, and wanted me to go out with my old father-in-law and another chief, Mock-pu-we-chas-tah. My father-in-law was the first one that would venture out. His name was Kee-e-he-ie, "he that flies." The agent sent a soldier and a team of two yokes of cattle, and we two plowed about a month, but there were but few Indians that would venture out the first year, as they were afraid of the Chippewas. The next year quite a number came out, and we had more applicants than we could supply places for, and some went to work with their hoes and dug small patches of ground to commence with. The first year we cut a large quantity of tamarack logs, with which to rebuild the council house that had been burnt at Fort Snelling.

THE INDIANS.

Wabasha * is at the present time (1861) the first and oldest chief of the Sioux nation. Many years ago he went to Montreal (the French word for the name of the Great Mountain or the Real or Royal Mountain which is in the vicinity of the city of that name). Some five or six Sioux accompanied Wabasha on

* Wa-pa-ha-sa, according to the Dakota lexicon; but spelled as above for the English pronunciation, Waubashaw.

his visit to see the English, and from what I can learn from the Sioux it was about 1780,—some twenty-five years before Lieut. Zebulon M. Pike explored the Mississippi river. The Sioux say that up to this period they had no chiefs among them. Wabasha said the English received him very coolly at first. He said that he filled his pipe for all the assemblage to smoke—a pipe prepared for that purpose, with a large flat stem painted blue, an emblem of peace with them. This he presented to the governor. The governor said he could not smoke out of a bloody pipe, and took the pipe and handed it to another man standing by, supposed to be an officer, and told him to strike Wabasha three blows with the flat side of the pipe. Wabasha did not know how to interpret this treatment, and stood waiting a moment, when the governor said: "I do not suppose you understand the meaning of this, but I will explain it to you,—you have killed three of my people, traders, up in your country, and this is to show you that I am not pleased at your murdering the white people; and those blows are to remain there until you do something to wipe them off, and when that is done I will smoke with you." Wabasha promised fidelity to the English, and said he would try to give up the murderers, and the governor gave him some flags and medals, and asked how many fires, or tribes, they had in the whole nation. Wabasha said there were seven, and accordingly he received seven large medals and flags, viz.: Medawakantons, Wahpetons, Wahpacootas, Sissetons, Yanktons, Tetons, and the seventh we have never been able to ascertain. Some say that the Yanktons were called two fires or two tribes, and some say the Sissetons had a division or two tribes, but we have no authority for any of these surmises, and I think it was some other tribe living near the Sioux, who may have been at peace with the Sioux, probably the Menomonees or Winnebagoes which Wabasha took into his count of seven fires, for in all of their councils they speak of seven fires or seven tribes, confederated in one nation, to occupy and protect from invasion a certain district of country for hunting purposes. Wabasha came back and distributed his flags and medals, and from that day their chiefs were recognized by all the governments.

Nothing has ever been found that gives any knowledge of the Indian race, from whence they came, or how they became possessed of the country they now occcupy. Tradition does not

take us far back, and figures they have none, but their customs and habits are more to be relied upon than anything else we have. To give some idea of the character they sustain to other nations is the nearest that we can come to establishing a relationship. Their manners and customs are very similar to those of the old world, and by wars they have been forced from one country to another, until they have populated the whole of America. Their manners and customs are very similar to those of the peoples we read of in sacred history. Their feasts, for instance, of the first fruits of the farm, or of game killed, show this. The first must be cooked and many persons invited to partake of the food, and their gods invoked to continue to give them success in war, and the departed spirits are to have a share in the ceremony—they must be appealed to, and their guidance invoked, because the Indians think their departed relatives have much to do with the welfare of the living on earth. The following is a common form used by the Indians as a petition to the spirits of the departed:

"My father (or mother, uncle, cousin), you have gone to the spirit land—you can look on us but we cannot see you, only in our dreams. You have power over the minds of men, and you have power over the hunts and the farm, and even our lives depend much upon the pleasure of thy will to either give blessings or to withhold them, and I have prepared the feast for you, hoping that you will be pleased with it, as our first fruits of the field (or the hunt), which we offer in accordance with the custom and usages of old."

In this feast God is not named, nor even thought of, but the Indians are more punctual in their idolatrous worship than the Christian people in their worship, for there is hardly anything the Indians do without some kind of worship, either in feasts or sacrifice. In traveling, hunting, war, and in whatever they do, when they have time, they commence with an offering of some kind.

The following are the principal gods that the Sioux Indians worship:

The first or most prominent is Tokenshe, the large granite boulder, and Wakaukah, the earth; Tokonshe, grandfather; Wakankah, old woman, are names of gods they worship, and who are often appealed to for relief and success. All kinds of animals and fish are supposed to be possessed of power to mi-

grate from their own bodies to those of human beings, and cause disease, and the conjurors use all the powers of jugglery to cast out the intruder. The shape of the supposed destroyer of the peace and health of the person suffering is cut out of a piece of birch bark and put into a litle dish of painted water outside the door of his lodge, and the doctor, who is inside, singing and gesticulating and making hideous noises, finally emerges from the lodge where the patient is, and there are two or three men standing ready, who, at a certain signal, shoot into the dish with powder and wad only, and blow the image, or piece of bark, into small pieces, and the dish containing the image is frequently shattered. This is supposed either to kill the intruder or frighten him from the body of the patient, and his recovery is looked for immediately after the operation. After the guns are discharged the doctor falls upon what is left of the fragments with violent contortions and all imaginable noises, and a woman sometimes stands on the doctor's back during this operation, after which she takes him by the hair of the head and leads him back, he on all fours, to the place where the patient is, where he sings for a brief time and rattles his gourd, sucks the parts where the most pain is, and the ceremony is ended. All kinds of animals are brought into this kind of jugglery, and are shot by the doctors as a cure for disease.

Their preparations for war are very carefully planned. The war party is gotten up by one who thinks himself capable of leading a party successfully to get scalps and not lose any. If a Sioux loses a child, by what means it makes no difference, the father must appease the departed spirit, for if any of the rest of the family, or a relative, should be taken sick after the death of the child, the parents are accused of negligence and delay in fulfilling the law of offerings and sacrifices, which is as follows: After a death the nearest relatives must either go to war or get up a great medicine dance; and as the latter is very expensive, many of the young men prefer going to war, but either is considered sufficient to keep the spirit of the departed at rest and satisfied with the living relatives. Every night for about a week before starting the head of the war party begins to sing and to commune with the war gods, and dream, and his imagination is so worked up by constant jugglery that he dreams many things about their war excursions, which he

relates to the party that are to go with him. The earth, and the rocks or boulders are gods that are most generally appealed to for guidance and success in their excursion for scalps, and these gods are prayed to constantly on their route to direct them where the enemy are few in number and most easily approached. They also ask their gods to turn the minds of their adversaries from thoughts of an enemy approaching them. After the war party gets into the country where the Chippewas hunt, the head man orders all shooting to stop, and if one of the party should shoot any game, or fire his gun, the rest of the party would take him and cut his blanket in pieces, and destroy his gun as a punishment for breaking the rules of war parties. These marauding parties are too successful, for generally they get a scalp and return home satisfied. The head man pretends that he can call to himself the sun spirit, who will tell him where and how many there are to be killed on that trip, and if any are to be injured of his party he will be informed of it by the devoted spirit that he appeals to. In order to bring the spirit to him, he makes a little lodge near their camp at night, and digs a shallow hole in the ground, and puts in it a small quantity of water, reddened with paint, and sits down by it and commences singing, and at the same time places in the hole a little of his food, thus inviting the spirit to his war feast. Then he sings and rattles his gourd and makes all kinds of hideous noises (it is astonishing how they make them). After awhile the war man becomes silent, and he is then supposed to be in communication with the gods. After a while he gives one rap with his gourd, which counts one scalp for his war party. As many blows as he strikes, so many scalps they are to get, as his god has brought them to his sight. In the spirit he sees his enemies, and gives them a blow with his gourd, in the water, where he pretends to see them, and says that the blow will give them success, and kill the enemies' spirits, and they will all disappear. But if he gives a blow with a groan, it implies that some one will be wounded or killed, which sets the whole party to wailing for a few moments. When all is hushed and they start off, one man goes ahead as a spy with the war pipe, and returns to the party every half-day, or sooner if he discerns anything, and gives a minute account of all that he has seen or heard while he has been absent, and so they prowl about until they find an enemy, or their provisions give out, and they return home.

The scalp dance is performed by the women mostly dancing, and the men sing and drum for the women and young girls to dance.

Death is looked upon with a singular or fanciful idea. The Sioux say that death comes in the shape of a curious looking being, something in the shape of a human being, with a curious head, and very corpulent, and comes from the east, although they say they do not see the visitor, death, with the naked eye—they see him in their dreams.

Snakes are held in reverence by the Indians, and they rarely kill any, no matter how venomous. They light a pipe and smoke, and tell the snake to go in peace and not bite the Indians, as the Indians would not hurt him, but smoke the pipe of peace with him.

Wabasha, first chief of the Indians, was looked upon as a good man, and was chief of a large band until smallpox got amongst them and killed nearly one-half. Then the cholera wrought great destruction of life in the band, and remittent fever killed quite a number one year when we had a very dry summer, and the rivers, lakes and pools of water became very stagnant. Their remedy was to plunge into the water in the height of the fever, which either killed or cured very soon, for a good many recovered. I know that of those who plunged in the water some died. The band is now much reduced, and is about the smallest of all the bands of the Sioux. The Sioux are confederated because they can all speak one language, but each village lives and acts independent of any other party, and every man is his own master, and a king at home in his own lodge. He has no taxes to pay, no public buildings or highways to make, no schools to support, and nothing before him but the chase and the protection of his family from enemies. One would suppose them to be happy under such conditions, and no doubt they are at times, for they are greatly amused over the most trifling jokes, and go to great excess in sports. In like manner they are terribly depressed when anything of a serious nature happens to them, either in private or community affairs, and the greatest lamentation is made.

It would appear that the Indians do not retain great events in their memories for a great length of time, therefore they have no tradition of their origin, nor how they became possessed of this country, nor have they any knowledge of past

wars with other tribes. The oldest battle that they have any knowledge of took place when the Chippewas came down in force and attacked a camp of Sioux where the city of Prescott now stands. There were some fourteen or eighteen lodges of Sioux camped there, and there were about a thousand Chippewas. They attacked the Sioux in the night, and soon the men were nearly all killed. The women ran to their canoes, that were a few steps off, and pushed out into the stream, but in their fright forgot their paddles. At that point there is a large eddy, and the women in the canoes were carried round and round by the current. The Chippewas came to the beach and took hold of the canoes and pulled them ashore, and butchered the women and children at their leisure. A few men had fled up along the lake shore, and got into a little cove in the rocks. The Chippewas discovered them and attacked them, but here the Chippewas lost several of their men, for they could not get at the Sioux, only as they faced them right in front of the little cove, and the Sioux had the advantage of the shelter afforded by the rocks. When the Chippewas made an assault they would leave one or two of their number for one Sioux, but as they greatly outnumbered the Sioux they at length overcame them, and there was only one Sioux left. He made a dash for the water, and dived beneath the surface and stayed under as long as he could. At first the Chippewas did not see him, supposing he must have come to the shore, and they were engaged in taking care of the dead and wounded, but the second time he came to the surface of the water the Chippewas discovered him, and the Sioux saw the balls fly about his head like hail, but none touched him. He then took courage and dived again, and called upon the otter, and prayed to it as a god to give him power to dive and swim like an otter, that he might live to tell the tale of the fate of his comrades, as he was the only one left; and the prayer was heard, and he dived to the bottom of the lake, and found it very deep and cold. When he rose to the top of the water the Chippewas would fire their guns and the balls would make the water fly so as to dazzle his sight for some time, and he said that in eight times diving he got across the lake, but how he escaped is a wonder to relate. When he reached the opposite side of the lake, which is about one mile wide, he was so much exhausted that he could not get

out of the water, and lay for some time in the water with his head on a rock to rest a little time, after which he crawled out and sat upon a rock on the shore, and gave a whoop of joy at his marvelous escape. The Chippewas, when they saw what a wonderful feat he had performed, returned the compliment with another loud whoop. This battle took place about 150 years ago, and is the oldest that they have any tradition of. They speak of having occupied the country as far west as Leach lake, and of going to war over to Lake Superior, Green Bay, and even to St. Louis, and a little above the mouth of the Missouri is a place called "Portage de Sioux," where they used to take their canoes across by land from one river to another, but when or about what time they have no tradition.

The Catfish bar in Lake St. Croix furnishes another traditional story, but we have nothing that will give us any idea of the time when it occurred. A war party of Sioux went to war upon the St. Croix river, and were gone a long time, but had no success, and one of their number became sick when they reached the St. Croix on their return journey, and the others went on and left the sick man to perish, but there happened to be one of the party who was one of the sick man's comrades or companions. When he saw that the whole party were on their journey he said: "I am not going to leave my friend here to perish alone;" and he remained with the sick man while the rest of the party went on. Becoming almost starved, they found it necessary to get to the village where they could obtain provisions. The well man walked up and down the lake shore hoping to find a dead fish or to shoot a live one with an arrow. At last he came across a pike or pickerel, and killed it with his bow and arrow and roasted it, and asked his comrade to eat a piece of the fish, but the sick man refused, saying that when he joined the Big Medicine, that kind of fish was to be eaten upon no occasion whatever, for if he did eat anything that was forbidden by the Big Medicine, some great calamity would befall him. These marks, or reserves, or prohibitions, of eating certain parts or pieces of fowls or animals is a totum or mark of the order of that clan or family, and all Indians of that mark work together in all their jugglery and medicine operations, and I suppose an Indian would starve to death before he would break the rule or law. His comrade

urged him to eat, but he would not. This made his friend feel very bad—to sit and see his friend starving to death. Finally the sick man said he would eat to ease the mind of his friend, and run the risk of what might be the result of breaking over their medicine rule, and asked his comrade if he could carry water all night in a litle dish that held only three or four spoonfuls. "Yes, I can do anything for you," his comrade said, and so the sick man took some of the fish and ate (this was in the evening), and after a short time began to get thirsty, and asked his comrade to bring water, so the young man took the little dish and brought some water, and in a little while he wanted more, and the young man went again, and the sick man kept asking for water, and his friend kept going with his little dish, and worked nearly all night in that way, but finally became exhausted and laid down and went to sleep. The sick man kept calling for water for some time, but no one came, and with much exertion he crawled down to the lake and commenced drinking, and after a while he found that he was turning into a fish, and the more he drank the faster he became a fish, and at last he became wholly a fish, and rolled into the lake. When the other Indian awoke he found that his comrade had become a large fish, and was lying across the lake on what is now called Catfish bar, and he felt very much grieved to think that his sick friend should become a fish because of his failure to watch him and carry water for him. He followed in the tracks of the war party, crying, and finally reached his village and told his comrade's wife what had happened, and she took a canoe and some friends and went to the place and found the great fish as stated, and they made great lamentation, and scattered red feathers upon the water, and prayed the gods of the water to let the big fish sink so that the canoes could pass; and so the big fish sank, but left a portion of the bar there. The bar extends almost across the lake yet, and this is all that was done in favor of the Indians, merely to let them have room enough to pass in the lake. This was all done for revenge upon the man for breaking the laws and rules of the Medicine party.

We can obtain nothing from the Indians concerning ancient history, and nothing reliable about the creation or the flood. The Indians are entirely ignorant, and all their ideas are of a

fanciful character. They believe in a great spirit of some kind, but have no idea of his power, nor his will and disposition toward the human race, and all their prayers, which are many, are made to the land, stone animals, and fowls of the air and water, and many creeping things; and like all native tribes each thinks itself wiser and better than the others, and in their great councils I have heard them acknowledge before a white and Indian assembly that they thought the whites excelled them in a few things, but the moment they assembled by themselves they would say the whites were the greatest fools they ever saw, and particularly when standing straight up in battle to be shot at.

PHILANDER PRESCOTT.

Minnehaha, Minnesota, Feb. 18, 1861.

Note.—Mr. Prescott was killed Aug. 18, 1862, in Sioux outbreak.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JAMES M. GOODHUE.

By Col. John H. Stevens, of Minneapolis.

(Read before the Minnesota Editorial Association, at its Annual Meeting, February, 1894.)

In October, 1841, I was a resident of White Oak Springs, then a little mining town in the extreme southern portion of Iowa county, Wisconsin Territory. At that period I was engaged in mining. Wishing to prospect for a "stake," before winter set in, my partner and myself determined to visit the mines in the neighborhood of Platteville, in Grant county, some twenty miles distant from our humble cabin. With picks, shovels and spades on our backs, the "miner's kit," we started out bright and early on an October morning for the mines in that vicinity. Just as the sun was sinking behind those picturesque mounds near Platteville, we reached a hotel in the village, known as the Peavins House. With tired limbs and blistered feet, the fruits of our long journey over the prairies, we determined upon an early bed; but, returning from the supper table to the office, we found a large gathering of miners excited over the result of a lawsuit of little more than a trivial character, which had been decided a few minutes before in a justice court. As miners we became interested in the controversy, which banished all our tired condition.

Then and there I met, for the first time, James M. Goodhue, a lawyer in the territory, and one of the attorneys in the miner's suit so recently disposed of in the court. Then and there, too, I became a friend in my humble way of Col. Goodhue, who was destined eight years subsequently to become the pioneer editor of Minnesota. From that period until his death we were friends. The editors in Minnesota at this time know but little of the life of their great predecessor, hence I will now briefly address you in regard to that wonderful man, more particularly in regard to his early life.

James Madison Goodhue was born in Hebron, N. H., a small town situated in a niche of the White Mountain range. His father was conspicuous as the principal merchant of this and several adjacent towns, during the period of his residence there, which was from about the year 1790 to 1828. His children surviving to maturity were eight in number. James M. Goodhue was the sixth child, born March 31, 1810. Hebron was settled, probably, about the year 1725, and by immigrants mostly from the lower settlements in New Hampshire and from Massachusetts. They were strict religionists, generally of the sect of the Puritans. The most feasible approach for the immigrants to Hebron was by the southeast, over the left shoulder of a dome-shaped mountain, called Sugar Loaf. This mountain arose at a point some three miles short of the plain which was the central point of the settlement. On this shoulder the migratory procession probably halted, having their attention suddenly arrested by the beauty and grandeur of the scene that lay beneath their view. On their left, in near proximity, arose a huge palisade of rock some thousand feet high and thousands in length, and on the right a lake. A prospector upon the dome of Sugar Loaf would have stood some two thousand feet above the lake, which is seven miles in length by two miles in width. Probably the lake took its name Newfound at this time. At the base of the mountain on the lake side is a palisade that descends to the surface, and thence graduates to a depth 350 feet below. Looking northeast, the vision extends over our town, and over a mountain range that walls it in; and thence to the Franconia stacks of mountains some fifteen miles further on. Further on in the same direction, the vision would rest upon the white dome of Mount Washington, some thirty miles away, and upon numberless domes of mountains that huddle around.

Had our prospector looked westward, he would have viewed Mount Cardigan, some eight miles away. A little way southeast of Cardigan is the birthplace of our Pillsbury family. One of the early settlers in Hebron was Rev. David Page, a Congregationalist minister from Hanover, which is in the same county with Hebron, and the seat of Dartmouth college. During his early ministrations in Hebron, a meeting house of generous size was built from the tall tufted pines that graced its

plain. It mounted a grand steeple based upon the ground, and sustained a belfry. It was about the year 1790 when Stephen Goodhue, the father of James, came to Hebron to reside. Having previously made the acquaintance of the daughter of Rev. David Page, a Congregational minister, he married her and took her to his inheritance of wild land in Sanbornton, some twenty miles away. The father's name is preserved in the annals of Sanbornton as that of a person of handsome address, who began his public life as a schoolmaster. Col. Goodhue's grandfather on the paternal side was descended from one of three brothers who came over from England, known as Puritans, and of the political party of Oliver Cromwell, no doubt. The grandmother on the paternal side was Miss Barker of Stratchano, N. H. The grandfather on the maternal side, Rev. David Page, served as chaplain in the Revolutionary war, leaving his wife with several small children to manage affairs at home. While he was in the war, his wife yoked the oxen and held the plow while one of the sons held the goad. Meanwhile, the youngest child, who may have been the mother of our subject, sat upon the ground at the end of the furrow. As a result, a harvest was in waiting for the return of the husband in the fall.

That this grandmother was a notable woman, there is no doubt; and there are indications that Col. Goodhue inherited her peculiar qualities, physically and mentally.

It is said that an ancestor of this grandfather is portrayed in an historical painting in Connecticut as holding with his left hand a bear at arm's length, while, with his right hand at liberty, he stoops to the ground to seize a club. It may as well be noted at this point in our narrative that Col. Goodhue was known to be as remarkable for his physical strength as for the force of his intellect. While at school no man could, from a dead stand, leap so high over a pole as he. He never was worsted in an encounter with fists. One morning while at school, seeing from his chamber that his roommate, on the street, was being worsted in a setto with one of his irate countrymen, he rushed below, and, quick as thought, planted in the breast of the countryman both feet and fists in one point of time, left the man upon his back, and without a word spoken, retired to his room.

He, who in his native place was called Madison, except in time of war, when he was called Mad, was at an early age

placed in the academy at Andover, Mass., the place of the theological school.

He finished his preparatory studies for college at Meriden, N. H., afterward entering Amherst college. A graphic history of his life in college was no doubt impressed upon the mind of every student there. While it was full of adventure, he was singularly happy in having almost every member of every class his admirer for his talents and also his friend. It was said that his retainers in any unauthorized enterprise were as likely to be from the older classes as from his own. While he was freshman he often set the seniors to do his playful work. Mr. Henry Ward Beecher was in the class next below him. In after years Mr. Beecher showed his admiration of Col. Goodhue by making diligent inquiries for him whenever he met mutual friends.

On commencement day, at Woburn, many clerical and other dignitaries were in attendance.

He took a part in the exercises by representing John Randolph, in a speech composed by himself, in which the eccentric orator of Roanoke was represented in his long surtout with riding whip and spurs. In varied mood he discoursed upon matters of national concern; then turning back pathetically upon his dear old Virginia, dropping tears of fondness, when he would suddenly turn in modulated pathos to the faithfulness of his servant, Juba. The rhetorical effect of this monologue was electric. Dignified listeners became lost in a sense of reality, and women wiped their eyes, not in sympathy with the actor, but in sympathy with the real Randolph.

On the same occasion, he composed and spoke a speech for Old Hickory, with staff in hand and gray hair erect. This was soon after the time of the memorable commotion of the Kitchen Cabinet, in the White House, when President Jackson defended the honor of Mrs. Eaton by significant words. This representation of Old Hickory was heard of by a Lowell paper fifteen miles away, and was branded as an outrage committed upon the Democratic idol.

I mention these exercises as showing his theatrical talent. It is evident that as an actor he would have achieved a world-wide reputation. This composition representing Randolph he spoke upon some exhibition day after his return to college.

He produced stillness, mirth and tears in quick succession, as if with a magician's wand.

In due time, he achieved, at Amherst, his diploma.

There were unsettled opinions respecting the place which he would hold in after life. But his professor of rhetoric and oratory, Dr. Samuel Worcester, said: "That young man will be heard from one of these days." This professor had observed in his literary compositions the nobility of his conceptions and the elegance of his diction. During his last sickness, the late Mr. J. W. Bass, of St. Paul, while in Boston, had occasion to call at the office of the Evening Journal. The editor of the Journal overheard the name St. Paul mentioned. Whereupon he instantly started toward Mr. Bass and earnestly inquired after the condition of Mr. Goodhue, for he had read of his sickness. He then went on to remark that Mr. Goodhue's descriptive articles were equal to the best writings of Cooper.

He had noble imitative faculties. For instance, he would, behind the closed door of a college lecture room, deliver for the hearing of curious students casually in the hallway, a homily in the familiar words and voice of President Humphrey, a man of marked individuality. The listeners unhesitatingly took the discourse to be by the president.

After graduation he went to Elmira, N. Y., from which place, the year before, had arrived his earlier college mate, who in our day is a distinguished citizen of that place, Judge Thurston.

He wrote back to a brother that he had boated down the stream in a skiff from Olean and had one cent left in his pocket and so he was glad to say he was not without money. At Elmira he taught the winter's school and at the same time began the study of law. Next season he resumed the study in New York city, where by clerical work he paid his way, also writing for the press some ephemeral compositions. He was admitted to the bar in New York. Next he passed some three years in Plainfield, near Joliet. There, to supply his want of means, he cultivated the black soil. Agricultural products were high in those days. He earned a two-horse team with which to plow; carried his potatoes one fall to the workmen upon the Illinois canal; and next he appears in Platteville, Wis. There he staid for a season, probably with a view to the practice of the law.

In that place was a young lady from Central New York, who in this Wisconsin town was supplementing a visit to a relative by teaching the village school. She was prostrated there by the smallpox, while suitable attendants stood aloof in fear of taking the disease. Thereupon Col. Goodhue, who had probably caught a glimpse of the maiden, volunteered his services at her bedside. His proffer was accepted. The result was marriage. Her name was Henrietta Kneeland. No better opportunity for a tribute to her virtues is offered in this narrative than at this point. Miss Kneeland was stately in person, highly intellectual, and possessed the kindest of hearts. The twain settled in Lancaster, which is near the place of their marriage, where he became attorney. But his literary taste led him to the purchase of the Lancaster Herald. This he conducted in a graphic manner, surprising to his readers, and awaking among them an unprecedented interest in newspaper literature. His occupation with the Herald held him until the opening, by proclamation, of Minnesota Territory. He had built an ambitious two-story house in Lancaster and was living in it, when, without much preliminary, he packed his press and type, and took with him his family, and, with the wand of a talisman, set up at once the Minnesota Pioneer.

A clerical gentleman visited the Pioneer about the time of the first issues and found the editor bareheaded, sitting upon the floor, and cutting from other papers clippings, while a prairie hog was seen through the cracks rooting beneath the floor.

The first number of the Pioneer will, to the curious, probably show at once the peculiar qualities of the editor. It may be observed that the most of the issues of that paper are on file in the capitol—some of the latest numbers are lost.

I am aware that these incidents, illustrating the characteristics of our subject, are trivial in themselves, not even equivalent to the toe of Hercules, that survived his statue. That toe was a measure of the statue: for the toe was material; while the incidents in our subject's life can be taken with propriety only as indices directing the curious to the qualities that may be found in the files of the Pioneer.

I have in my breast one serious subject of regret, which is, that in my companionship with him, I had not noted in a book

the witticisms that came out spontaneously on the way. His brother and associate's (Isaac N. Goodhue) approval was always evident, but the colonel took to himself no pride in his own utterances, but ascribed their pleasing properties to the good nature of his laughing brother. It may in this connection be noted that while boys in Hebron, in their trouting pastime, the younger brother was always desirous that James should throw the line while the younger carried the bait and fish. He never retailed other men's wit. Whatever he said was his own; and its aptness was to his readers the occasion of surprise.

His method of composition for the Pioneer was peculiar. It was his habit on the day of issuing his sheet to take his papers upon his arm, and distribute them among his subscribers all over town. While so engaged he noted in his mind every change in the features of the town; and all the entertaining events of the week that he had learned by the way. Thus he formed in his mind a picture of the place and its various interests; so that when the time came of preparation for the press, he had but to state what was already in his mind.

It was his wont on Sunday, after breakfast, to repair to his desk, and, sitting with his hat on, compose his editorials.

On one occasion his brother, unobserved, stood in the doorway of the sanctum and saw him, whose back was toward the door, raising and lowering his shoulders rapidly in mirth. The action foretold the coming-out in the next paper of some special wit or humor that was sure to convulse his readers. The town still remembers the advertisement in the Pioneer of the race which was to come off at a certain hour between a little wheezing steamboat that was always struggling against the current and a saw mill standing below town. The anticipation may have directed some eyes to the place of the trial.

One intensely cold morning the mail brought from below the weekly news. The Pioneer gave as an interesting item of news the invention of a mercurial thermometer that in intensely cold weather served the purpose of a spirit thermometer. The invention was in the appliance of a small oil lamp beneath the mercury; so that it did not freeze. On the next day drowsy readers awoke to a sense of the joke.

On another cold morning a cluster of droppers-in were standing about the stove in the Pioneer office; among them being a

demure little old man who was content to serve his day and generation by selling ginger pop. While the man was warming his hands at the stove, James, in solemn mood, said to him, "Mr. Spicket, haven't you been taking a little something this morning—just a drop too much?" Mr. Spicket said he had not, when the crowd directed their gaze toward the man and saw the evidence against him in a jewel of a huge tear-drop pendulous at the end of his nose. This is a trivial matter, but it is as passable as many of the small anecdotes coming from the Sangamon.

His main object in his editorials was the advertising of the territory, that people who were looking westward might be induced to locate here.

While intensely loyal to St. Paul, during all of his editorial career in Minnesota he never lost an opportunity to speak a good word for the whole territory. St. Anthony was a lively rival of St. Paul during those early days. Col. Goodhue would occasionally indulge in a joke or two at the former's expense, but it was in such a good-natured manner no one could take offense.

An apology is needed for the Pioneer's change from a Whig to a Democratic paper; the editor was by birth of the Democratic party. Before coming West he had become a Whig and a protectionist. The brother came to St. Paul as still a Democrat, and exercised his personal persuasiveness to bring James back to the true faith. It so happened at the same time that the Southern sentiment dominated the United States senate, and that sentiment was needed to sustain our scheme for the admission of the territory as a state, and also to promote an Indian treaty, in order to clear the way. So he, in his overpowering zeal for the prosperity of the territory, in a single issue of his paper declared for the Democratic faith. He carried through the change with a single issue of his paper. If the act was a sin, was it not a sin to be winked at?

During the residence in Lancaster there were born to them three children. Their names were James Kneeland and May, twins, and Edward. May and Edward are deceased. May married Charles A. Moore. James K. resides in St. Paul. In St. Paul was born Eve, who became the wife of Morris Lamprey, now deceased. She is now married to Jasper B. Tarbox. James

said that in searching the catalogue of names for this daughter he looked from the beginning to the end. Finding none suitable, he resorted to the name of the first woman, Eve. Either the name adorns the lady, or the lady adorns the name, so that no one who knows her would have the name and the woman separated.

The most evident characteristic of the pioneer editor of Minnesota was his love of nature. He was born within the order of nature's priesthood; within her temples he was a Druid in the intensity of his devotion. His ideal of scenery which he brought away from his native hills was never again realized.

While sojourning upon the prairies of Illinois he felt the sublimity of the silent scene bounded by the far distant horizon and fancifully vested it again with the heads of buffalo and the skirmishing Indian, and yet he once said: "While I am a citizen of the West, and love the West, I would give one-half of all the prairie I have seen for one good mountain."

But he went up to live in Wisconsin. There he found a diversified surface: lakes, rapid streams, forests, mounds, and more than all else, the atmosphere of the White mountains. He was now essentially in a mood for Western life.

When Minnesota opened for settlement, he knew its landscape before he went upon it; as if beneath the flash of a meteor, he saw the Mississippi and its tributaries, also lakes, forests, groves of pine and the shore of our inland sea; especially was pictured before his imagination the historic falls of St. Anthony.

When Col. Goodhue had actually arrived in St. Paul and climbed its bluff, and surveyed the river and the heights that wall its channel, he was overcome, as was the queen of Sheba, who had seen the surroundings about King Solomon—"so there was no more spirit in her."

In part he comprehended the resources of the territory for becoming this magnificent state. He felt himself for the first time in his life to have reached the goal of his ambition for a livelihood and a home. He was here as if by birthright; and as editor assumed at once a supervising care of the then public interests; also upon the coming of any immigrant as his accessories; he was constantly upon the alert to find whatever might contribute to the general prosperity of Minnesota.

Soon after my acquaintance with him in the lead mines, he wrote a novel, portraying the life of a miner, under the title of "Striking a Lead," which was published by H. H. Houghton, of the Galena Gazette. It was one of the most popular stories of the day, clearly indicating, if he had devoted his time exclusively to literary pursuits, that he would have excelled as an author.

Mr. Goodhue, at the time of his last sickness, spoke of his purpose to take up this work and carry it on to completion.

His memory should always be cherished as the pioneer editor of Minnesota His name is perpetuated in that given to one of the best counties in the State of Minnesota.

An Interesting Historical Document.

The Minnesota Historical Society is indebted to William H. Grant, of St. Paul, and to Col. Harry C. Kessler, of Butte, Montana, for the opportunity of reproducing the following historical document, communicating a transcript of the pension list of the United States, showing the number of revolutionary pensioners, on the first day of June, 1813. It is believed that this copy of the document, from which the republication is made, is the only copy in existence. It has been preserved in the family of Captain John Kessler, one of the revolutionary pensioners, named in the Pennsylvania list, and has been kindly loaned to this society by the grandson, Col. Harry C. Kessler, above named.

The authority for the original publication appears in part 1, of the Annals of the Twelfth Congress, page 1042.

On February 12, 1812, the House of Representatives of the United States adopted the following resolution:

On motion of Mr. Burwell, [of Va.]

"*Resolved*, That the Secretary of War be directed to lay before this House a list of persons on the pension list, the State or Territory in which they live, and the amount annually allowed each person by law."

In the burning of the capitol and other public buildings in 1814, nearly all the government records were destroyed, and it is supposed that the original and all the copies of this document, were among those lost at that time.

LETTER

FROM

THE SECRETARY OF WAR,

COMMUNICATING

A TRANSCRIPT OF THE PENSION LIST

OF

The United States,

SHEWING THE

NUMBER OF PENSIONERS IN THE SEVERAL DISTRICTS,

ALSO,

THE AMOUNT ALLOWED TO EACH PENSIONER

JUNE 1, 1813.

Referred to the Committee of Claims.

WASHINGTON:
A. AND G. WAY, PRINTERS.

.....

1813.

WASHINGTON CITY,

May 31*st*, 1813.

SIR,

I HAVE the honor to transmit you herewith, to be laid before the House, a report relative to the pension list of the United States.

I have the honor to be,
Sir,
Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
JOHN ARMSTRONG.

To the Hon. the speaker
of the House of Representatives
of the United States.

WAR DEPARTMENT,

May 28*th*, 1813.

IN obedience to a resolution of the House of Representatives of the United States, bearing date the 12th of February, 1812, the Secretary of War has the honor to present a transcript of the pension list of the said states, (contained on four sheets in folio, paged from one to sixteen) exhibiting the number of each pensioner as he stands on the roll of the respective districts or agencies, his rank or quality, and the amount of the annual stipend at present allowed each person by law.

All which is respectfully submitted.
JOHN ARMSTRONG.

SCHEDULE of the Names, Rank and Annual Stipends of the Invalids, Pensioners of the United States.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
1	Peter Akerman,	private,	$ 40
2	Andrew Aikin,	sergt. major,	45
3	Caleb Aldrish,	sergeant,	60
4	Caleb Austin,	private,	20
5	Daniel Buzzle,	do.	60
6	Archelaus Batchelor,	sergeant,	30
7	Ebenezer Bean,	private,	20
8	Francis Blood,	do.	60
9	James Cobby,	do.	(dead)
10	James Campbell,	do.	48
11	Nathaniel Church,	do.	60
12	Ebenezer Carlton,	do.	60
13	Levi Chubbuck,	fifer,	45
14	Morrel Coburn,	private,	15
15	William Curtiss,	do.	60
16	James Crummitt,	do.	60
17	Jabez Church,	do.	30
18	Benjamin Cotton,	do.	30
19	David Duncan,	do.	40
20	Henry Danforth,	do.	30
21	James Dean,	do.	15
22	Lemuel Dean,	do.	60
23	Francis Davidson,	do.	48
24	Edward Evans,	do.	60
25	Thomas Eastman,	do.	45
26	Ebenezer Fletcher,	fifer,	15
27	Stephen Fuller,	private,	20
28	James Gould,	lieutenant,	160
29	Abner Gage,	private,	60
30	Moses S. George,	do.	30
31	Joshua Gilman,	do.	40
32	Windsor Gleason,	do.	15
33	Joseph Greely,	do.	15
34	Joseph Green,	do.	30
35	Jonas Green,	do.	60
36	William Hastings,	do.	60
37	Thomas Haynes,	do.	60
38	Joshua Haynes,	do.	48
39	Nathan Holt,	do.	15
40	Charles Huntoon, junior,	do.	20
41	Zadock Hurd,	do.	20
42	Joseph Hilton.	lieutenant,	80
43	Jonathan Holton,	do.	120
44	James Hawkley,	private,	60
45	Ebenezer Jennings,	sergeant,	15
46	Peter Johnson,	private,	15
47	Benjamin Jenkins,	sergeant,	30
48	Abraham Kimball,	private,	30
49	Benjamin Knight,	sergeant,	20
50	John Knight,	private,	30

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
51	Samuel Lacount,	private,	$ 40
52	Samuel Lathrop,	do.	60
53	John Lapish,	do.	15
54	Nathaniel Leavitt,	corporal,	60
55	John Lincoln,	private,	36
56	Joshua Lovejoy,	sergeant,	60
57	Randall M'Allastar,	private,	60
58	Andrew M'Gaffy,	lieutenant,	106 68
59	John M'Coy,	private,	60
60	Noah Marsh,	do.	20
61	Joseph Morrell,	do.	60
62	Jonathan Margery,	do.	40
63	James Moore,	do.	60
64	Samuel Morrell,	do.	24
65	Joseph Moss,	do.	40
66	Seymoure Marsh,	do.	30
67	Elijah Morse,	do.	48
68	Jotham Nute,	sergeant,	60
69	John Orr,	lieutenant,	120
70	Phineas Parkhurst,	fifer,	60
71	Joel Porter,	private,	15
72	Samuel Potter,	sergeant,	40
73	Asa Putney,	do,	30
74	Jeremiah Pritchard,	lieutenant,	160
75	Joseph Patterson,	private,	30
76	Jonathan Perkins,	ensign,	60
77	John Reed,	private,	60
78	Stephen Richardson,	do.	24
79	Daniel Russell,	do.	60
80	Charles Rice,	do.	30
81	Noah Robinson,	lieutenant,	120
82	Joseph Richardson,	private,	30
83	Joseph Slack,	do.	40
84	John Samuel Sherburne,	major,	300
85	Nathan Sanborn,	captain,	40
86	Thomas Simpson,	lieutenant,	160
87	Aaron Smith,	ensign,	120
88	Noah Sinclair,	private,	45
89	John Simpson,	do.	40
90	Reuben Spencer,	do.	40
91	John Smith,	sergeant,	30
92	Samuel Stocker,	private,	30
93	Amos Spafford,	do.	40
94	Hezekiah Sawtell,	do.	30
95	Samuel Sterns,	do.	30
96	Jeremiah Towle,	corporal,	32
97	Moses Trussell,	private,	40
98	Ebenezer Tinkham,	do.	30
99	William Taggart,	ensign,	60
100	Nathan Taylor,	lieutenant,	120
101	William Smart,	private,	60
102	Jonathan Wilkins,	marine,	30
103	William Wallace,	private,	60

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
104	William Wood,	private,	40
105	Weymouth Wallace,	do.	30
106	Josiah Walton,	do.	20
107	Jacob Wilman, junior,	do.	15
108	Francis Whitcomb,	do.	20
109	Robert B. Wilkins,	do.	60
110	Seth Wyman,	do.	48
111	Edward Waldo,	lieutenant,	106 66⅔
112	Jonathan Willard,	ensign,	60
113	Samuel Wells,	sergeant,	45
114	James Trowbridge,	do.	39 96
115	Samuel Allen,	private,	24
116	Nehemiah Leavitt,	corporal,	30
117	William Powers,	private,	30
118	Lemuel Trafton, transferred from Massachusetts,	do.	60
	Total of annual stipends,	. . . .	5,730 30⅔

MASSACHUSETTS.

1	George Airs,	matross,	50
2	Caleb Atherton,	private,	40
3	John Adams,	do.	40
4	Aaron Abbott,	do.	26 66
5	Malachi Allen,	do.	20
6	Luke Aldrich,	do.	30
7	Gustavus Aldrich,	sergeant,	60
8	Spafford Ames,	private,	60
9	Robert Ames,	do.	60
10	Isaac Abbot,	lieutenant,	96
11	Ebenezer Bancroft,	captain,	72
12	John Bryant,	lieutenant,	200
13	Elias Barron,	dragoon,	60
14	Joseph Brown,	sergeant,	60
15	Jonathan Ball,	do.	48
16	Perez Bradford,	do.	24
17	Nathaniel Bowen,	do.	60
18	John Barberie,	corporal,	60
19	John Bean,	do.	40
20	Benjamin Berry,	private,	60
21	Abner Briggs,	do.	60
22	Phineas Butler,	do.	60
23	Peter Barrows,	do.	28
24	Jonas Blodget,	do.	40
25	Nathaniel Baker,	do.	40
26	Squire Bishop, junior,	do.	40
27	Josiah Ball,	do.	26 66
28	George Bacon,	do.	48
29	Ephraim Bailey,	do.	60
30	Robert Bancroft,	do.	10
31	James Bacheldore,	do.	15

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

MASSACHUSETTS.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
32	John Berry,	private,	$ 60
33	Elijah Brainard,	do.	60
34	Ebenezer Brown,	sergeant,	60
35	Joshua Clapp,	lieutenant,	(dead)
36	Josiah Chute,	sergeant,	40
37	Abel Carpenter,	do.	26 66
38	Jonas Childs,	private,	60
39	Job Carwell,	do.	60
40	Timothy Chase,	do.	40
41	William Conant,	do.	40
42	Moses Cass,	do.	40
43	Levi Chadbourne,	do.	60
44	Solomon Cole,	do.	26 66
45	Noah Clough,	do.	15
46	Nathan Cook,	do.	14
47	Richard Crouch,	do.	60
48	James Campbel,	do.	15
49	Caleb Chadwick,	do.	15
50	Barnabas Chapman,	do.	20
51	Richard Chase,	do.	30
52	Joseph Coxe,	sergeant,	40
53	Thomas Crowell,	private,	60
54	George Cammell,	do.	30
55	John Careton,	do.	30
56	Henry Carver,	do.	60
57	William Clark,	do.	30
58	Seth Delana,	sergeant,	32
59	Thomas Doty,	private,	60
60	Jonathan Davis,	do.	30
61	John Duncan,	do.	26 66
62	Jonathan Doty,	marine,	33 32
63	Robert Elvell,	bombardier,	60
64	William Earle,	marine,	60
65	John Elgerly,	private,	60
66	Henry Farwell,	captain,	80
67	Jonas Farnsworth,	do.	120
68	John Francis,	do.	60
69	William Foster,	sergeant,	48
70	Samuel Fowle,	private,	40
71	Jedediah Fuller,	do.	40
72	Jacob Frost,	do.	30
73	Levi Farnsworth,	do.	30
74	Moses Fitch,	do.	12
75	Frederick Follet,	do.	30
76	Joseph Frost,	do.	7 50
77	Benjamin Farnham,	captain,	80
78	Thomas Foot,	private,	40
79	John Gould,	do.	60
80	Jonathan Gleason,	do.	60
81	Silas Gill,	do.	40
82	Samuel Green,	do.	20
83	Isaac Greer,	do.	10
84	Henry Gates,	do.	60

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

MASSACHUSETTS.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
85	Uriah Goodwin,	private,	$ 15
86	Deborah Gannett,	do.	48
87	Charles Gowen,	do.	30
88	Edward Grant,	do.	44 40
89	Elijah Hudson,	sergeant,	48
90	Solomon Hayward,	do.	48
91	Daniel Horn,	do.	20
92	John Hicks,	private,	60
93	Daniel Hickey,	do.	60
94	Peter Hopkins,	do.	40
95	Joseph Handy,	do.	30
96	Josiah Howard,	do.	26 66
97	Daniel Hemmenway,	do.	20
98	William Hubbard,	marine,	60
99	Joseph Hale,	private,	(dead)
100	Gamaliel Handy,	do.	40
101	Peter Hemmenway,	do.	60
102	Jesse Holt,	corporal,	7 50
103	Ambrose Homan,	private,	30
104	William Jacobs,	do.	60
105	Joseph Johnson,	do.	60
106	Josiah Jones,	do.	48
107	Moses Knowland,	do.	60
108	Abner Kent,	do.	60
109	John Knowles,	do.	20
110	Ephraim Lane,	Lt. colonel,	20
111	Thomas Linnen,	corporal,	20
112	William Lucas,	private,	60
113	Crosby Luce,	gunner,	30
114	Nathaniel Ladd,	private,	30
115	Reuben Mitchell,	do.	60
116	Neil M'Arthur,	do.	60
117	Isaac M'Kinney,	do.	40
118	Benjamin Moody,	do.	40
119	Benjamin Mastick,	do.	60
120	Alexander Murray,	do.	30
121	Benjamin Merrill,	do.	40
122	Filley Mead,	do.	15
123	Elisha Munsell,	do.	30
124	John Maynard,	lieutenant,	72
125	Samuel Mears, junior,	private,	30
126	Christopher, Newbitt,	do.	60
127	John Nickless,	do.	10
128	Daniel Nutting,	do.	24
129	Timothy Northam,	do.	20
130	Joseph Noyes,	lieutenant,	30
131	John Paul,	sergeant	48
132	Joseph Patterson,	do.	30
133	George Parker,	private,	48
134	Solomon Parsons,	do.	48
135	John Priest,	do.	40
136	Nathan Putnam,	do.	5
137	Ebenezer Perkins,	marine,	60

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

MASSACHUSETTS.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
138	William Parker,	private,	$ 30
139	Joseph Peabody,	do.	20
140	Amos Peirson,	sergeant,	12
141	Job Preist,	ensign,	40
142	Thomas Pratt,	private,	40
143	Jonathan Patch,	do.	60
144	Shephard Packard,	do.	36
145	Joseph Roberts,	carpenter,	60
146	Elisha Rice,	corporal,	60
147	Abner Rose,	matross,	33 32
148	Moses Ramsdale,	private,	60
149	Benjamin Rider,	do.	60
150	Eliphas Reed,	do.	60
151	Benjamin A. Richardson,	do.	40
152	William Rideout,	do.	60
153	Jeremiah Robbins,	do.	40
154	Joseph Rumrill,	do.	40
155	Ebenezer Rowe,	seaman,	60
156	John Slewman,	captain,	300
157	Eli Stearns,	sergeant,	60
158	Ezekiel Spalding,	do.	24
159	Joseph Saunders,	corporal,	60
160	Jonathan Stevens,	do.	30
161	John Stoak,	private,	60
162	Anthony Shoppe,	do.	60
163	Jonas Shattuck,	do.	60
164	Zenas Sturdivant,	do.	60
165	Moses Smith,	do.	60
166	Enoch Stocker,	do.	40
167	Anthony Starbard,	do.	40
168	William Symms,	do.	37 50
169	Daniel Stearns,	do.	36
170	Abraham Sawyer,	do.	30
171	William Spooner,	bombardier,	(dead)
172	Amasa Scott,	private,	15
173	Robert Smith,	do.	40
174	Sylvanus Snow,	do.	20
175	Abner Snow,	do.	45
176	Moses Sanderson,	do.	40
177	Peleg Smith,	do.	40
178	Jonathan Taft,	do.	60
179	Lemuel Trafton,	do.	transfer'd
180	Israel Thomas,	do.	60
181	Noah Taylor,	do.	60
182	Ephraim Taylor,	do.	60
183	Charles Thrasher,	do.	40
184	John Tolman,	do.	transfer'd
185	Peleg Tallman,	yeoman,	51
186	Philip Taber,	private,	60
187	Eliphalet Taylor,	do.	20
188	Josiah Temple,	do.	40
189	George Ulmer,	lieutenant,	160
190	John Union,	private,	30

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

MASSACHUSETTS.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
191	Amariah Vose,	sergeant,	$ 60
192	David Vickery,	private,	20
193	Moses White,	captain,	240
194	James Warner,	lieutenant,	120
195	Joseph Whittemore,	do.	120
196	David Wood,	sergeant,	48
197	Elijah Williams,	corporal,	60
198	William Watts,	private,	60
199	Isaac Whitcomb,	do.	(dead)
200	Joshua Winn,	do.	48
201	Joseph Ware,	do.	60
202	Asa Ware,	do.	60
203	Josiah Wright,	do.	48
204	Elisha Ward,	do.	40
205	Samuel Woodbury,	marine,	40
206	Wareham Warner,	private,	36
207	Moses Wing,	drummer,	60
208	Samuel Warner,	private,	30
209	Samuel Willington,	do.	30
210	Nahum Wright,	sergeant,	7 50
211	William Warren,	lieutenant,	90
212	James Wesson,	colonel,	300
213	William Cushing,	lieutenant,	120
214	Wm. Leaver, alias Lavar,	private,	30
215	Oliver Russell,	corporal,	30
216	James Walsh,	matross,	60
217	Jas. Gallute, transf. fr. N. Y.,	private,	39
			10,602 33

VERMONT.

1	Jonas Adams,	private,	60
2	William Beden,	corporal,	36
3	Samuel Bradish,	private,	60
4	Daniel Brown,	do.	60
5	Elijah Barnes,	do.	15
6	Elijah Bennett,	do.	30
7	Thomas Brush,	do.	15
8	David Brydia,	do.	30
9	Joseph Bird,	do.	48
10	Daniel Cushman,	corporal,	(transf.)
11	Gershom Clark,	private,	60
12	James Campbell,	do.	30
13	Edward Clark,	sergeant,	15
14	Elisha Capron,	private,	30
15	Oliver Darling,	do.	60
16	Samuel Eyers,	do.	60
17	Richard Fairbrother,	do.	36
18	Thomas Green,	do.	40
19	Asa Gould,	do.	60

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

VERMONT.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
20	Benjamin Gould,	private,	$ 30
21	Amasa Grover,	do.	24
22	Ezra Gates,	do.	40
23	Gideon Griggs,	do.	30
24	William Hazletine,	do.	60
25	Jediah Hyde,	captain,	180
26	Jonathan Haynes,	private,	40
27	Zimri Hill,	do.	30
28	Lewis Hurd,	sergeant,	60
29	Joseph Huntoon,	lieutenant,	160
30	Jared Hinckley, junior,	private,	30
31	Nathan Jaques,	do.	20
32	Elijah Knight,	do.	60
33	Jonathan Lake,	corporal,	30
34	Jonathan Lyon,	private,	60
35	Eleazer Martin,	do.	40
36	Ebenezer M'Ilvaine,	do.	60
37	William Martin,	do.	40
38	Richard Millen,	do.	60
39	John Nixon,	colonel,	150
40	Nehemiah Peirce,	private,	60
41	Elisha Reynolds,	do.	30
42	Prince Robinson,	do.	60
43	Uriah Stone,	steward,	60
44	Daniel Stanton, junior,	private,	45
45	Ephraim Smith,	do.	60
46	Philo Stoddard,	do.	40
47	Thomas Torrance,	do.	30
48	Benjamin Tower,	do.	40
49	Joseph Tyler,	do.	60
50	Annanias Tubbs,	do.	30
51	Abel Woods,	do.	60
52	Aaron Wilder,	do.	60
53	Jonathan Woolley,	do.	60
54	Ziba Woodworth,	do.	60
55	William Waterman,	do.	20
56	John Wilson,	sergeant,	20
57	Isaac Webster,	do.	30
58	Daniel Evans,	private,	30
59	Nathan Ford,	do.	30
60	Jonas Hobart,	do.	24
61	Lemuel Rich, (from Con.)	do.	60
62	John Tolman, (from Mass.)	do.	20
	Total of annual stipends,	. . . . .	2,938

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

RHODE ISLAND.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
1	Thomas Arnold,	captain,	$ 240
2	Abijah Adams,	private,	54
3	John Armsbury,	do.	30
4	William Barton,	sergeant,	42
5	Edward Bennett,	private,	60
6	Comfort Bishop,	do.	40
7	Jacob Briggs,	do.	48
8	George Bradford,	do.	60
9	Ezra Chase,	do.	60
10	James Chappel,	do.	42
11	Levi Cæsar,	do.	36
12	Rowland Chadsey,	do.	20
13	Jonathan Davenport,	do.	2 50
14	Comfort Eddy,	do.	60
15	John Elliot,	do.	30
16	Edward Gavett,	do.	60
17	Job Greenman,	do.	48
18	Prince Green,	do.	48
19	Richard Hopkins,	do.	30
20	Josiah Jones,	do.	60
21	William Lunt,	do.	30
22	John Mowry,	do.	27
23	Edward Peirce,	sergeant,	60
24	Bristol Rhodes,	private,	60
25	Joseph A. Richards,	corporal,	42
26	John Slocum,	private,	60
27	Richard Sephton,	do.	60
28	Britain Saltonstall,	do.	42
29	Charles Scott,	do.	60
30	Benoni Simmons,	gunner,	60
31	Noel Tabor,	corporal,	27
32	Benjamin Tompkins,	marine,	60
33	George Townsend,	private,	45
34	Prince Vaughan,	do.	44
35	Edward Vose,	sergeant,	10
36	Guy Watson,	private,	30
	Total of annual stipends,	. . . . .	1,787 50

CONNECTICUT.

1	Thomas Avery,	lieutenant,	200
2	Park Avery, Junior,	do.	60
3	Ebenezer Avery,	corporal,	30
4	David Atkins,	private,	60
5	Gad Asher,	do.	60
6	Abner Andruss,	do.	60
7	Daniel Avery,	do.	36
8	Amos Avery, 2d,	do.	30
9	Theodore Andruss,	do.	60
10	Samuel Andruss,	corporal,	45

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

CONNECTICUT.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
11	Smith Ames,	private,	$ 60
12	Nathaniel Austin,	do.	45
13	Daniel Bouton,	captain,	180
14	Oliver Bostwick,	ensign,	120
15	Daniel Bushnell,	private,	60
16	Simeon Bishop,	do.	60
17	Salmon Buell,	do.	(dead)
18	William Burrows,	do.	60
19	Daniel Bill,	do.	60
20	Isaiah Bunce,	do.	45
21	Stephen Barnum,	do.	60
22	Samuel Burdwin,	do.	60
23	Benjamin Bennett,	do.	24
24	John Beardsley, junior,	do.	60
25	Jedediah Brown,	do.	20
26	Elisha Burrows,	do.	15
27	Isaiah Beaumont,	do.	15
28	Walter Burdick,	do.	30
29	Edward Bassett,	do.	30
30	William Bailey,	do.	30
31	Robert Bailey,	do.	15
32	Enos Blakesley,	do.	(dead)
33	David Blackman,	do.	40
34	Jonathan Bowers,	corporal,	60
35	Aner Bradley,	sergeant,	30
36	Oliver Burnham,	do.	15
37	Isaiah Buell,	private,	45
38	Joseph Button,	do.	60
39	Seth Boardman,	do.	40
40	William C. Bebee,	do.	60
41	Ebenezer Coe,	captain,	240
42	Richard Chamberlain,	private,	44
43	John Clark,	do.	60
44	Matthew Cadwell,	do.	60
45	Benoni Connell,	do.	60
46	Jirah Carter,	do.	60
47	Timothy Ceasar,	do.	60
48	Benjamin Close,	do.	48
49	Amariah Chappell,	do.	24
50	Elisha Clark,	do.	30
51	Jonah Cook,	do.	60
52	Henry Cone,	do.	60
53	Simon Crosby,	do.	40
54	Nathaniel Church,	do.	30
55	Ebenezer Duran,	do.	60
56	George Dixon,	do.	60
57	Lemuel Denning, junior,	do.	20
58	Lothrop Davis,	sergeant,	60
59	Israel Dibble,	private,	36
60	Gershom Dormon,	do.	60
61	Joseph Dunbar,	corporal,	45
62	John Daboll,	private,	7 50
63	Stephen Everts,	do,	40

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

CONNECTICUT.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
64	William Edmonds,	private,	$ 40
65	Eliphalet Easton,	do.	60
66	Gideon Edwards,	do.	60
67	Stephen Fellows,	sergeant,	60
68	Thomas Farnham,	do.	36
69	John Fountaine,	private,	60
70	Aaron Farmar,	do.	60
71	Isaac Frink,	do.	60
72	Ransford A. Ferris,	do.	60
73	Zaccheus Fargo,	do.	30
74	Henry Filmore,	do.	30
75	Samuel French,	do.	60
76	Andrew Griswold,	lieutenant,	160
77	Sherman Gardner,	private,	60
78	Henry Gilner,	do.	60
79	Andrew Gallup,	do.	40
80	Robert Gallup,	do.	15
81	Richard P. Hallow,	do.	60
82	Jazaniah How,	do.	60
83	Stephen Hull,	corporal,	30
84	Joseph Harrup,	private,	60
85	Stephen Hempstead,	do.	45
86	Nero Hawley,	do.	40
87	Isee Hayt,	do.	30
88	John Herron,	do.	30
89	Eleazer Hudson,	do.	45
90	Ashbel Hosmer,	corporal,	(dead)
91	Nathan Hawley,	do.	48
92	Daniel Hewitt,	sergeant,	20
93	Isaac Higgins,	private,	(dead)
94	Thurston Hilliard,	do.	20
95	John Horsford,	do.	(dead)
96	Benjamin Howd,	do.	45
97	Elijah Hoyt,	do.	30
98	David Hubbell,	do.	60
99	Nathaniel Hewitt,	do.	45
100	Joel Hinman,	do.	60
101	David Hurd,	do.	60
102	Charles Jones,	do.	60
103	Justus Johnson,	do.	40
104	Johuel Judd,	do.	48
105	Lent Ives,	do.	30
106	Caleb Jewett,	do.	20
107	William Johnson,	do.	30
108	Jared Knapp,	sergeant,	60
109	Lemuel King,	private,	60
110	Elisha Lee,	captain,	240
111	Peter Lewis,	private,	60
112	Phineas Lake,	do.	60
113	William Leach,	do.	60
114	Christopher Latham, junior,	do.	45
115	John Ledyard,	do.	45
116	Naboth Lewis,	do.	40

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

CONNECTICUT.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
117	Nathaniel Lewis,	private,	$ 15
118	Samuel Loomis,	corporal,	45
119	Lee Lay,	captain,	80
120	Elijah Lincoln,	corporal,	60
121	Timothy Mix,	lieutenant,	60
122	Andrew Mead,	ensign,	80
123	Dan Mansfield,	private,	(dead)
124	Samuel Mitchell,	do.	60
125	Samuel Mills, junior,	do.	30
126	John Morgan, 3d,	do.	40
127	Jacob Meach,	do.	20
128	James Morgan, junior,	do.	30
129	Joseph Moxley,	do.	30
130	Jeremiah Markham,	sergeant,	60
131	Allyn Marsh,	corporal,	30
132	Stephen Miner,	qr. gunner,	30
133	Elnathan Norton,	private,	(dead)
134	Mark Noble,	do.	60
135	David Orcutt,	do.	60
136	Joseph Otis,	do.	30
137	Thomas Picket,	do.	60
138	Alexander Phelps,	do.	60
139	David Pool,	do.	60
140	Thomas Parmelie,	sergeant,	7 50
141	Chandler Pardie,	private,	52 50
142	Daniel Preston,	do.	20
143	Obadiah Perkins,	lieutenant,	96
144	Enos Petott,	private,	24
145	John Rood,	do.	48
146	Jeremiah Ryan,	do.	60
147	Lemuel Rich,	do.	(transfd)
148	Moses Raymond,	do.	60
149	Oliver Rogers,	do.	24
150	David Ranney,	do.	60
151	Solomon Reynolds,	do.	60
152	Samuel Rossetter,	do.	60
153	Elijah Royce,	do.	45
154	Josiah Smith,	do.	60
155	Edward Stanton,	do.	60
156	Josiah Strong,	do.	40
157	John Starr,	do.	40
158	Selah Schoffield,	do.	30
159	William Seymour,	do.	240
160	B enjamin Seely,	do.	15
161	William Starr,	qr. master,	45
162	Elihu Sabin,	private,	40
163	Samuel Sawyer,	do.	30
164	Thomas Shepherd,	do.	15
165	Amos Skeel,	do.	60
166	Heber Smith,	sergeant,	60
167	Aaron Smith,	private,	15
168	Edmund Smith,	do.	30
169	Samuel Stillman,	do.	30

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

CONNECTICUT.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
170	Aaron Stephens,	captain,	$ 120
171	Peter Smith,	private,	48
172	Elijah Sheldon,	do.	(de d
173	John Smith,	do.	48
174	Moses Tracy,	sergeant,	60
175	William Tarball,	corporal,	36
176	Solomon Townsend,	private,	60
177	Aaron Tuttle,	do.	40
178	Jabez Tomlinson,	do.	15
179	Enoch Turner, junior,	do.	60
180	Levi Tuttle,	do.	15
181	Samuel Woodcock,	sergeant,	60
182	Constant Webb,	do.	36
183	William Wilson,	private,	60
184	John Waklee,	do.	60
185	Joseph Waterman,	do.	40
186	Benjamin Weed, junior,	do.	30
187	Joseph Woodmansee,	do.	60
188	Thomas Williams,	do.	20
189	Jacob Williams,	do.	15
190	Richard Watrous,	do.	45
191	Jonathan Whaley,	do.	15
192	Ezra Wilcox,	do.	15
193	Azel Woodworth,	do.	60
194	Seth Weed,	lieutenant,	72
195	James Wayland,	private,	40
196	William Woodruff,	corporal,	60
197	Hezekiah Bailey,	ensign,	60
198	Isaac Durand,	private,	30
199	Joel Fox,	do.	30
200	Luke Guyant,	do.	60
201	Aaron Peck,	do.	40
	Total of annual stipends,	. . . . .	9,778 50

NEW YORK.

1	James Adams,	sergeant,	$ 60
2	Matthew Adams,	private,	60
3	Gannett Abeel,	do.	48
4	Edward Armstrong,	do.	36
5	Jacob Acker,	do.	36
6	Richard Allison,	do.	24
7	Waterman Baldwin,	do.	60
8	Joshua Barnum,	captain,	240
9	Nathan Bradley,	private,	60
10	Henry Brewster,	lieutenant,	120
11	David Brown,	do.	96
12	Nicholas Barrett *alias* Barth,	do.	135
13	Thomas Buyce,	ensign,	96
14	James Burgess,	qr. mr. sergt.	24

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

NEW YORK.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
15	Silas Barber,	sergeant,	$ 60
16	Jonas Belknap,	do.	20
17	Joshua Bishop,	matross,	36
18	John Bennett,	private,	60
19	John Butler,	do.	60
20	Timothy Bowen,	do.	60
21	Nicholas Bovie,	do.	60
22	Edward Benton,	do.	60
23	Henry Bouce,	do.	60
24	John Baxter,	do.	48
25	John Brooks,	do.	36
26	Obadiah Banks,	do.	36
27	George H. Bell,	do.	30
28	Michael Brooks,	do.	24
29	Nicholas Brown,	do.	24
30	Baltus Bradenburgh,	do.	24
31	Edward Bates,	do.	60
32	Thomas Baldwin,	sergeant,	30
33	Thomas Brooks,	private,	45
34	Jedediah Brown,	do.	30
35	William Burritt,	do.	60
36	Job Bartram,	captain,	180
37	Caleb Brewster,	lieutenant,	200
38	Obadiah Brown,	private,	15
39	Benjamin Benjamin,	do.	60
40	James Beers,	do.	48
41	Benjamin Bartlett,	sergeant,	60
42	Daniel Baldwin,	captain,	240
43	Aaron Brink,	private,	60
44	Peter Covenhoven,	sergeant,	60
45	David Cook,	captain,	200
46	Thomas Carpenter,	lieutenant,	96
47	Joseph Cutler,	ensign,	60
48	Philo Carfield,	sergeant,	24
49	Thomas Crawford,	bombardier,	60
50	Edward Callaghan,	private,	60
51	John Cooper,	do.	60
52	Gershom Curvin,	do.	60
53	Adam Coppernoll,	do.	60
54	David Cady,	do.	60
55	Daniel Culver,	do.	60
56	Amos Camp,	do.	40
57	Francis Courtney,	do.	40
58	Gilbert Carrigan,	do.	36
59	John Crum,	do.	36
60	Phineas Coxe,	do.	30
61	William Champernois,	do.	45
62	Russell Chappell,	do.	30
63	Henry Challer,	do.	60
64	Aaron Crane,	sergeant,	30
65	Albert Chapman,	captain,	120
66	John Cramer,	private,	30
67	Peter Conyne,	adjutant,	96

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

NEW YORK.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
68	Hackaliah Doolittle,	private,	$ 30
69	Hans Mark Demoth,	captain,	240
70	Francis Delong,	lieutenant,	60
71	Andrew Dunlop,	sergeant,	60
72	Thomas Duncan,	do.	60
73	William Drew,	corporal,	36
74	Nathan Davis,	private,	60
75	James Dunlap,	do.	60
76	Mathias Decamp,	do.	60
77	George Dunkill,	do.	60
78	Samuel Decker,	do.	60
79	Marshal Dixon,	do.	24
80	Thomas Done,	matross,	60
81	James Dole,	lieutenant,	100
82	Peter Demarest,	private,	60
83	John De Voe,	do.	60
84	Benjamin Denslow,	do.	60
85	Gerardus Dingman,	do.	60
86	Jared Duncan,	do.	60
87	Isaac Elwood,	corporal,	48
88	Nathan Ellis,	private,	60
89	William Elberton,	do.	60
90	Jeremiah Everitt,	do.	30
91	Peter Eager,	do.	60
92	Frederick Fisher,	colonel,	300
93	John Frey,	brigade major,	300
94	Christian W. Fox,	captain,	240
95	William Faulkner,	do.	90
96	Hackaliah Foster,	sergeant,	30
97	Robert Feeks,	corporal,	48
98	Squire Fancher,	private,	60
99	William Fagan,	do.	60
100	Duncan Frazier,	do.	60
101	John Foster,	do.	60
102	Andrew Frank,	do.	60
103	John Jost Foltz,	do.	60
104	Jonathan Finch,	do.	48
105	George Finchley,	do.	48
106	Sylvanus Ferris,	do.	36
107	Elisha Frizzle,	do.	60
108	William Fancher,	do.	24
109	John Ferris,	do.	24
110	Elisha Farnham,	do.	30
111	Elisha Forbes,	do.	36
112	John Fleming,	do.	60
113	William Foster,	do.	60
114	Richard Garrison,	qr. master,	78
115	Jacob Gardiner,	captain,	120
116	Nathaniel Gove,	lieutenant,	160
117	Samuel Gibbs,	do.	160
118	Zachariah Green,	corporal,	36
119	John Garnett,	private,	60
120	Samuel Gardiner,	do.	60

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

NEW YORK.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
121	Josiah Green,	private,	$ 48
122	James Gallute,	do.	(transf.)
123	Benajah Geer,	do.	24
124	Allen Gilbert,	do.	15
125	Isaac Genung,	do.	30
126	Francis Gallaher,	do.	60
127	Burr Gilbert,	do.	60
128	Simeon Gibbs,	corporal,	30
129	John Gilbert,	sergeant,	30
130	Thomas Hustler,	do.	60
131	David Hall, junior,	do.	60
132	George Helmer,	lieutenant,	156
133	Mordecai Hall,	surgeon's mate,	189
134	Staats Hammond,	sergeant,	60
135	John Hilton,	do.	24
136	Stephen Hurlbut,	drummer,	48
137	John Hink,	private,	60
138	Joseph Harris,	do.	60
139	Thomas Hinds,	do.	60
140	Adam Hartman,	do.	52
141	George Hansel,	do.	48
142	Peter Hogaboom,	do.	40
143	Thomas Hill,	do.	30
144	Asa Hill,	do.	24
145	Ozias Handford,	do.	24
146	Joseph Hager,	do.	15
147	Henry Hopper,	do.	12
148	John Hess,	do.	12
149	Bartlett Hinds,	lieutenant,	80
150	John Hubbard,	private,	36
151	Humphrey Hunt,	do.	15
152	Charlotte Hazen,	. . . . .	200
153	Joseph Harker,	captain,	120
154	Peter Harford,	sergeant,	30
155	David Hamilton,	private,	60
156	Samuel Jones,	sergeant,	60
157	James Ivory,	private,	60
158	William Jump,	do.	24
159	William James,	do.	24
160	Elijah Janes,	do.	100
161	Leverinus Koch,	sergeant,	60
162	Johannes Koch,	do.	36
163	Reuben King,	private,	60
164	John Kalb,	do.	60
165	Joseph Knapp,	do.	48
166	George Knox,	do.	36
167	John Ketchum,	do.	36
168	Abiel Knapp,	do.	40
169	John King,	do.	45
170	Elijah Knapp,	sergeant,	30
171	Stephen Kellog,	private,	60
172	Thomas Lyon,	lieutenant,	120
173	Henry Lewis,	ensign,	30

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

NEW YORK.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
174	Robert Lang,	sergeant,	$ 48
175	Moses Lockwood,	gunner,	36
176	William Lewis,	private,	36
177	Michael Lyons,	do.	48
178	Peter Lampman,	do.	48
179	William Laken,	do.	40
180	John Little,	captain,	240
181	Joseph M'Craken,	major,	300
182	John M'Kinstry,	captain,	240
183	Michael Myers,	sergeant,	60
184	Lilleus Mead,	do.	60
185	Alexander M'Nish,	do.	52
186	Amos Miner,	do.	30
187	Mead Marshall,	gunner,	60
188	John Millspaugh,	bombardier,	36
189	Alexander M'Coy,	do.	24
190	George Mour,	private,	60
191	Charles M'Kenny,	do.	60
192	Girardus Mook,	do.	60
193	John M'Intosh,	do.	60
194	Daniel M'Donald,	do.	48
195	Paul M'Fall,	do.	48
196	John Mosher,	do.	48
197	Samuel M'Kean,	do.	36
198	William Martine,	do.	36
199	Philip Martine,	do.	36
200	John Miller,	do.	30
201	Henry Murphey,	do.	24
202	Daniel Mowris,	do.	24
203	Hugh M'Master,	do.	12
204	Francis Monty,	lieutenant,	80
205	Samuel Miller,	private,	60
206	Michael Malony,	do.	60
207	Thomas Machin,	captain,	120
208	Joseph Mack,	private,	24
209	Thomas M'Grath,	do.	30
210	William M'Laland,	do.	60
211	Donald M'Donald,	hostler,	30
212	Abraham Nealy,	lieutenant,	120
213	Jacob Newkirk,	private,	36
214	David Nicholls,	corporal,	48
215	Garret Oblenis,	private,	30
216	James Philips,	do.	30
217	Joseph Prenhop,	lieutenant,	80
218	Solomon Purdy,	sergeant,	60
219	Joseph Passmore,	do.	60
220	Jonathan Purdy,	corporal,	60
221	Thomas Powell,	private,	60
222	Daniel Provost,	do.	60
223	Stephen Plumb,	do.	36
224	Silas Parish,	do.	36
225	Adolph Picard,	do.	30
226	Garret Peck,	do.	24

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

NEW YORK.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
227	Jared Palmer,	sergeant,	$ 30
228	Stephen Powell,	private,	3 75
229	Joel Phelps,	do.	30
230	Abner Pier,	do.	30
231	Jonathan Pollard,	do.	60
232	William Patterson,	do.	60
233	Elisha Prior,	do.	45
234	David Pendleton,	do.	60
235	John Quick,	do.	24
236	Philip Philips,	do.	30
237	Nicholas Ritcher,	captain,	240
238	John Requa,	private,	60
239	Israel Reeves,	do.	60
240	Robert Robertson,	do.	60
241	Jacob Rattenauer,	do.	60
242	Jonathan Reynolds,	do.	(dead)
243	John Rice,	do.	48
244	Joseph Rehern,	do.	42
245	Hendrick Ritchmeyer,	do.	42
246	William Reynolds,	do.	40
247	Frederick Rasberg,	do.	24
248	John Renan,	do.	12
249	Isaac Richards,	do.	30
250	John Rogers,	do.	30
251	James Reeves,	do.	36
252	Benjamin Reynolds,	do.	24
253	John St. John,	do.	60
254	Samuel Shaw,	lieutenant,	96
255	William Scott,	major,	300
256	Philip Staats,	lieutenant,	96
257	Josiah Smith,	do.	120
258	James Stilwell,	sergeant,	60
259	William Sloan,	do.	40
260	John Stewart,	corporal,	48
261	James Sartine,	private,	60
262	Daniel Stevens,	do.	60
263	Pearl Sharks,	do.	60
264	Robert Saunders,	do.	60
265	John Shutliff,	do.	60
266	Sylvanus Seely,	do.	48
267	Cornelius Swartwout,	do.	48
268	James Scott,	do.	48
269	Henry Seeber,	do.	48
270	Abiel Sherman,	do.	36
271	Benjamin Smith,	do.	60
272	James Smith,	do.	36
273	George Stansel,	do.	36
274	Garret Sulback,	do.	36
275	Adam Stroback,	do.	36
276	Edward Scott,	do.	36
277	James Slater,	do.	30
278	Thaddeus Seeley,	do.	30
279	Hans Jost Snell,	do.	24

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

NEW YORK.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual St pend.
280	George Schell,	private,	$ 60
281	Finley Stewart,	batteau man,	45
282	Godfrey Sweet,	private,	60
283	John Shay,	do.	36
284	Eliphalet Sherwood,	do.	30
285	Benjamin Sturges,	do.	48
286	Silas Talbot,	lt. colonel,	300
287	Jacob Traviss,	lieutenant,	160
288	John Thomas,	private,	60
289	Ezekiel Travis,	do.	48
290	Ebenezer Tyler,	do.	48
291	Daniel Townsend,	do.	40
292	William Tanner,	do.	32
293	Asa Taylor,	do.	30
294	John Taylor,	do.	36
295	Alexander Tilford,	do.	24
296	Henry Ten Eyck,	captain,	180
297	Abel Turney,	marine,	60
298	Daniel Treadwell,	private,	48
299	Henry C. Van Ransalaer,	lieut. colonel,	360
300	William Van Ward,	private,	36
301	John Utters,	do.	60
302	John Vaughn,	sergeant,	15
303	Asa Virgil,	private,	15
304	John Venus,	do.	30
305	Isaac Vincent,	do.	60
306	William Wallace,	lieutenant,	96
307	James Wier,	corporal,	52
308	David Wendell,	private,	30
309	Thomas Ward,	do.	60
310	George Waggoner,	do.	60
311	Jacob Wright,	do.	60
312	Thomas Wilson,	do.	60
313	Abraham Wolhlever,	do.	60
314	David Wilson,	do.	48
315	John Winn,	do.	48
316	Lemuel Wood,	do.	36
317	Nicholas Walrath,	do.	36
318	William White,	do.	40
319	James Wills,	do.	30
320	Ichabod Williams,	do.	24
321	Isaiah Wright,	do.	24
322	David Weaver,	do.	60
323	Rozael Woodworth.	do.	60
324	Ezekiel Williams,	do.	15
325	George Walter,	do.	30
326	Thomas Ward,	corporal,	60
327	Matthew N. Whyte,	cadet,	60
328	John Walsh,	private,	30
329	Kerly Ward,	do.	40
330	John Younglove,	major,	72
331	Gotfield Young,	corporal,	60
332	John Yorden,	private,	30

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

NEW YORK.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
333	Nicholas Yorden,	private,	$ 12
334	Edward Shell,	do.	60
335	Job Snell,	do.	15
336	John Bogge, *alias* Bogue,	do.	60
337	Dan Culver,	do.	60
338	Elisha Fanning,	sergt. major,	30
339	Silas Benton,	captain,	240
340	James Crosslay,	private,	30
341	James Gorman,	matross,	60
342	John Philips,	corporal,	48
343	Thomas P. Smith,	private,	60
344	Danl. Cushman, (from Ver.)	do.	48
	Total of annual stipends,	. . . . .	21,112 75

NEW JERSEY.

1	Josiah Burnet,	ensign,	120
2	William Broderick,	sergeant,	40
3	Isaac Bennet,	do.	40
4	John Burton,	private,	60
5	Barnes Bunn,	do.	24
6	Benjamin Bishop,	do.	24
7	James Boden,	do.	30
8	Thomas Cathart,	corporal,	60
9	Robert Coddington,	private,	60
10	Isaac Cotheal,	do.	60
11	John Campbell,	do.	20
12	William Crane,	lieutenant,	160
13	George Compton,	corporal,	30
14	Randolph Clarkson,	private,	30
15	Morris De Camp,	sergeant,	48
16	John Fergus,	private,	24
17	Mahlon Ford,	captain,	240
18	Daniel Guard,	private,	30
19	John Griggs,	sergeant,	30
20	John Hampton,	ensign,	72
21	Theophilus Hathaway,	private,	60
22	Jacob Hall,	do.	40
23	William Howell,	do.	32
24	Samuel Hull,	sergeant,	40
25	Benoni Hathaway,	captain,	120
26	Nicholas Hoff,	private,	60
27	Patrick Hart,	do.	36
28	James Jerolman,	lieutenant,	24
29	William Jobbs,	sergeant,	60
30	Richard Jones,	private,	40
31	Francis Jeffers,	do.	24
32	William Johnson,	do.	30
33	Samuel Kirkendahe,	captain,	120
34	Christian Kuhn,	private,	60

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

NEW JERSEY.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
35	John Ketchum,	private,	$ 60
36	Aaron King,	do.	40
37	Samuel Lindsley,	do.	45
38	Samuel Leonard,	do.	30
39	John M'Clure,	do.	60
40	Peter Nefies,	sergeant,	48
41	James Patton,	lieutenant,	159 96
42	Jabez Pembleton,	private,	30
43	Silas Parrot,	lieutenant,	72
44	John Quinby,	private,	32
45	Andrew Ross,	do.	16
46	Daniel Snalbaker,	do.	60
47	James Swift,	do.	60
48	Michael Smith,	do.	60
49	Samuel Stout,	do.	20
50	Aaron Stiles,	do.	60
51	James Sweeney,	do.	45
52	John Scott,	do.	60
53	James Thompson,	do.	60
54	Josiah Tuttle,	do.	32
55	Samuel Taylor,	corporal,	40
56	Sylvester Tilton,	volunteer,	30
57	John Williams,	corporal,	60
	Total of annual stipends,	. . . . .	3,127 96

PENNSYLVANIA.

1	Ludwig Arbigust,	matross,	60
2	William Atkinson,	private,	45
3	Daniel Aleshouse,	do.	20
4	George Attender,	do.	60
5	Luke Broadhead,	lieutenant,	108
6	Thomas Blair,	do.	108
7	Jacob Barnitz,	ensign,	120
8	Daniel Baker,	private,	60
9	Jacob Beatum,	do.	60
10	James Brannon,	do.	60
11	John Buxton,	do.	60
12	Daniel Buck,	do.	60
13	Philip Brenier,	do.	40
14	Jonathan Burwell,	do.	30
15	John Buskell,	do.	36
16	George Burton,	do.	24
17	William Boyd,	do.	60
18	John Berry,	do.	30
19	Michael Bowman,	do.	36
20	William Bush,	do.	60
21	Jacob Baker,	matross,	30
22	John Brown,	sergeant,	40
23	Jacob Baker,	artificer,	60

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

PENSYLVANIA.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
24	Walker Baylor,	captain,	$ 240
25	George Benedict,	private,	40
26	Andrew Bartle,	do.	30
27	John Cambis,	do.	60
28	John Clark,	lieutenant,	96
29	Thomas Campbell,	captain,	240
30	Thomas Carney,	private,	36
31	Charles Clark,	lieutenant,	160
32	William Campbell,	sergeant,	48
33	Adam Christ,	do.	21 32
34	Robert Chambers,	corporal,	28
35	Alexander Campbell,	mariner,	60
36	William Congleton,	private,	40
37	Alexander Caul,	do.	36
38	Alexander Christie,	do.	36
39	Daniel Callahan,	do.	30
40	William Campbell,	do.	30
41	John Cavanaugh,	do.	36
42	John Cardiffee,	do.	60
43	Josiah Conckling,	do	30
44	John Crawford,	captain,	240
45	John Collier,	sergeant,	60
46	Patrick Collins,	private,	60
47	James Cooney,	do.	60
48	James Correar,	do.	30
49	Stephen Carter,	sergeant,	45
50	John Durnall,	private,	36
51	Patrick Dempsey,	do.	60
52	Michael Duffey,	do.	40
53	Henry Doyle,	do.	36
54	Henry Dougherty,	do.	16
55	Anthony Dawson,	do.	32
56	William Dewitt,	do.	30
57	John Day,	do.	36
58	William Deaver,	do.	40
59	James Dowling,	do.	40
60	James Dysart,	captain,	120
61	Charles Daniels,	private,	60
62	Samuel Doane,	do.	30
63	Michael Drury,	do.	40
64	Samuel Ewing,	ensign,	20
65	James English,	sergeant,	60
66	Joseph Elliot,	private,	40
67	Benjamin Freeman,	sergeant,	38
68	William Fegart,	private,	60
69	Frederick Fultz,	do.	60
70	John Francis,	do.	36
71	John Fogas,	matross,	48
72	Jacob Fox,	private,	20
73	Patrick Fowler,	matross,	30
74	Thomas Fream,	sergeant,	36
75	John L. Finney,	sergt. major,	45
76	Alexander Forsman,	captain,	120

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

PENNSYLVANIA.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
77	Thomas Gaskins,	lieutenant,	$ 160
78	Philip Gilman,	private,	48
79	George Gerlack,	do.	36
80	John Graaf,	do.	15
81	Philip Gibbons,	do.	45
82	Alexander Garret,	do.	45
83	Sam. Gilman, *alias* Gilmore,	do.	30
84	Jeremiah Gunn,	do.	36
85	James Glentworth,	lieutenant,	80
86	Alexander Gray,	private,	48
87	Benjamin Hillman,	lieutenant,	120
88	William Hebron,	sergeant,	60
89	Valentine Hertzhog,	private,	60
90	Philip Henry,	do.	60
91	Patrick Hartney,	do.	60
92	Jacob Hartman,	do.	60
93	John Haley,	corporal,	45
94	David Hickey,	private,	60
95	Lawrence Hipple,	do.	30
96	Peter Hartshill,	do.	30
97	William Higginson,	do.	36
98	David Haney,	do.	36
99	John Harbeson,	do.	40
100	James Irvine,	brig. general,	540
101	Matthew Jack,	lieutenant,	160
102	Thomas Johnson,	do.	60
103	David Jackson,	private,	48
104	Alexander Irwine,	do.	30
105	William Johnston,	do.	48
106	James Johnson,	do.	60
107	Andrew Johnson,	lieutenant,	60
108	John Kesler, (increased by act of congress of 24 April, 1816, to $32 pr. ann'm.)	midshipman,	20
109	Thomas Kelly,	private,	60
110	George Kettle,	do.	60
111	Robert Kearn,	do.	60
112	Edward Kellen,	do.	36
113	John Kincaid,	do.	60
114	Benjamin Kendrick,	do.	40
115	John King,	do.	48
116	Philip Krugh,	dragoon,	30
117	Nicholas Lott,	sergeant,	30
118	Timothy Lemmonton,	do.	60
119	Patrick Lush,	do.	60
120	Samuel Lesley,	do.	48
121	John Lalor,	private,	60
122	Henry Love,	do.	60
123	Isaac Lewis,	do.	48
124	David Lyon,	do.	50
125	John Leiby,	do.	20
126	Miles Lewis,	do.	15
127	Samuel Lee,	do.	30

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

PENNSYLVANIA.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
128	James Leonard,	private,	$ 40
129	Charles Lenox,	do.	60
130	Judah Levy,	do.	60
131	William M'ckay,	captain,	240
132	Kenneth M'Coy,	lieutenant,	66
133	John Malony,	sergeant,	48
134	John M'Gaughey,	corporal,	60
135	Barney M'Guire,	do.	36
136	Michael M'Annalty,	gunner,	60
137	John M'Pherson,	midshipman,	32
138	James M'Donald,	private,	60
139	Hugh Moore,	do.	60
140	John M'Gill,	do.	60
141	Isaiah M'Carty,	do.	60
142	Angus M'Ever,	do-	60
143	Thomas Moore,	do.	60
144	John Manerson,	do.	60
145	John Modewell,	do.	60
146	Ephraim M'Coy,	do.	60
147	John Most,	do.	48
148	Thomas Mayberry,	do.	48
149	Samuel M'Clughan,	do.	48
150	John M'Dermond,	do.	48
151	Robert Montgomery,	do.	48
152	James Mathers,	do.	48
153	Jacob Miller,	do.	40
154	Thomas M'Barney,	do.	36
155	William Murphey,	do.	30
156	Thomas M'Fall,	do.	30
157	Thomas Monday,	do.	24
158	Alexander Martin,	do.	50
159	Joseph Moorhead,	ensign,	108
160	John Murry,	private,	60
161	John M'Conehy,	do.	36
162	William M'Kennan,	captain,	240
163	James Moore,	corporal,	30
164	Robert M'Clellan,	lieutenant,	52
165	James M'Neal,	private,	60
166	Matthew M'Connell,	captain,	180
167	John M'Farland,	private,	16
168	Josiah Magoon,	do.	60
169	Robert M'Kinney,	lieutenant,	156
170	Dennis M'Knight,	private,	40
171	Thomas Maze,	do.	21 42
172	John Malony,	sergeant,	40
173	John Nealas,	corporal,	60
174	Christian Nagle,	private,	24
175	William Nelson,	do.	60
176	John Norcross,	do.	24
177	Samuel Nesbit,	do.	60
178	John O'Brian,	do.	24
179	Joshua Peeling,	sergeant,	60
180	Thomas Park,	corporal,	30

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

PENNSYLVANIA.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
181	Frederick Paul,	private,	$ 36
182	Abraham Pyke,	do.	20
183	John Pierce,	do.	20
184	Peter Parchment,	do.	40
185	John Peoples,	do.	30
186	Thomas Pearson,	lieutenant,	160
187	Charles Plemline,	private,	36
188	Andrew Pinkerton,	do.	39 64
189	George Peirson,	do.	24
190	Zachariah Reed,	do.	30
191	George Richardson,	do.	48
192	David Richey,	do.	30
193	Jacob Rogers,	do.	48
194	William Ritchell,	do.	48
195	Jacob Rasor,	do.	40
196	John Rybecker,	do.	48
197	Griffith Rees,	do.	30
198	John Rielly,	do.	48
199	Nathan Rawlings,	captain,	120
200	William Rice,	lieutenant,	80
201	Christian Smith,	private,	60
202	Jacob Shartel,	captain,	120
203	Richard Scott,	private,	30
204	Archibald Steel,	lieut. & a t.	190
205	Daniel St. Clair,	drum ma	60
206	Bernard Slaugh,	private,	60
207	John Saring,	do.	45
208	Samuel Spicer,	do.	36
209	John Stiller,	do.	20
210	Henry Slotterback,	do.	60
211	Bryant Sloan,	do.	30
212	John Shultz,	do.	20
213	Joseph Sapp,	do.	60
214	John Stroop,	sergeant,	30
215	Jonas Steel,	private,	20
216	Abraham Storet,	lieutenant,	160
217	Lazarus Stow,	do.	120
218	Francis Smith,	private,	30
219	William Stocker,	do.	36
220	Peter Swartz,	do.	30
221	Francis L. Slaughter,	do.	36
222	Alexander Simonton,	sergeant,	36
223	John Smith,	private,	30
224	John Robert Shaw,	do.	60
225	Christian Shockley,	do.	40
226	William Stringfield,	do.	30
227	Patrick Taggart,	sergeant,	48
228	William Thomlinson,	private,	60
229	John Taylor,	do.	60
230	Francis Ticount,	do.	60
231	James Tannehill,	do.	36
232	Thomas Tweedy,	do.	60
233	John Thompson,	do.	60

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

PENNSYLVANIA.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
234	Richard Taylor, (per act Mar. 3, 1805,)	sergeant,	$ 240
235	Jonathan Tinsley,	private,	60
236	Elias Utt,	do.	20
237	Enoch Varnum,	do.	60
238	Thomas Vanderlip,	do.	45
239	Lewis Vaughan,	do.	40
240	Edward Warren,	do.	60
241	Jeremiah Wilson,	do.	30
242	Philip Warner,	do.	24
243	Charles Wallington,	do.	60
244	Edward Wade,	do.	30
245	John Wright,	sergeant,	30
246	Caleb Warley,	lieutenant,	132
247	George Wolfe,	private,	45
248	Robert Wilson,	ensign,	30
249	John Whittington,	private,	36
250	Joseph Waters,	do.	60
251	Francis White,	lieutenant,	80
252	John Wood,	private,	30
253	Andrew Wallace,	sergeant,	60
254	Thomas Scotland,	do.	60
	Total of annual stipends,	. . . . .	14,709 38

DELAWARE.

1	Edward Armstrong,	lieutenant,	160
2	Paul Boughman,	sergeant,	36
3	Samuel Burchard,	corporal,	60
4	John Clifton,	private,	60
5	Isaac Carrell,	do.	60
6	Peter Cunningham,	do.	40
7	Patrick Colman,	do.	60
8	William Dolby,	sergeant,	60
9	Jenkins Evans,	do.	60
10	Joseph Ferguson,	private,	60
11	John C. Fabricius,	do.	48
12	George Griffin,	do.	32
13	Thomas Heldston,	do.	60
14	Nelce Jones,	do.	30
15	James Murphey,	sergeant,	60
16	Joseph M'Gibbon,	private,	60
17	Levin Pointer,	do.	60
18	John Skilton,	do.	36
19	Thomas Watson,	sergeant,	60
20	Hosea Wilson,	private,	24
	Total of annual stipends,	. . . . .	1,126

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

MARYLAND.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
1	Thomas Green Alvey,	corporal,	$ 22
2	John Anderson,	private,	40
3	Richard Anderson,	captain,	240
4	John Brown,	sergeant,	60
5	John Byrne,	private,	60
6	James Burk,	do.	40
7	James Blever,	do.	60
8	Robert Barnet,	do.	40
9	John Bennett,	do.	40
10	Thomas Baker,	do.	40
11	Charles Bucklup,	do.	40
12	Thomas Bishop,	do.	40
13	John Boyle,	do.	30
14	John Bean,	do.	30
15	Loory Benson,	captain,	240
16	James Bruff,	do.	240
17	Thomas Collember,	private,	40
18	Peter Casberry,	do.	40
19	James Current,	do.	40
20	Edward Cain,	do.	30
21	John Corbett,	do.	60
22	John Craig,	do.	60
23	Benjamin Coddington,	do.	30
24	Charles Dowd,	corporal,	60
25	Barnabus Doughty,	private,	40
26	John Davis,	do.	40
27	Lawrence Everhart,	sergeant,	60
28	William Evans,	private,	40
29	John Elliott,	waggoner,	30
30	George Finleyson,	private,	40
31	Dennis Flannaghan,	do.	40
32	Philip Fisher,	do.	40
33	Simon Fogler,	do.	20
34	John Ferguson,	do.	60
35	Benjamin Fickle,	lieutenant,	200
36	John French,	matross,	60
37	James Garsh,	private,	40
38	John Gambare,	do.	40
39	William Greene,	do.	40 52
40	Abraham Gamble,	do.	60
41	Richard Harden,	sergeant,	60
42	John Howard,	private,	40
43	Samuel Huggins,	do.	40
44	William Hurley,	do.	40
45	Edward Hood,	do.	40
46	Samuel Hinnis,	do.	20
47	Samuel Harris,	do.	40
48	Alexander Jones,	do.	40
49	John Jonas,	do.	60
50	James Isaacs,	do.	40
51	Benedict Johnson,	do.	40
52	John Johnson,	do.	42
53	Robert Jenkins,	matross,	60

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

MARYLAND.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
54	Richard Kisby,	private,	$ 48
55	Robert Kearns,	sergeant,	60
56	John Kirkpatrick,	private,	48
57	Thomas King,	do.	36
58	Edward Kean,	do.	60
59	William Keough,	do.	60
60	John Lynch,	do.	44
61	Christopher Lambert,	do.	40
62	John Lowry, 2d,	do.	60
63	John Lowry,	do.	40
64	John Lynn,	lieutenant,	200
65	Edward Leary,	private,	60
66	Jeremiah Mudd,	sergeant,	60
67	John Matthews,	corporal,	44
68	John M'Coy,	private,	60
69	Michael M'Guire,	do.	40
70	Hugh M'Leod,	do.	40
71	John Mook,	do.	40
72	William Mooney,	do.	60
73	Cleon Moore,	captain,	180
74	Daniel M'Carty,	matross,	60
75	William A. Needham,	sergeant,	60
76	Roger Nelson,	lieut. cavalry,	200
77	James O'Hara,	private,	40
78	Joseph O'Guin,	do.	40
79	John O'Hara,	do.	60
80	James Pope,	do.	40
81	Joseph Polhemus,	do.	40
82	Christopher Reind,	do.	40
83	William Rogers,	do.	40
84	Charles Robinson,	do.	40
85	Michael Roe,	do.	40
86	Joseph Richardson,	do.	30
87	Joseph Russell,	do.	24
88	Christopher Reed,	do.	40
89	Jacob Redenour,	do.	60
90	John Repp,	do.	30
91	John Symmonds,	corpora ,	60
92	Thomas Sherwood,	private,	36
93	James Scott,	sergeant,	24 48
94	John Snyder,	corporal,	44
95	Thomas Saunders,	private,	40 52
96	William Slye,	do.	40
97	Jacob Shanley,	do.	40
98	Philip Sullivan,	do.	40
99	John Shovell,	do.	40
100	Philip Shoebrook,	do.	40
101	James Smith,	do.	40
102	Daniel Smith,	do.	40
103	James Smith,	do.	40
104	David Smith,	do.	40
105	Joseph Smith,	do.	40
106	Valentine Smith,	do.	40

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

MARYLAND.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
107	Valentine Smith,	private,	$ 20
108	James Smith,	do.	48
109	James Sewall,	do.	60
110	George Scoone,	corporal,	30
111	Clement Sewall,	ensign,	96
112	Richard Stedds,	private,	48
113	James Tiliard,	do.	40 52
114	John Trisner,	do.	40
115	Henry Tomm,	do.	30
116	George Vaughan,	lieutenant,	160
117	Nathaniel Wheeler,	private,	60
118	John Wills,	do.	40
119	Richard Wilkerson,	do.	40
120	Mark Walsh,	do.	40
121	James White,	do.	40
122	Samuel White,	do.	60
123	Michael Waltman,	do.	40
124	James Watts,	corporal,	60
125	Stephen Yoe,	sergeant,	60
126	Thomas Yates,	private.	40
	Total of annual stipends,	. . . . .	6,896 04

VIRGINIA.

1	James Askew,	private,	40
2	John Angill,	do.	40
3	William Adkinson,	do.	40
4	John Aikin,	do.	40
5	Matthew Amicks,	do.	30
6	Edward Absalom,	do.	60
7	William Bradley,	sergeant,	60
8	Robert Burchett,	private,	60
9	Robert Beckham,	do.	50
10	Lewis Belvin,	do.	50
11	Benjamin Barber,	do.	40
12	Alexander Bunton,	do.	40
13	Bazel Brown,	do.	40
14	Thomas Brown,	do.	40
15	Alexr. Bonny, *alias* Bonnal,	do.	33 33⅓
16	Francis Boyd,	do.	33 33⅓
17	George Black,	do.	33 33⅓
18	Thomas Booth,	do.	20
19	William Butler,	do.	48
20	John Bell,	lieutenant,	120
21	Joseph Biggs,	ensign,	108
22	James Braxton,	private,	48
23	David Blew,	do.	40
24	William Barber,	do.	40
25	John Berry,	do.	60
26	John Burton,	sergeant,	60

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

VIRGINIA.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
27	Daniel Ball,	ensign,	$120
28	William Burke,	private,	40
29	Samuel Burton,	do.	30
30	James Buxton,	lieutenant,	48
31	John Crookshanks,	private,	30
32	George Cress,	do.	30
33	James Campbell,	lieutenant,	100
34	Thomas Clark,	sergeant,	60
35	Bartlet Coxe,	private,	60
36	Miles Cardiff,	do.	60
37	Leonard Cooper,	captain,	166 66⅔
38	James Cambers,	private,	60
39	Francis Combs,	do.	50
40	John Caldwell,	do.	40
41	Archibald Compton,	do.	40
42	Lawrence Corner,	do.	40
43	James Cottman,	do.	33 33⅓
44	John Corbett,	do.	20
45	John Collings,	do.	15
46	Henry Crook,	do.	40
47	Thomas Coverly,	ensign,	120
48	Isaiah Corbin,	private,	30
49	John Crute,	lieutenant,	156
50	Ischarner Degraffenreidt,	private,	60
51	James Davenport,	do.	40
52	Abraham Davis,	do.	40
53	Patrick Dougherty,	do.	40
54	James Durham,	do.	26 66
55	Joshua Davidson,	dragoon,	45
56	Jonathan Dyer,	private,	60
57	John Davis,	sergeant,	37 50
58	Elijah Estis,	private,	40
59	Reuben Earthen,	do.	26 66
60	William Evans,	lieutenant,	96
61	Crosby Foster,	private,	50
62	William Francis,	do.	26 66
63	Frederick Finder,	do.	26 66
64	Thomas Fenn,	captain lieut.	200
65	Albion Gordon,	qr. mr. sergt.	60
66	Martin Griffin,	private,	50
67	Patrick Glasson,	do.	40
68	Joseph Gardner,	do.	33 33⅓
69	Griffin Griffiths,	do.	40
70	Paul Haggarty,	do.	40
71	Benjamin Hoomes,	captain,	240
72	John Hughes,	sergeant,	60
73	William Hubbard,	do.	60
74	Robert Hart,	drummer,	50
75	Samuel Hunt,	private,	60
76	Peter Howard,	do.	40
77	John Halfpenny,	do.	40
78	James Hamilton,	do.	33 33⅓
79	Bartlett Hawkins,	do.	60

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

VIRGINIA.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
80	Henry Hurst,	private,	$ 30
81	Elijah Hedges,	do.	60
82	Fielding Harding,	sergeant,	30
83	Henry Hall,	private,	60
84	John Holcombe,	captain,	180
85	James Howard,	private,	30
86	Richard Joy,	do.	50
87	William Jones,	do.	40
88	Thomas Jordan,	do.	40
89	John Jeffries,	do.	36
90	William Jones,	do.	60
91	John Jordan,	lieutenant,	90
92	Samuel Kirkpatrick,	private,	40
93	Michael Kinson,	do.	40
94	Robert Leonard,	do.	45
95	Andrew Lewis,	do.	60
96	Joseph Ligon,	do.	36
97	Newman Landman,	dragoon,	40
98	John Long,	private,	30
99	Martin Murphey,	sergeant,	60
100	James Murphey,	private,	60
101	William Moore,	do.	60
102	John Morgan,	do.	60
103	John Morris,	do.	60
104	John M'Clennen,	do.	40
105	Richard Munay,	do.	40
106	Joseph Miles,	do.	40
107	Banks Moody,	do.	26 66⅔
108	Andrew M'Guire,	do.	60
109	Peter Mason,	do.	20
110	William Morgan,	seaman,	48
111	Simon Morgan,	captain,	240
112	William M'Clannahan,	private,	30
113	John Martin,	sergeant,	30
114	John M'Chesney,	private,	40
115	John Newman,	do.	60
116	Abraham Nettles,	do.	40
117	John Newman,	sergeant,	36
118	Timothy O'Conner,	private,	40
119	Dennis O'Farrall,	do.	26 66⅔
120	William Overstreet,	do.	36
121	Henry Overly,	do.	60
122	William Peak,	sergeant,	60
123	George Pitman,	do.	60
124	William Parmar,	corporal,	50
125	Thomas Philips,	private,	60
126	George Pettit,	do.	50
127	John Proctor,	do.	40
128	Jacob Price,	do.	40
129	John Powell,	sergeant,	40
130	Robert Reading,	private,	60
131	John Ryan,	do.	40
132	James Rogers,	do.	40

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

VIRGINIA.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
133	Charles Robertson,	private,	$ 33 33⅓
134	James Robertson,	do.	26 66⅔
135	Nathan Rowland,	do.	20
136	William Reading,	do.	40
137	Peter Rust,	do.	33 33⅓
138	John Rearden,	do.	40
139	Daniel Rady,	do.	30
140	Evan Ragland,	do.	36
141	Thomas Rogers,	do.	30
142	David Scott,	captain,	100
143	John Seamster,	private,	60
144	David Steele,	do.	60
145	William Simmons,	do.	50
146	Joseph Sandridge,	do.	50
147	William Stricker,	do.	40
148	John Smith, 7th regt.	do.	40
149	John Smith, 8th regt.	do.	40
150	John Stadner,	do.	40
151	Smith Stephens,	do.	40
152	Joseph Sears,	do.	33 33⅓
153	Daniel Smith,	do.	48
154	Samuel Swearingen,	do.	30
155	Benjamin Sadler,	do.	36
156	Benjamin Strother,	dragoon,	40
157	Jacob Seay,	private,	60
158	Thomas Thweat,	captain,	240
159	Thomas Trent,	sergeant,	60
160	Thomas Thoms,	private,	60
161	James Taylor,	do.	40
162	Stephen Terry,	do.	40
163	John Thorp,	do.	40
164	William Tipton,	do.	60
165	Charles M. Thurston,	do.	240
166	Edward Tuck,	private,	36
167	Vincent Tapp,	sergeant,	30
168	Robert White,	lieutenant,	160
169	Willis Wilson,	do.	133 33⅓
170	Hugh Wallace,	sergeant,	50
171	Jacob Wine,	private,	60
172	Robert Williams,	do.	50
173	Joseph Watkins,	do.	40
174	William Williburne,	do.	40
175	Jesse Witt,	do.	40
176	John Whitlock,	do.	40
177	Andrew Waggoner,	captain,	240
178	Joseph White,	private,	45
179	Henry Williams,	do.	60
180	John Yeager,	do.	50
181	Joshua Younger,	do.	20
182	John Yardley,	do.	40
183	John Carmichael,	do.	60
184	William Burke,	do.	30
185	James Batson,	do.	36

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

VIRGINIA.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
186	James Bridget,	private,	$ 30
187	Daniel M'Carty,	do.	48
188	Reuben Plunket,	sergeant,	30
	Total of annual stipends,	. . . . .	10.340 14

NORTH CAROLINA.

1	James Ames,	private,	60
2	John Alverson,	do.	40
3	George Bledsoe,	do.	60
4	Isaac Bates,	do.	42
5	John Baxter,	do.	36
6	Charles Butler,	do.	36
7	Thomas Belsiah,	do.	60
8	James Christian,	do.	60
9	James Christian,	do.	30
10	Thomas Chiles,	captain,	160
11	James Carrigan,	private,	36
12	Samuel Carter,	do.	24
13	Samuel Espey,	do.	30
14	Charles Ellam,	do.	42
15	David Flannagan,	do.	30
16	Samuel Freeman,	do.	25
17	William Fireds,	do.	30
18	Herman Gaskins,	do.	40
19	Joshua Gordon,	do.	36
20	John Gillon,	do.	36
21	Richard Grissum,	do.	36
22	Thomas Goodrum,	do.	30
23	Thomas Harris,	major,	180
24	Elisha Hunt,	private,	60
25	Wyat Hinckley,	do.	60
26	James Houston,	captain,	180
27	Daniel Houston,	private,	36
28	Howell Harton,	do.	36
29	Elias House,	do.	54
30	Alexander Haynes,	do.	42
31	William Hall,	do.	60
32	John Huddleston,	do.	35
33	David Johnson,	do.	60
34	Francis Johnson,	do.	36
35	Samuel Johnson,	do.	60
36	Joseph Kerr,	do.	60
37	Isaac Kennedy,	do.	36
38	Elijah Kidwell,	do.	30
39	James Larremore,	do.	30
40	Amos Lewis,	do.	30
41	Alexander Morrison,	sergeant,	60
42	Daniel M'Kissick,	captain,	120
43	Thomas M'Kissick,	private,	36

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

NORTH CAROLINA.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
44	Christopher Mourning,	private,	$ 40
45	David Miller,	do.	40
46	James Porter,	do.	24
47	James Potts,	do.	25
48	Mathew Pitman,	do.	36
49	James Parks,	do.	40
50	Jesse Rigsby,	do.	40
51	Humphrey Rogers,	do.	60
52	James Redfern,	do.	36
53	Michael Reep,	do.	30
54	John Sweeney,	do.	60
55	Thomas Smith,	do.	60
56	James Smith,	do.	60
57	Ithamar Singletary,	do.	15
58	William Simpson,	do.	30
59	William Smith,	sergeant,	60
60	Hugh Stanley,	private,	40
61	John Spears,	do.	36
62	Philip Thomas,	sergeant,	60
63	Matiah Turner,	private,	60
64	Stephen Thomas,	do.	45
65	Joseph Wasson,	do.	60
66	John Wilson,	do.	30
67	John Wilfong,	do.	20
68	John Wentz,	do.	36
69	Henry Williams,	do.	30
70	Benjamin Vickery,	do.	36
	Total of annual stipends,	. . . . .	3,389

SOUTH CAROLINA.

1	James Armstrong,	private,	16
2	John Calhoun,	do.	21 42
3	William Dunlap,	do.	21 42
4	Robert Elder,	do.	40
5	Joseph Gilmore,	do.	21
6	Joshua Hawkins,	do.	36
7	Malcom Keys,	do.	48
8	John Looney,	do.	21 42
9	Joseph M'Junkin,	major,	144
10	Andrew M'Allister,	private,	21 42
11	Daniel M'Elduff,	lieutenant,	159 96
12	Samuel Otterson,	captain,	96
13	John Martin,	private,	30
14	Henry Weems,	do.	60
15	Jasper Tommiton,	do.	30
	Total of annual stipends,	. . . . .	810 64

SCHEDULE OF PENSIONERS, continued.

GEORGIA.

No. on the Roll.	NAMES.	Rank or Quality.	Annual Stipend.
1	William Andrews,	sergeant,	$ 60
2	Herman Bird,	private,	30
3	Daniel Conner,	lieutenant,	160
4	Alexander Cameron,	private,	30
5	Austin Dabney,	do.	60
6	Charles Damron,	do.	60
7	Thomas L. Davis,	do.	30
8	James P. Edmondson,	do.	50
9	Benjamin Fry,	do.	60
10	Thomas Green,	do.	30
11	John Guthrie,	do.	30
12	John Garner,	do.	30
13	Thomas Henshaid,	do.	60
14	Harrison Jones,	do.	50
15	Henry Kerr,	captain,	120
16	Seybert Odam,	private,	60
17	Daniel Odam,	do.	55 68
18	William Pentecost,	lieutenant,	50
19	John Shackleford,	private,	40
20	James Shirley,	do.	60
21	Presley Thornton,	corporal,	30
22	Samuel Whately,	private,	60
	Total of annual stipends,	. . . . .	1,215 68

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